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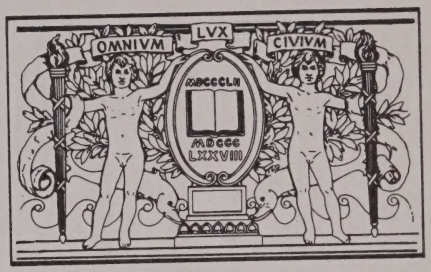

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THE

NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

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NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

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JULY, 1848.

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2. *Despatch of Earl Grey, Colonial Secretary, to Earl Elgin, Governor-General of British America;* December 31, 1846.

3. *Despatches of Earl Grey, Colonial Secretary, to Sir John Harvey, Lieutenant-Governor and Commander-in-chief of Nova Scotia;* March 2 and March 31, 1847.

4. *Address of Hon. Louis Joseph Papineau to the Electors of the Counties of Huntingdon and St. Maurice;* December, 1847.

5. *Speech of Hon. Lemuel A. Wilmot, in the House of Assembly of New Brunswick;* February, 1848.

THREE years and a half ago,* we called the attention of our readers to the political condition of the British Colonies north and east of us, and gave a brief view of the questions which have recently occupied the minds of the Colonists and of the statesmen of England. We propose now to return to the subject, and to notice the several papers mentioned at the head of this article, as well as to consider the aspect of Colonial affairs generally. Those who feel an interest in the concerns of our neighbours across the frontier may freshen their recollections by turning to our former remarks, and reading them in connection with what we shall now offer.

* *North American Review* for January, 1845.

To us, who have watched the progress of events in the British Colonies with intense interest for many years, every thing seems to indicate a final and complete separation from the mother country. England, we feel assured, will lose her continental possessions in America at no distant day; and it should be the earnest prayer of the humane and true-hearted everywhere, that, when the hour for their emancipation shall come, she may part with them in peace. The experiment of attempting by fire and sword to prevent colonies from becoming nations has been tried quite often enough; Christianity and humanity ought never again on this account to weep over smouldering ruins and untimely graves, over divided and expatriated families, over desolate hearths and broken hearts.

British statesmen will soon be required to choose between the employment of fleets and armies to preserve the integrity of the empire, or of statutory provisions for the amicable settlement of demands and difficulties which are pressed upon them in new forms, and with increased importunity, from year to year. From this decision there can be no escape. Were that stout old Loyalist of Maryland, George Chalmers,* now alive, he would very probably say, that, as *concession* to unreasonable pretensions set up by the Old Thirteen was the primary cause of *their* revolt, so the disquiets which now prevail in the present Colonies are to be traced to a similar origin. If he were at his former post in the Privy Council, he would read in wonder the state papers which continually find their way thither, and in view of the fact that they contain the representations of the descendants of those who were banished or fled at the period of his own hegira, he would be likely to repeat his profound and characteristic remark, that "whether the famous achievement of Columbus introduced the greater good or evil by discovering a new world to the old has in every succeeding age offered a subject for disputation." In truth, it is a matter which may well surprise, not only such men as Chalmers, but those who hold very different princi-

* An annalist, whose works are constantly referred to and cited by our own historical writers. His Political Annals of the United Colonies, published in 1780, and his Introduction to the History of the Revolt of the same, printed at Boston in 1845, are of the highest value to the student of history. He went to England, and was chief clerk of the Committee of the Privy Council for nearly half a century. He died in London, 1825, aged 82.

ples in politics, to witness the children of the Tories of our Revolution imitating so exactly the conduct of those whom their fathers resisted in the field as rebels and traitors. The triumph of the Whig doctrines of 1776 is complete, as our readers will not fail to observe in the progress of our inquiries; since it will be apparent, that in Canada West,* in Nova Scotia, and in New Brunswick, persons of the name and lineage of the old Loyalists are now among the boldest and most influential of the Reformers, the Liberals, or, as their opponents say, the Revolutionists, of the present day.

Our first object is to notice the most important events that have taken place in the three principal Colonies since January, 1845. In Canada, towards the close of Lord Metcalfe's administration, and while his temporary successor, Lord Cathcart, was at the head of affairs, nothing occurred which need detain us here; and we have only to speak of the leading events since the arrival of the present Governor-General, Lord Elgin and Kincardine. This nobleman, a Scottish earl of the creation of 1633, succeeded Lord Metcalfe as governor of Jamaica at the critical period of the negro emancipation in the British West Indies, and so conducted the public concerns as to maintain amicable relations with the Assembly and with the government at home. He arrived at Halifax early in 1847, and having congratulated all parties on the harmony which apparently prevailed in Nova Scotia, he departed almost immediately for his own capital. He is to be regarded as a cool and sagacious statesman. No subject abroad is clothed with higher powers; his station is inferior in importance only to that of the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and that of the Governor-General of India, while experience has shown that it is more perilous to life† and reputation than either of these.

Lord Elgin, on his arrival in Canada, found every thing on the surface calm. "Responsible government," the panacea which was to cure every political evil, and charm away all

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* Upper Canada, before the union, in 1840.

† It is hardly to be doubted, that the sad termination of Lord Durham's mission to Canada put an end to his life; and whatever causes hurried his three successors, Sir Charles Bagot, Lord Sydenham, and Lord Metcalfe, to the grave, the severity of the climate and the pressure of public cares are surely to be ranked among them.

Colonial disabilities, was in full operation. As he was soon to meet the Assembly, he attempted to fill the vacancies which existed in the cabinet bequeathed to him by his predecessor, and made overtures to the leaders of the Liberals of French origin, to form a ministry in which both of the great parties should be represented. The negotiation proceeded on the basis, that the cabinet should consist of the three gentlemen then in office, three more who were to be selected by the Liberals, and a seventh whom his Lordship would nominate when the ministry should be otherwise completed. It is understood that this plan was first submitted to Mr. Morin, and subsequently to Mr. B. Papineau; but it failed, in consequence of a demand on the part of the Liberals that Mr. Daly, the Provincial Secretary, should be dismissed. It is further understood that Mr. Daly, on learning that he had become an obstacle to the arrangement, tendered his resignation, but that Lord Elgin peremptorily declined to proceed, unless the pretension of thus controlling the secretaryship was withdrawn. The correspondence on this point appears to have been conducted with Mr. P. Caron, to whom was offered the place of President of the Cabinet; but neither he nor his friends would yield, and the three vacancies were subsequently filled by gentlemen of the "British party." As the Conservatives outnumbered the Liberals in the Assembly, the latter, on refusing to form a coalition administration, determined to agitate the country anew, and to obtain the control of both branches of the government. A popular election was soon to occur, and it is to be remembered, that, on the principles of "responsible government," the members of a Colonial ministry hold their places entirely at the will of the Assembly, and not, as formerly, by a life tenure.

The election of a new Assembly terminated early in 1848, when it was ascertained that the Liberals had achieved a complete triumph, and secured a large majority. Unlike some of his predecessors, Lord Elgin maintained a neutral position throughout the contest, and we have no knowledge that his name or influence was authoritatively appealed to, in a single instance, by either party, during the canvass. The Conservatives had the control of the times and places of the ballotings in the different towns, cities, and ridings, and the officers who presided at the polls were generally of their

party; the members of the government, also, and the Episcopal clergy were on their side. The success of their opponents was as fairly obtained, therefore, as a political victory ever is; the diminished majorities in places where there could be no pretence of fraudulent polling, and the loss of members in districts which had returned Liberals at no former period, showed clearly that there had been a great change in public sentiment. The House, since the Act of Union, consists of eighty-four members, and the Liberals claim a majority of thirty-four. At no previous time, probably, has the popular branch contained so large a representation of the wealth, the talents, and political experience of the Colony, as at present.

If our limits would allow, we might trace the history of several, whose career affords a striking illustration of the vicissitudes of human condition. Men who were banished by Lord Durham, and who remained in exile for years, others who found safety only in concealment, some who were apprehended and imprisoned, and others for whose arrest as traitors and outlaws the government offered large rewards at the time of the memorable rebellion in 1837, are among the most prominent members of the new Assembly. Already some of them have been taunted with their former conduct so bitterly, as to show that their opponents have nursed their hate, and will put them upon their defence at every possible opportunity.

The result of the election promptly sealed the doom of Lord Elgin's advisers, who, upon a vote in the popular branch of "a want of confidence," resigned in a body. Gentlemen belonging to and designated by the victorious party succeeded to their places, and those who, within a few years, had been denounced by proclamation, imprisoned, or exiled, and whose political fortunes were supposed to be irrecoverably ruined, now occupy seats in the cabinet of the Governor-General of British America! What would Chalmers say to a "concession" like this?

We pass to Nova Scotia. In our former notice of the politics of this Colony, we expressed the belief, that the agitation then existing would both continue and increase, and that future calms or storms would depend much on the course pursued by Mr. Howe, the leader of the Liberals. We were not mistaken in either conjecture. During the

summer of 1845, Mr. Howe visited several parts of the Colony, held "mass-meetings," and addressed throngs of people in the open air. In the more populous neighbourhoods, he spoke four hours at a time, and attended political dinners and picnics, provided specially to do him honor. In the Assembly, his speeches were frequent, and sometimes excited in tone and abounding in personal allusions. Though once a member of Lord Falkland's cabinet, he indulged in the most bitter invectice against his Lordship, and on one occasion declared that it might become necessary "to hire a black fellow to horsewhip the governor through the streets of Halifax." This remark, unfortunate and undignified, caused much sensation among people who, besides their habitual deference to rank, look upon the person of the representative of their sovereign as sacred.

The administration of Lord Falkland closed in disquiet, the leaders of the two parties and their followers giving way to extreme irritation. After the breaking up of his *coalition* ministry, near the close of the year 1843, matters between him and the Liberals continued to grow worse, until finally his withdrawal * from Nova Scotia must have become as desirable to him as it certainly was to them. He was succeeded in the summer of 1846 by Sir John Harvey, a military officer of distinguished merit, and who, as former governor of New Brunswick, † and thence transferred to the executive chair of Newfoundland, possessed much political experience. Specially instructed by the government at home to devote his attention to reconciling and healing the differences and personal enmities which existed in the Colony, he made known at once his desire to form a Council in which both parties should be represented. His proposition is understood to have been, so to construct that body as to give the Conservatives a majority of one member. This offer was declined by the Liberals, first, because they were not to enjoy an equal share of the power and patronage, and, secondly, because they objected to again trying the experiment of governing the Colony by a *coalition*. This is the substance of the negotiation on both sides, ex-

* Early in 1848, he was appointed to the government of the Bombay Presidency, with a salary of about $ 40,000 per annum, exclusive of outfit.

† Sir John, it will be remembered, was governor of New Brunswick during the Aroostook troubles.

cept that the Liberals were to have the disposal of the office of Solicitor-General, which was to be vacated by the Conservative incumbent at their pleasure. In the correspondence, the Liberals intimated the wish to appeal to the country in a general election of a new Assembly.

Sir John communicated to the Colonial Secretary the failure of this overture, and received in answer the first despatch of Earl Grey which is named at the head of this article. "While I regret," says the Earl, "your want of success in efforts prompted by your anxiety for the efficiency of the public service, I must add that I am not surprised at the result."

"The experience of free countries shows that it but rarely happens, that a coalition of rival leaders, which often appears the easiest solution of many political difficulties, can be arranged to the honor and satisfaction of those who are included in it, or can form any permanent foundation for any government. And however injurious party animosities may often be to these small communities, which can ill afford the exclusion from their affairs of any of the practical ability which is contained within their limits, experience has taught that those animosities exhibit themselves at least as keenly in small as in large societies, and that the public necessities are as little effectual there as elsewhere in inducing those who are separated by personal and political repugnances to unite their councils for the common good.

"The letters which constitute the correspondence in the present case must have convinced you, as they have convinced me, that the personal and political differences which separate those who bore a part in it are so wide as to render it impossible for the two parties, in the present state of their political feelings, to act together honorably or usefully.

"It is very problematical whether any lapse of time or any change of circumstances will ever bring those parties into a state of feeling more favorable to the arrangement which you contemplated. I am therefore of opinion, that, the present negotiation being at an end, no attempt should be made to renew it.

"The two contending parties will have to decide their quarrel at present in the Assembly, and ultimately at the hustings, and until a decision adverse to your present advisers shall be pronounced in one way or the other, the composition of your Council will require no farther interposition on your part."

Reserving to another place our comments on Earl Grey's remarks upon the want of success which has usually attended

the "coalition of rival leaders," we may here observe, that the two contending parties did, in the summer of 1847, ultimately refer their quarrel to the people "at the hustings," where the Conservatives were signally defeated. In previous elections, the contest was frequently prolonged for a week, and even a fortnight; but this time, under a recent law, the polling was accomplished in a single day, much to the satisfaction of all persons interested. The new Assembly met in January, 1848, and, as in Canada under similar circumstances, the members of the Council tendered their resignations,* which were accepted; and the Liberals formed a ministry from the leaders of their own ranks, and also obtained the disposal of the great law-offices of the crown, and of the still more lucrative post of Provincial Secretary. Mr. Howe, besides a seat in the cabinet, received the last-named office, and, as will be seen when we come to notice his Letters to Lord John Russell, now enjoys the highest honors to which a Colonist can aspire. Thus we record the adoption of the system of "responsible government" in Nova Scotia; an event which, though sure to happen sooner or later, because of the precedent in Canada, was hastened by the principles avowed in Earl Grey's despatch of March 31, 1847, which was laid before the Assembly by Sir John Harvey, soon after the opening of the session. The following extract will sufficiently indicate the nature of his Lordship's views.

"Small and poor communities must be content to have their work cheaply and somewhat roughly done. Of the present members of your Council, the Attorney-General and Provincial Secretary, to whom the Solicitor-General should perhaps be added, appear to me sufficient to constitute the responsible advisers of the Governor. The holders of these offices should henceforth regard them as held *on a political tenure;* and, with a view to that end, the Provincial Secretary should be prepared, in the

* Three of the retiring members of the cabinet were *Lewis Morris* Wilkins, *Simon Bradstreet* Robie, and *Mather Byles* Almon. Their names indicate their origin. Mr. Wilkins, who is a judge of the Supreme Court, is a son of Isaac Wilkins, a Loyalist of New York, and a nephew of Lewis Morris, who was a signer of the Declaration of Independence, and of Gouverneur Morris, another distinguished Whig of the Revolution. Mr. Robie is the son of Thomas Robie, an adherent of the crown, formerly of Marblehead, Mass., who went to Halifax, thence to England, and back to Salem, Mass., where he died. Mr. Almon's name reminds one of the clerical wit of Boston, but we are unable to give exact particulars with regard to him.

event of any change, to disconnect from his office that of the clerkship of the Council, which seems to be one that should, on every account, be held on a more permanent tenure."

The Colonial Secretary evidently yields to necessity rather than conviction, since, after arguing the question, he qualifies his consent, and announces his conclusion in the following language : —

"On such terms as these, which I have thus detailed, *it appears to me that the peculiar circumstances of Nova Scotia present no insuperable obstacle* to the immediate adoption of that system of parliamentary government which has long prevailed in the mother country, *and which seems to be a necessary part of representative institutions in a certain stage of their progress.*"

The celebrated despatch of Lord John Russell to Sir John Harvey, in 1839, which in Colonial politics acquired the name of the "Russell Purge," was thought at the time to contain doctrines wholly irreconcilable with justice to persons who held official stations. No case of removal, unless for official misconduct, had occurred in the Colonies during the reign of King William, or in the reigns of his brother and father ; office was held by a sort of prescriptive right, by a life tenure, and descended like an estate to the incumbent's family. The "Purge" gave notice of a great change, inasmuch as Sir John was directed "to cause it to be generally known, that public officers would be called upon to retire as often as any motives of public policy might suggest the expediency of that measure"; and that the rule was applicable, not only to those *to be* appointed, but also to those who *then* enjoyed the honors and emoluments of place. What do we now see, after the lapse of nine years ? The popular will, having wholly wrested away the prerogative, now breaks up cabinets, and displaces the highest functionaries, without check, accountability, or control. We see, too, a minister of the crown conceding in express terms, that such a power "seems to be a necessary part of representative institutions *in a certain stage of their progress*"! If a single Whig of 1776, in his loftiest mood, even so much as dreamed of obtaining a "concession" like this, we have yet to be informed of it.

As we review the proceedings in New Brunswick during

the last three years and a half, we find similar manifestations of "progress." Sir William Colebrooke, the successor of Sir John Harvey, and who is also an officer in the army, had encountered no organized opposition to his measures at the time when our former remarks were committed to the press; but they had hardly been published, before the Assembly, the public papers, and political men generally, assailed him with great asperity. Here, as in Canada and Nova Scotia, the demand was, that the representative of the queen should dispense patronage in accordance with the popular voice, and not, as both he and his predecessors had always done, at discretion, and subject only to the approval of the home government. Our account of the affair must be brief. On the death of the Provincial Secretary,* in December, 1844, Sir William appointed to the vacant office Mr. Reade, a gentleman who had married his daughter, who was well qualified to fill the station, and who had received assurances from Lord John Russell and Lord Ashburton, that his services in the West Indies, and during the negotiations which resulted in the adjustment of our northeastern boundary, should be duly rewarded at a proper opportunity. Several members of the Council, disapproving of the appointment, resigned, and after an angry debate in the Assembly, of several days' duration, an Address to the Queen passed that body, in which, in hardly decorous terms, Mr. Reade is spoken of as Sir William's "son-in-law," and his selection is stigmatized as an "improper and unjust exercise" of the prerogative. His ability to perform the duties of Secretary was not denied, and the objection to his appointment was merely that he could not be "regarded as a permanent resident of New Brunswick," and so ought to be provided for elsewhere.

Lord Stanley, who was then the Colonial minister, disapproved of the appointment, and recalled the members of the Council who had broken up the administration; he caused

* The Hon. *William Franklin* Odell. He was named for the only son of Dr. Franklin, who was the last royal governor of New Jersey, and a Loyalist. His father was the Hon. and Rev. Jonathan Odell, of New Jersey, who also adhered to the crown. The letters between Arnold and André, at the plotting of the treason, were addressed to his care in New York. Mr. Odell settled in New Brunswick at the close of the Revolution, and was the first Secretary of the Colony; at his death in 1818, his son, above named, succeeded to the office.

the secretaryship to be given to a Colonist of Loyalist origin,* the principle being thus admitted that natives of the British isles are no longer to fill Colonial offices. That this is now the settled policy of the government is fully proved by the documents before us, and by the fact, that, soon afterwards, Lord Metcalfe, then Governor-General, felt obliged to dismiss the applications of two gentlemen, who came out from England with strong recommendations from Lord Stanley himself, on the ground that they were not "settled inhabitants." Both of these disappointed applicants came to the United States. Those who remember that in this country, before the Revolution, the natives of England were the favored objects of patronage, to the exclusion of the Colonists, will perceive, that, where our fathers vainly claimed to enjoy a part, the children of their opponents have successfully contended for the whole.

Sir William,† on proroguing the Assembly after a stormy session, expressed his regret, that the measures so urgently required for the improvement of the parish schools had failed, because so much time had been devoted to other objects; and he thus mildly alluded to the proceedings which we have noticed: —

"The discussions which have arisen in the course of the session, and which have engrossed so much of your attention, will not have been unproductive of advantage, if they should lead to a just appreciation of the true principles of the constitution, in their application to the government of the Colonies."

Without detaining our readers with an account of the occurrences of the intervening period, we come at once to the debate in the Assembly in the winter of the present year, on the resolution for adopting the system of responsible government, according to the terms of Earl Grey's despatch of March 31, 1847. The discussion occupied two days, and

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* Hon. John Simcoe Saunders. His father, John Saunders, a lawyer of Virginia, adhered to the crown in the Revolution, and was an officer in the Queen's Rangers. At the peace, he settled in New Brunswick, and was a judge of the Supreme Court and a member of the Council. We may here remark that the office of Secretary is next in rank to that of Governor, and that its emoluments are large.

† Sir William Colebrooke was transferred to the governorship of British Guiana in the spring of the present year; his successor in New Brunswick is Sir Edmund Head.

was listened to with great interest by a crowd that it had attracted to the Capitol. The resolution passed the Assembly by a large majority. In the three continental Colonies, therefore, this plan for administering the public affairs, which, ten years ago, was actually ridiculed in all parts of British America, even by the moderate Liberals, is now in operation. The Conservatives, we may hope, will allow it to have a fair trial, and generously admit, as did Mr. Hazen * of New Brunswick, that, "whether for better or for worse, the principle of responsible and departmental government is now established beyond dispute, and it has now become every man's duty to assist in carrying it out to the best of his power."

It was during this debate, that Mr. Wilmot † delivered the speech which we have named at the head of this article. The following extract will serve to show his course of reasoning. We may observe, that eight years have hardly elapsed since some of his most ardent personal friends called him a madman, and his adversaries a traitor.

"My honorable colleague, who introduced this resolution," said Mr. Wilmot, "and others who have acted with me, have longed to see the day which has at last arrived. We have been struggling in the sea of political antagonism. Sustained by our principles we struggled on, panting for some green spot amid the adverse elements, on which we could sit down and rest our wearied limbs. That spot we have reached at last, and it is to be found in that despatch. Shoulder to shoulder we have fought our opponents, and although often repulsed, we never despaired of ultimate victory. At each successive onset the foe has become weakened, and each successive repulse but tended to confirm us in the certainty of the final triumph of those principles for which we have contended. The principles contained in that despatch are no new set of principles; they were as correct

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* Hon. Robert L. Hazen, an able lawyer of St. John's, and a member of Sir William Colebrooke's cabinet. He is a grandson of Col. John Murray, one of the celebrated "mandamus councillors" of Massachusetts, and of course a Loyalist. Mr. Hazen is a Liberal and an honorable politician.

† Hon. Lemuel A. Wilmot, a distinguished member of the Fredericton bar. His paternal grandfather was a Loyalist of New York; on his mother's side, he claims connection with Colonel Murray. He was one of the retiring councillors on the appointment of Mr. Reade. He possesses brilliant powers, and as a public speaker ranks with the most effective and eloquent in British America. At the conclusion of this speech, he was greeted with a burst of applause.

and constitutional in 1837 as they are now in 1848. The principles were the same then as they are now, and the advocates of these principles remain unchanged; it is only their opponents who have shifted their position. The despatch of Lord Grey does not alter the principles, but in his Lordship we have found a powerful ally, which has hastened our final triumph. Our foe has been gradually giving way, little by little, and unaided the field must soon have been our own. We have not come down to the despatch, the despatch has come up to the position which we have occupied, and the additional weight of this new and powerful ally has made our power irresistible, and the just rights of the people are now secured. I well recollect the time when, in this county, my honorable colleague and myself were followed through a general election, from station to station, and from poll to poll, with denunciations against us for the advocacy of these principles, — principles which, at that time, were denounced as revolutionary and anti-British. It was the want of these principles which produced revolution and bloodshed in England. It was the disregard of these principles which cost King Charles his head. It was irresponsible power which attempted to force the people to pay ship-money; and it was irresponsible power which trampled upon the people's rights, until they rose in their might, and overturned the tyrants who had misled their sovereign and attempted to enslave his subjects. It was the good self-acting and self-correcting principles for which we contend which placed the present royal family on the throne of England."

The first Letter of Mr. Howe to Lord John Russell, and Mr. Papineau's Address to his Constituents, also relate to the subject of "responsible government." But these two political leaders disagree. The former is its advocate, while the latter stigmatizes it as a mockery, a delusion, and a cheat. We need not discuss the question anew. Our opinion of it was given in this work in 1845, and having in the interval watched its operation in Canada, where it had then been introduced, and heard from some of its projectors and ablest friends all that can be said of its practicability, we have still to be convinced that a Colony can be governed by the Assembly and by the government at home at the same time, or that a Colonial governor, who is bound to obey the instructions of the ministry, and yet yield to the will of the people, can satisfy either. Indeed, had we space to notice the difficulties that have already occurred, we could show that it

has already proved to be a delusion, and to be wholly impracticable. In a word, *a colony cannot be an independent state.*

We have now to consider another concession to the Colonists, which may be regarded as far more important than any yet mentioned, or any which can be found in the whole course of Colonial history. We allude to the relinquishment by the home government of any control over the commerce of the Colonies, and to the consequent abolition of imperial custom-houses and the withdrawal of revenue officers. It is to this subject that Earl Grey's despatch to Lord Elgin principally relates. In the words of Mr. Wilmot, Great Britain has said to her subjects in North America,— "*Buy where you please, sell where you can, and levy what duties you think proper on foreigners, provided you tax them all alike*"; and we agree with him in the opinion, that, "by this great increase of power, the Colonial Assemblies are not only placed in a new, but in a *dangerous*, position." Before the close of the present year, the new system will be perfected, and the duties of the few queen's officers of the customs who are to be retained in service will be limited to granting registers to vessels, to records, and other unimportant details.

What would the Whigs of our Revolution have said to a concession like this? It is fortunate for us that it was not offered, or they and their descendants would have remained British subjects down to the present day. Their vessels could only go directly to, and return directly from, a possession of the British crown. To break up the commerce which had burst the parchment bonds of the statute-book was the fixed purpose of the ministry. Besides the swarm of revenue officers on shore, the king's cruisers on the coast seized ships and cargoes, and interrupted and broke up even the lawful enterprises of the Colonists. Our fathers were compelled, under pain of fines and confiscations, to buy their cloths and other manufactured goods in England, their sugar and molasses in the British West Indies, and their tea of the company that, until 1834, monopolized the supply of the whole empire. Had the statesmen of George the Third's time yielded to remonstrances and petitions, as those of the present reign have done, without raising an arm or firing a gun,

what calamities would they not have spared to the Saxon race in both hemispheres !

In the annunciation, " Buy where you please, and sell where you can," made to the descendants of those who not only declined to favor, but took active part against, the first great struggle in America for freedom of commerce, we find an approval of the principles on which the Revolutionary contest hinged, and an entire abandonment of the charge, that the Whigs were but successful rebels and traitors. In the arrangements of Earl Grey to shut up the custom-houses in the present British possessions in America, we find the admission of a minister of the crown, that those who, in 1776, drove out of the Thirteen Colonies the commissioners and collectors who were sent over to levy king's customs on tea, glass, and painters' colors, committed no crime, but, on the contrary, performed an act of duty !

By thus yielding to the importunities of the Colonists, the Colonial minister has been relieved of his most numerous and perplexing cares. Until a very recent period, he was borne down with the duties of his station. It was impossible for the most diligent to perform with due care all the business that claimed his attention There are some forty British Colonies, in various parts of the world, which possess legislative bodies, and about twenty other dependencies, which, though without representative institutions, still have executive officers who receive instructions from, and make reports to, the Secretary for the Colonies. To maintain a general supervision of sixty Colonial possessions, even when there are complaints and remonstrances from none, is an arduous task. But when, in addition, as was the case down to 1840, and even still later, the minister was compelled to receive delegations from one Colony or another almost every week, and to read and answer " the loads of Colonial communications which were laid on his table " without intermission, the redress of public and private grievances was far beyond his ability. It should be considered, also, that within forty years there have been no less than twenty changes in the head of the Colonial department ; and though Earl Bathurst held office quite fifteen years, the average official term of the other Secretaries has been less than a year and a half ; so that the inexperience of the minister made it impossible for

him even to understand the questions submitted for his decision.*

In 1842, the timber merchants of Canada despatched a delegation to the Colonial Office, to remonstrate against Sir Robert Peel's proposed change of duties. The delegates waited on Lord Stanley, who, instead of listening to their complaints, civilly turned them over to Mr. Gladstone, the vice-president of the Board of Trade. Mr. Gladstone could not "think of deciding upon a matter to which the gentlemen attached so much importance," and begged leave to refer them to Sir Robert Peel. Back they went, therefore, to Lord Stanley, to procure an introduction to the premier; but his Lordship's private secretary replied, that Sir Robert "was overwhelmed with business, and that his Lordship could not take upon himself to interfere with Sir Robert Peel's engagements." In despair, they applied to the Duke of Wellington, who recommended "them to address themselves to Sir Robert Peel, or to the president of the committee of the Privy Council of Trade." They accordingly drew up a memorial to the prime minister, and sent copies to the Duke and Lord Stanley. The former, in another dry and characteristic note, promised to read it as soon as he should "have a moment's leisure"; and they were informed by direction of the latter, that it "was impossible for his Lordship to find time for another interview," and that, a change having been made in the duty on deals, any further alteration was out of the question.

These examples are sufficient to illustrate the mishaps and griefs of the deputations hitherto sent from the Colonies, in the hope of obtaining relief. In adopting measures which will render representations less necessary in future, a fruitful source of irritation to the Colonists and to the ministers at

* It sometimes happened that the minister could smile at the circumstances which, without his own agency, relieved him from the duty even of professing to examine the bulky portfolios of the Colonial deputations. Mr. Wilmot, in a speech delivered the present year, gave an amusing instance of this kind. Mr Crane and himself were quite recently sent to England on official business by the Assembly. On their arrival, their trunks were examined by an officer of the customs, who found and seized a copy of the Journal of the House, and, heedless of their assertion that they were public characters, and that the Journal was essential to them, he bore it off; "and for aught that I know," said Mr. Wilmot, "it is in the custom-house at Liverpool yet."

home has been closed. Yet, as we shall proceed to show, the Liberals, dissatisfied with the inferiority of their social position, insist upon entire equality with their fellow-subjects of the British isles; and thus they will continue to appear at the Colonial Office in London quite as often as their presence can be desired.

In Mr. Howe's second Letter to Lord John Russell, the personal disabilities of the Colonists are exposed with ability and great freedom. He declares that "there is a universal determination to rest satisfied with no inferiority of social or political condition." Mr. Wilmot, in terms as explicit, says, that he, "for one, does not wish to be a half-made British subject." Singularly enough, if the origin of these gentlemen be considered, both refer to the United States to prove the inequality of which they complain; and Mr. Howe, remembering, it would seem, that his father * was "Boston-born," thus forcibly speaks to the present prime minister of England: —

"An Anglo-Saxon youth, born in Massachusetts, may rise through every grade of office, till he is governor of his native State. A youth born in Nova Scotia may do the same, with the single exception of the highest position, that of governor; but if he is denied this distinction, he may, *de facto*, govern his country, as leader of her councils, if he possess the foremost mind of the Provincial administration. So far, there is an equality of condition which leaves to a Colonist little to envy or desire. But the highest point once reached, he must check his flight and smother his ambition; while the young republican may continue to soar, with prospects expanding as he ascends, until, long after his contemporary across the border, weary of the dull round of Provincial public life, has ceased to hope, or to improve, in the full vigor of manhood, and with a rich maturity of intellect, he reaches that elevated station to which he has been wafted by the suffrages of twenty millions of freemen.

"*The Boston boy may become President of the United States;*

* Mr. Howe's father was John Howe, a printer, who published the "Massachusetts Gazette and Boston News Letter," and who, adhering to the crown, and leaving Boston with the royal army at the evacuation in 1776, went to Halifax, where he established a newspaper, became king's printer, and died in 1835, aged 82. The leader of the Liberals was educated to his father's trade, and conducted a political newspaper at Halifax with great ability for several years before he became prominent as a public man.

the young native of Halifax or Quebec can never be any thing but a member of an Executive Council, with some paltry office paid by a moderate salary. I have known men who, as Loyalists, left the old Colonies and died in the Provinces, undistinguished and unknown beyond their borders; while their contemporaries, scarcely their superiors in intellect, or more successful up to the points when the conflict of principle compelled them to diverge, occupied the foremost rank in the Republic. There are men now in North America [in the British Colonies], *who, if these Provinces were States, would be generals, senators, governors, secretaries, or foreign ambassadors.* I have seen and heard those who figure in the State legislatures and in Congress; and, with a few exceptions formed by the inspiring conflicts and great questions of a vast country, I could have picked their equals from among her Majesty's subjects, at any time, within the last ten or fifteen years.

"The old Loyalists died contented, and their descendants in these Provinces are loyal and contented still; but, my Lord, should not a wise statesman anticipate the time when these contrasts will sink deep into the Provincial mind, — when successive groups of eminent and able men will have lived, and drooped, and died, hopeless, aimless, and undistinguished beyond the narrow confines of a single Province, — when genius, with its plumage fluttering against the wires, feeling itself "cabined, cribbed, confined," may raise a note of thrilling discontent or maddening ambition, to be caught up and reëchoed by a race to whom remonstrance and concession may come too late? For obvious reasons, my Lord, I do not dwell on this topic."

This is sufficiently explicit. But Mr. Howe urges the pretensions of the Colonists still farther. He estimates the present population of British America at two millions, and calculates that the number of inhabitants at the close of the century will be twelve millions. To make these twelve millions think and feel as Englishmen, "it is clear," he says, "that *all* the employments of the empire must be open to them, and the *highest* privileges of British subjects conferred." If this cannot be done, "a separate national existence, or an incorporation with the United States, is to be gravely apprehended." While he admits that there is no legal barrier, he still insists that, in fact, "there are more Englishmen in the post-office and custom departments of a single Province than there are Colonists in the whole wide range of imperial employment."

We have no doubt that Mr. Howe has read the writings of the principal "rebels" of his father's time, and that he is quite familiar with the claims which they set up at different periods of their controversy with the ministers of the crown; but if he has found pretensions similar to those now made by himself and other Liberals of his own descent, we confess that his knowledge of Revolutionary history far exceeds our own. The question, whether natives of Nova Scotia and New Brunswick shall be eligible to the post of prime minister of the British empire, and whether Colonists shall enjoy the highest places in the church, the army, and navy, and furnish envoys to foreign courts, we leave to Colonists to discuss; but since the Loyalists said, and their children still repeat the accusation, that the Whigs were mere needy office-hunters, and that, had they been gratified with the patronage they coveted, the Thirteen Colonies would not have been lost, we may be amused at the evidence of "progress" furnished us by Mr. Howe, and by men of the same political sentiments throughout the present possessions of England in America. If, in connection with the lofty demand, that "*all* the employments of the empire must be open to the Colonists," as a means to prevent their independence, or their annexation to the United States, our readers remember the claim previously stated, that natives of England are to be excluded from holding offices in the Colonies, the full extent of the change will be apparent.

Again, the Liberals, and even the moderate Conservatives, urge upon the mother country the importance and the necessity of a representation in Parliament. The subject is discussed as if it were new, and as if the plan were first conceived by the Colonists of the present time. A treatise written at Montreal about fifteen years ago is supposed to contain the earliest statement of this claim. But those who are conversant with our history will not fail to remember, that Dr. Franklin, as early as 1754, proposed this very measure. The principal objection to it is, that it will lead to further changes and experiments, and that its adoption is not really desired by those who advocate it, but is only proposed for the sake of exciting further discontent. That these charges are not wholly groundless may be admitted. But we believe that many of the Colonists favor the plan, from the conviction that some of the discontents which al-

ready exist will be removed by it, and that the connection with the mother country will be rendered more intimate and less liable to interruption. Such persons, of course, do not wish a final separation, and give their countenance to no other project of the Liberals. It seems to be conceded on all sides, that Colonial representation is entirely practicable, and that the communication with England is now so frequent and easy as to allow delegates from America to hold seats in Parliament, and yet reside a portion of the year among their constituents.

A part of Mr. Howe's second Letter to Lord John Russell is devoted to this subject, and a brief statement of the benefits which, as he supposes, are certain to follow, will give our readers a general idea of the merits of the question. In the first place, it is said, that the Colonies are nearly as much interested as England herself in every question of commercial regulation, of foreign policy, of emigration, of religious equality, and of peace and war; that Colonial interests would not then be, as they now are, sacrificed without a hearing, and that, after decisions adverse to the wishes of the Colonists, they would be more easily reconciled to them. It is further said, that the Colonists would be allowed a field of action for their cultivated and ambitious men, who would be able to obtain a share of the honors in every branch of the public service; that, when fairly tried in Parliament, they would be competent "to recruit and strengthen the Colonial Office," or, on returning to America, "would become guides in the Provincial legislatures when questions of difficulty arose," and, by their experience, influence, and example, would aid the mother country in every emergency, and reconcile their constituents to the decisions of Parliament in cases of dissension and disappointment.

Mr. Howe proposes that the representation should be so small as not to excite jealousy, or occasion inconvenience; he thinks that three members from Canada, two from each for Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Newfoundland, and one from Prince Edward's Island, or ten in all, would be sufficient. "*Did these Provinces form States of the American Union*," he says, "*they would have their representatives in Congress, and would influence, to the extent of their quota, whatever it was, the national policy.*" He appeals to his Lordship to know whether England "should not

magnanimously take the initiative in this matter, before clamor and discontent" arise.

Much as the Colonists seem to expect from a delegation to the imperial legislature, we confess that we can imagine no disability that will be removed, no calamity which will be averted, no positive good that will be accomplished, by the measure. The means now adopted to prevent legislation hostile to their interests, and to promote that intended for their certain benefit, seem to us far better than any which they can employ; and since there are members of Parliament who have either been governors of Colonies, or have made themselves familiar with the course of Colonial industry, and since British merchants who have branch-houses in the American possessions, or deal extensively with the Colonists, keep a watchful eye upon the questions of policy which affect them, and exert an influence with persons of their own class who hold seats at the Board of Trade, we regard the plan of Colonial representation as a delusion. When suggested by Franklin, nearly a century ago, it would have been of infinite service; for *then* Colonial disabilities and grievances were monstrous. But its revival now — when hardly a vestige of the old system for the government of Colonies remains, and when, as is allowed by both Liberals and Conservatives, the continental possessions of England in this hemisphere are almost free, and can hardly tell in what their dependence consists — shows conclusively that the question is agitated by the Liberals more to imitate the "successful rebels" of the "Old Thirteen," than from the hope or the necessity of success.

We turn from Mr. Howe to Mr. Wilmot. In the Speech of the latter is the following passage, which illustrates another cause of complaint.

"I will bring," said he, "one example to show the effect of shutting out Colonial produce from the British markets. There is a hatter in St. John's, who manufactures 3,000 hats a year, — these are all he can sell; open to him the British market, and he could compete with the British hat-manufacturer, and export 30,000. Let him cross the river which divides this Province from the State of Maine, and a market would be opened for him from Maine to Florida. Were I in the councils of the United States and wished to annex these Colonies to their great Union, I would counsel the government to free trade with the

British Colonies. *Let uninterrupted intercourse be had with the United States, and restrictions imposed in England, and these Colonies would fall without the firing of a single shot.* Let it not be said that I am disloyal when I give utterance to these sentiments. I utter them because I believe them, and I believe them because their truth is forced upon us by the experience of all ages. Let the people of this country be forced from the home market, and their interests, of necessity, will be interwoven with those of the neighbouring States."

What will Mr. Wilmot say, when we tell him, that when his ancestors fled from the old Colonies, the hatters were restricted to two apprentices, and hats made in one Colony could not be transported to, or be sold in, another? Iron could not be manufactured, iron-works were abatable nuisances, and Lord Chatham was bold enough to say, that his fellow-subjects in America "had no right to make so much as a nail for a horseshoe." Mr. Wilmot, we have more than once said, is of Loyalist descent. Compare his language with that of a Whig in 1754, when it was the opinion of Franklin, that, as far as the interest of the empire was concerned, it was of no consequence whether "a merchant, a smith, or a hatter grew rich in Old or New England." The grievance of the artisan of St. John's, alluded to by Mr. Wilmot, is wholly imaginary. Unless we mistake, this hatter is descended from a Tory of New York, and went to Boston within a very recent period, where the market *was* "opened for him from Maine to Florida," but where, unable to compete with the Yankees, or from some other cause, he broke up his establishment, and returned to New Brunswick.

We are thus minute in our examination of this case, because it is adduced by Mr. Wilmot to show the *extent* of the disabilities of Colonial mechanics at the present time, and because it affords us another illustration of the truth of the position which we have endeavoured to maintain throughout, — namely, that the children of the opposers of the Revolution demand privileges and immunities which should not only cause them to cease blaming the conduct of the Whigs of 1776, but to admit in express terms, what is true in fact, that they have themselves adopted, and are now acting upon, the principles of Otis, Franklin, and others of the same political school. Ten years ago, to make pub-

lic reference to the United States, to prove that the citizens of the republic enjoy rights and liberties which Colonists do not, would have been humiliating even to a Liberal not of French origin ; but from the extracts which we have made, it has been seen that the subject is now freely discussed in documents and speeches intended for general circulation. Indeed, the confession, that we are far in advance, and that our progress is to be attributed to our institutions, has become nearly universal.

There are still those in the Colonies, who, remembering only that they are descended from the exiled losers in the Revolutionary strife, would keep alive, and perpetuate for generations to come, the dissensions of the past ; but their number, we rejoice to believe, is rapidly diminishing. To extend and strengthen the sympathies of human brotherhood is a Christian duty ; and to unite kinsmen, who were severed by events which dismembered an empire, is a work in which all may now engage, without incurring the reproach of disloyalty on the one hand, or of the want of patriotism on the other.

We have now to consider for a moment the scheme of a union of the Colonies in America, which has been proposed within two or three years. This plan will remind our readers of the one submitted by Franklin to the Congress at Albany, in 1754, which, though adopted by that body, was rejected in England, because it gave too much power to the representatives of the people, and by the Colonial Assemblies, because it gave too great authority to the President-General. But the project now presented differs from that matured by Franklin, as two kinds of union are now suggested, — the one contemplating the abolition of the Assemblies that now exist, and the substitution of a single Assembly or Parliament, — the other proposing to leave to each Colony its present legislative body, and to form a confederacy, with a Parliament composed of delegates of the people, and a viceroy to be appointed by the queen. We believe that neither would satisfy the Colonists for a single year, since neither would afford them a complete form of government, and both would continue them in a state of dependence, with the popular will coming in constant collision with the representatives of the crown. It is possible that a system of federal union may be devised which will meet their views ; but such a plan

must embrace features so like our own, that the mother country would hardly possess the shadow of authority over them, and might as well concede their entire independence at once. With regard to the plan of governing British America by a single legislative body, it is sufficient to remark that it is impracticable. It has been already said that the union of the Canadas since 1840 has proved a failure, and Mr. Papineau, in his Address, demands its repeal. Without dwelling upon the reasons which he urges, or assenting to the denunciatory tone of his appeal to his constituents, we may still admit, that, whether the act was consummated by intrigue and corruption, as he alleges, or was produced by the free consent of the freeholders of the two Colonies, it has not accomplished, and never can accomplish, the ends proposed.

The truth is, a large proportion of the Colonists have become weary of restraints, and will be contented with nothing short of self-government. Mr. Howe thus speaks, Massachusetts being never absent from his thoughts : — "The cabinet called to select a governor for a North American Province, under existing circumstances, *should never forget that there are twenty millions of Anglo-Saxons electing their own governors across the border, and they should endeavour to prevent the contrasts not unfrequently drawn.* They should invariably act upon the policy, that, in order to repress the tendency to follow a practice incompatible with monarchical institutions, nothing should be left for the Colonists to desire." He further remarks, that, "as a general rule, every bad governor sent to a Province makes a certain number of republicans." Having said that the selection of proper governors is no easy task, he refers Lord John Russell to Massachusetts for the sort of training and education necessary for the exigencies of the times. "Born within the State, he is essentially a citizen, bound to her by filial and patriotic feelings ; his early studies, not less than the active pursuits of manhood, make him familiar with her people and their diversified interests. The struggles by which he ascends through the hustings to the House of Representatives, and thence to the Senate, presiding, it may be, at times, over one branch or the other, give him a training and experience eminently calculated to prepare him for the gubernatorial chair."

In the present condition of things in British America, the

situation of a Colonial governor is by no means enviable. Every official act displeases somebody. He is not a free agent in any thing. If he attempts to govern without a party, he incurs the hostility of both Liberals and Conservatives. If he selects his advisers from one, and excludes the other, he is sure to create an opposition. If he form a coalition cabinet, it does not hold together for a single year. If he quarrels with the Assembly, he is abandoned by the government at home. Meantime, his domestic comfort is destroyed, since custom renders it a duty which he cannot dispense with to practise indiscriminate hospitality, and to open his house to all classes of Colonial society, without cessation and without regard to his own inclination or the situation of his family.* This description of his difficulties is far from being exaggerated.

None of the governors are natives of America. Many are officers of the army or navy, and have "been accustomed to see masses of men moved by the sound of a bugle or the boatswain's whistle." Some have been ready and correct in the performance of every duty, while others were mere schemers and intriguers. The appointment of persons born in the Colonies, some have supposed, would serve to heal many of the dissensions which now prevail, and to increase the confidence of the people in the integrity of the government. We think that the very reverse would happen.

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* The following anecdote, taken from "The Old Judge; or Life in a Colony," by Judge Haliburton, will serve to illustrate this remark. When Sir John Sherbrooke was in command, says the Judge, "he gave permission to his house-steward and butler — two of the tallest and largest men in Halifax — to give an entertainment to their friends, and invite as many as they thought proper in their own apartment at his house. A day or two after the party, a diminutive but irascible barber, who was in the habit of attending upon Sir John, complained, in the course of his professional duty, that his feelings were greatly hurt by his exclusion from the festivities of Government House by the steward and butler, as it had a tendency to lower him in the estimation of his acquaintances; and that, if it had not been for the respect he owed his Excellency, he would most assuredly have horsewhipped them both. 'Would you?' said Sir John, who was excessively amused at the pugnacious little man, 'would you? By Jove! then I give you leave. Horsewhip them as long as you can stand over them.'

"'This is the manner," said Sir John to the Judge, "in which the good people here censure me. It appears that I occasionally omit to ask some person who thinks he is entitled to a card as a matter of right. I really thought at first the fellow was going to complain of me, for in fact he has just as good a cause as some others who are admitted."

The experiment was tried in the old Colonies, and failed. To say nothing of the native governors at an earlier time, seven out of the thirteen at the Revolutionary period were of this description, and some of them seem to have been disliked and assailed by their former equals and rivals on this very account. Human nature has not changed, and a second attempt to place the administration of Colonial affairs in the hands of distinguished Colonists would result as unsuccessfully as did the first.

We have now noticed the principal questions which agitate our neighbours across the border, and we hasten to conclude our task. In our introductory remarks, we expressed the opinion that England would lose her continental possessions in America at no distant day ; whether this opinion rests on sufficient grounds, our readers will now judge for themselves. To continue the connection with the mother country is the desire of a strong party ; but the Colonists who prefer independence or annexation to the United States will soon, if they do not already, form a majority. With those who wish to become members of this Union we have no sympathy. Our views upon this subject were freely spoken in these pages in 1845, and need not be repeated. We then said, that, whenever the event could be consummated in peace and good-will, we should rejoice at the formation of a second confederacy of American States. Nothing has occurred to change this feeling, but much to confirm and strengthen it. Annexation would do neither party any good ; and we could easily enumerate many calamities which would be likely to happen, were such a measure to be attempted by either.

ART. II. — *Nieboska Komedyia.* Paryż. 1835.*

THE title of this poem † will, we believe, be most adequately rendered in English " The Profane Comedy." It

* This article is a continuation of the essay on Polish literature contained in the last number of this Review. The present portion was intended for publication at the same time with the former, but the article was divided on account of its too great length.

† Literally, *The Not-divine Comedy.*

is apparently intended as an antithesis to that of the Divina Commedia ; and perhaps imports, that, as the Italian poet relates visions of things sacred, of the spiritual world and the future life of the soul, so the author of the Nieboska Komedyia passes into the future of this common, profane life, and recounts the retributions of the present world.

The Nieboska Komedyia, though in effect a poem, is written in prose. The language, however, especially in the more elevated passages, is highly poetical. The author frequently employs quaint, sometimes obsolete and Scriptural, forms of expression. We have preferred to present our extracts in a rhythmical version, as this will, we believe, convey to the reader a better idea of the original, and, as allowing of more condensation and greater freedom of language, may even be found more literal than a prose translation.

Our author has chosen the dramatic form ; but his piece is in no respect governed by the rules of the drama. It is divided into four parts, — not, however, called acts, — each introduced by a prologue, in which the subject of the ensuing division of the piece is indicated.

The exact scene of the events which are related is left undetermined ; we know only that it is in Europe, — apparently in Slavonian Europe. The chief hero of the piece is probably a Pole, — a Polish magnate. He receives, however, no other title than that of " The Man " ; his wife is simply " The Woman." The other personages have, for the most part, titles merely descriptive of their country or station, or expressive of their characters.

The visible and invisible world touch everywhere ; good and evil spirits walk among the living persons of the drama, and seem not less actual than they.

The time, like the place, of this drama is undefined. It lies in the future, at a period, probably, not very distant from our own. When the play opens, we find ourselves in the midst of a failing and decrepit state of society, where all is artificial and unreal ; where old institutions, having lost their significance, remain as dead forms, or as oppressive burdens. Every member of such a society is placed in a false position as regards every other. The natural and the factitious conscience are continually at war. The highest endowments are bestowed in vain ; deprived of their free and natural development, these are to their possessor but sources of

acuter suffering or more daring error. A deep mournfulness is thrown over the whole of these first scenes. The sketches are slight and rapid, but full of significance. We have the ceremonious bridal; a glimpse of the splendid ball that celebrates it; the christening, — a banquet where careless guests chat and divert themselves, — only to the broken-hearted mother is it a religious rite. We meet the cold, formal priest; the cold, formal physician; the speculative philosopher, theorizing, without sympathy, upon the condition and prospects of the world, and feeling only an intellectual interest in its present misery and its doubtful future. During the scenes of the first and second parts, we remain upon the upper surface of society, amid the sickly luxuriance which covers that hollow crust; but we have, through all, bodings of the grosser misery that lies beneath, and, from time to time, dim glimpses into that terrible lower world. Between the first and second part occurs an interval of ten years. The scenes of the second are extended over a period of four years. In the third part, the period is supposed to have arrived when the folly and oppression of the dominant, and the miseries of the subjected, classes have filled their measure. The author, looking upon all the gloomy portents of his time, — the prodigal luxury, the squalid want, the misery long endured, the justice long delayed, — forebodes the coming of a terrible vengeance, and sees, with the eye of the poet and the prophet, the storm that shall hereafter desolate the kingdoms. Although he has restricted the scene of this drama to no particular region, but has supposed one general outburst of the subjected masses to bring one sweeping destruction to the aristocracy of Europe, yet we feel that the crimes of his country to her slighted children are chiefly present to him; that it is to his own countrymen, to his own brother nobles, that he would, above all, address his warning. Never, indeed, does a Pole entirely lose the thought of his country. His deed, his word, are hers; and whether it be in lines of tenderness or of reproach, what he writes he writes for her. As the sufferings and wrongs of Poland are never absent from the mind of any Pole, so to the more noble-minded and clear-thinking among them are still present the mistakes and misdeeds that have aided to cause those sufferings, and have opened a path to those wrongs. Among these misdeeds stands foremost that long course of injustice

which has reduced the Polish peasant from the free tiller of a soil, the common property of the nation, to be a mere adjunct to the land on which he delves ; an injustice which, in the hour of her need, has robbed Poland of that which is the surest bulwark of a nation's freedom, — the stout arms and strong hearts of a free yeomanry.

Yet has the guilt of Poland, in this regard, not been greater than that of other countries. The name of republic which she claimed, and the jealous love of liberty which her nobles have always boasted, have rendered their injustice to their weaker brothers the more noticeable ; but the condition of the Polish peasant, hapless as it often was, was not so intolerable as that of the serf in those countries where an alien race trampled, without scruple, on the abject people, whose inability to defend their land left them no longer a property in it, and whose lives were held but as a gift from their conquerors. The Polish kmeton was of the same blood with his lord ; he spoke the same language ; he cherished the name of the same fatherland. If in Poland, as elsewhere, the desire of possession and the love of ease led the powerful to encroach upon the rights of the weak, and to live contentedly on the labor of others, yet was the conscience of the oppressor never allowed to sink into apathy, nor could he, for a length of time, forget the tenure upon which he held his power. The lesser nobles could not repel the encroachments of the more powerful, appeal to the constitution, and demand the restoration of the ancient equality, without accusing themselves, and recalling the memory of the time when the relation of the peasant to his lord was that of a younger to an elder brother, — when service rendered on the one part was but the voluntary acknowledgment of protection granted on the other. The king was, not from humanity only, but from interest, the protector of the commonalty ; since the overgrown power of the nobles threatened his prerogatives no less than their liberties. Accordingly, when the sceptre was held by a hand at once beneficent and vigorous, the people enjoyed quiet and security, under just laws, uprightly administered. The annals of Poland present us with many such intervals of calm. In the days of the first Jagellons, the peasants and the poorer nobles had their full share in the prosperity which those wise rulers secured to the country. The schools were opened to them ; and

we find numerous examples of men upon whom birth had conferred no distinction, who won it by their genius or attainments. Janicki, who, for his poems in Latin, obtained the laureate crown at Rome, was a common peasant. Kromer, bishop of Varnice, and a celebrated historian, was of the humblest origin. Dantisk, the son of an artisan, attained to the senatorial dignity, and was equally distinguished as a poet and a diplomatist. The annals of those times offer the names of many others who rose from the lowest station to the highest dignities. The writers of Poland have, in all times, been fearless in reprobating the crimes of the great. Her historians have been faithful to their duty. Even the biographers, in other countries so often mere panegyrists, here have not failed, while they chronicle with pride the achievements of their hero, to censure him with severity, whenever, forgetting the patriot in the magnate, he has looked to the aggrandizement of his order, and not solely to the prosperity of his country.

Nor have there been wanting among the great nobles themselves men wise and truly patriotic, who saw the danger that threatened their country from the slavery and degradation of so many of her children, and strove, by the enactment of wise laws, to effect their restoration to their rights. If these attempts have been too often baffled by prejudice or selfishness, let us not reprobate too harshly the inconsistency of the Poles. Let us remember how slow, even in our own land of freedom, is the march of justice, when there is question, not of recovering our own rights, but of restoring those of others. Let us remember how even the wise and good among us regard the dangers of change as more to be deprecated than those of any existing wrong.

The Profane Comedy presents us with two heroes, the representatives of the opposite classes of society. The one, a noble, of ancient family, of boundless wealth, — one on whom nature and condition have bestowed every gift, and whose intellect and imagination have been refined and exalted by the highest degree of culture. The other, a plebeian, a man of coarse, common sense, of clear, strong intellect. He has formed himself by the study of the real world, of actual life; but of a world of selfishness and meanness, of life such as it shows itself to one to whom poetic sentiment and religious faith are alike unknown.

Both are men whose energy and strength of will give them power over the mind and will of others.

Both walk in false paths. The man of genius, led astray by love of the ideal, by desire of the lofty and transcendent, is careless of the quiet affections and humble duties of the every-day world. He asks of this earthly life more than it has to offer, and demands of himself and of his race a perfection that humanity has never yet attained. Baffled and disappointed, he throws from him the beautiful illusions of his youth, disowns his former faith in progress and regeneration, and devotes himself to the support of the established order, with the same zeal and courage with which he once assailed it and would have raised up a new world upon its ruins. All the charm, all the glory, that his imagination once lent to the dream of a golden future, now casts its light upon the crumbling monuments of the past. From the misty heights of transcendental speculation, he descends to accept a sensible religion, a religion of manifest signs, of outward power and splendor. It is the conquering creed before which the systems of the ancient world have fallen. It is the hereditary religion of his house ; that beneath whose banner his forefathers have won dominion and renown.

The man of the people, on the other hand, the man of intellect, of practical wisdom, believes only in the present and the actual ; if he looks to a future, it is a future bounded by this earthly life, limited to this earthly planet. Sprung of a race whose obscure lives neither chronicle nor monument records, the past is to him but the history of the crimes of a triumphant aristocracy, — of the wrongs of an oppressed and imbruted people. His will is his religion ; he acknowledges no other God than his intellect, that power by which he sways the minds of the people, and thinks to regulate the destinies of the world.

The aristocratic hero is called " The Man " ; the representative of the masses receives the name of Pancratius. With neither of these men is the truth ; and to neither is awarded the final triumph.

It has been made matter of reproach to our author, by some of the liberals of his own nation, that, in his delineation of these contrasted portraits, he has not shown himself wholly insensible to the prejudices of his order. It is not to be denied, that his sympathies are rather with the enthu-

siast and the noble, than with the cold-blooded, irreverent man of the people. It could not but be so. The poet has many points in common with "The Man" of his drama. In birth, in genius, in ardor, in a quick sense of the true and beautiful, he is one with his hero; and, sharing with him the same gifts, he may have shared, too, in some measure, the same temptations. To the man of imagination and sentiment, the thought of ancient birth, of hereditary renown, must have a charm, at least over his fancy; and to the heir of large domain, though shielded by the double guard of philosophy and religious faith, there must come hours when the perils of his station are present to him; when he must tremble, if only with a transient fear, lest even upon his own high, free spirit the prejudices of caste should one day press their thraldom. It is a mournful and half-reluctant sympathy that he yields his high-born hero; nor does it make him unjust in his portrait of the representative of the plebeian order. He gives to the arguments of the democrat no less earnestness and energy, and greater force of reasoning, than he allows to those of his rival. He spares, in the mouth of Pancratius, no bitter word, no hateful truth, as, with stinging tongue, the leveller recounts the crimes and follies of a debased aristocracy, and, passing in review the ancestral portraits in the palace of the count, relates the history of too many a noble house. If, as "The Man," in his indignant answer, repels his scoffs, and declares the ancient noble to have been the benefactor and protector of the people, our author allows the aristocrat a momentary triumph in the breasts of his readers, it may be forgiven to one who sees the cities of his native land yet adorned and enriched by the monuments of the munificence of his ancestors.*

The author of the Nieboska Komedyia has again been reproached with yielding to a certain aristocratic bias, when he relates, in all their horror and absurdity, the excesses of the wild mob whom Pancratius thinks to lead through blood and riot to a life of order and fraternal union. We believe that those who have brought this reproach against him

* Richly endowed churches, and public gardens, in Warsaw and other cities of Poland, bearing the family name of the author of the Nieboska Komedyia, yet attest the ancient greatness and liberality of his house.

have taken but a hasty and superficial view of the purpose of the poet. He paints, indeed, with unsparing pencil, the scenes of violence and mad license which follow the sudden enfranchisement of a long degraded people; yet it is in no scorn of human nature that he writes; it is from no want of sympathy with the weak and low, no cold indifference to wrong. He does but give, unflinchingly, the truth, such as the history of the past has recorded it, such as the history of the future will again record it, if, before the season of this prefigured day of desolation, a purer disinterestedness govern not the dealings of man with his fellow; if a nobler faith than has heretofore lighted the counsels of collective man inform not the social chaos, and compose to harmony its jarring elements. Not to the ignorant and misguided people, not even to their presumptuous leader, is the lesson read which this picture of bloody horror is designed to teach. It is to the rulers who, refusing to recognize the principles on which alone government is founded, have turned to the uses of oppression and selfish ambition the power intrusted to them that they might protect and defend; to the so-called statesmen who have acknowledged no higher law than expediency, the poor expediency of the moment. It is for the enlightened and refined, for those whom intellect and high station have made as gods upon the earth; for those who, while their own lives were sunned by the light of knowledge, and made beautiful by the charms of poetry and the refinements of taste, have been content that their brother should sit in darkness and squalor; who, while the earth beneath them was heaving with the coming outbreak of the long smothered anguish, have taken their ease in their possessions. "The Man" himself points this moral, when, in the last hopeless days of their existence, he upbraids the nobles with the frivolity and selfishness which have prepared their ruin. He has not shared their apathy and recklessness; the crime that dooms him to partake their fate is of another order.

The introduction to the first part of the drama is in the form of an address to Poetry. In this prologue we find foreshadowed the errors and the fate of the man of genius whose career is traced in the scenes which follow. It is without title, and is, on a first reading, somewhat obscure. In this prologue, the author, after celebrating the power and

wide domain of Poetry, grieves over the unworthy uses to which it is too often brought, by those who, unconscious or unmindful that it is a holy trust, squander it in frivolous pastime, or pervert it to ignoble ends. He then declares the true office of the poetic faculty. The man on whom this holy gift has descended shall not waste his inspiration in fleeting words; he shall not profane it as the instrument of his ambition; it shall live in his life, and inform his every deed. It is in lending dignity to the humble virtues, in throwing radiance and charm over the scenes of common life, that Poetry wins its noblest triumph.

> But blest is he in whom thou hast thy dwelling,
> As the creating spirit dwells in nature;
> Invisible, unheard, yet felt through all;
> Ennobling all; the God before whose presence
> Creation bends, confessing, He is here!
> From this man's brow thy glory shall beam forth,
> Even as a star, nor shall he ever set
> A gulf of words between his soul and thee.
> He shall love men, and shall go forth a man
> Among his brothers. — But who guards thee not,
> Yielding thee forth a vain delight to men,
> Upon his head thou scatterest fading flowers,
> And turn'st away. He grasps thy parting gifts,
> And twines these funeral garlands to the close.

The piece opens with the appearance of the tutelary angel who watches over the fortunes of "The Man." This guardian spirit, ever striving for the redemption of his charge, would recall him from the ideal world to the world of reality and action, of duty and self-discipline; and would win him to substitute for vain dreams of human perfectibility a warm, living sympathy with his fellow-men. To this end, he would bind him in the ties of the domestic affections.

> Guardian Angel. Peace upon earth, and among men good-will!
> Blessed is he, among created things,
> Who hath a heart; he yet may be redeemed.
> Wife good and gentle, be revealed to him!
> Unto your house there shall a child be born.

The poet, accordingly, meets with a woman, lovely and gentle, in whom he thinks he has found the realization of his ideal. But the evil spirits who wait on man for his

ruin are as faithful to their office as those who watch over him for good; even while the priest is blessing the bridal, they are plotting how they may best spread their snares. They will call up before the poet the vision of his early love; they will tempt him with dreams of fame and power; they will draw him back from practical duties to Utopian visions.

Evil Spirits. Forth on your way, ye phantoms, seek the
Thou at the head, shade of his buried mistress! [poet!
Decked out with flowers, and wreathed about with mist,
The poet's early love, lead thou the way!
Forth thou too, Fame, old eagle stuffed in hell!
Loosed from the pale whereon the hunter hung thee,
Spread forth thy huge, white pinions to the sun,
Above the poet's head. Forth from our vaults,
Come thou too, Eden, cracked, worm-eaten picture,
The work of Beelzebub! We 'll mend thee up
With paint and glue, and varnish thee afresh;
Now wrap thyself in clouds and seek the poet!
Compass him round; alternate day and night;
Let rocks and woods and waters be about him.
Thus, Mother Nature, thou invest the poet!"

The evil spirit to whom the charge of personating his dead mistress is assigned departs upon her mission.

Midnight. Evil Spirit (*under the form of a maiden, flying*).
But late I walked the earth at this same hour;
Now the fierce demons drive me forth, and bid me
Put on the semblance of a holy spirit.
[*Alights in a garden.*
Flowers, weave yourselves in garlands for my hair! —
[*Hovers over a grave-yard.*
Fresh bloom and winning graces of dead maidens,
Wafted on air, floating above the grave-hills,
Wreathe round my form, and blossom on my cheek!
Here the dark-haired one moulders. Round my brow
Hang your rich clusters, shadow of her tresses!
Beneath this stone, two blue, extinguished eyes;
Hither to me, fire that once burned in them!
A hundred tapers glimmer through those windows;
They laid a princess in the tomb to-day, —
Soft silk that wraps her, be thou borne to me!
Like a white bird I see it flutter hither.
Now, onward, onward!

In portraying the evils which spring from a false and unnatural state of society, our author does not forget the injuries it inflicts on those who are apparently its favored children; injuries not the less to be deplored, that they often leave their victim unconscious of his wrong, and unprepared to repel it. In "The Woman" of his piece, the poet gives an example of the woman of over-refined life. He has, however, wisely chosen to offer in her a most favorable representative of her class. He has both deepened our sympathy, and pointed his moral yet more forcibly, by giving this victim of an unequal marriage all those qualities which, in a more natural state of society, would have made her own happiness and that of him who had chosen her. The bride of the poet is not the vain, frivolous, heartless woman of society; she is gentle, devout, and tender. The artificial system under which she has grown up has fettered and benumbed her intellect, has robbed her of courage, of energy, of self-reliance; but it has, in her, left untouched the most essential virtues of the female character; she has the loyalty, the disinterestedness, the confidingness, of the unperverted woman. The sphere of her thoughts is bounded by her duties; when her poet lover exclaims, —

"O, ever be my soul's dream, my ideal!"

she answers humbly, —

"Ever thy own true wife, as mother told me,
As my heart tells me."

Yet is she not, by nature, incapable of comprehending her husband, or of sympathizing with him; for to every heart that is upright and pure it is given to comprehend the highest thoughts of genius; that which is really grand and true is ever simple; the heart and reason even of the child can receive it. But the restraints of a narrow education have left her ignorant of her own powers. Timid and distrustful of herself, she regards her husband with a superstitious admiration, and does not even attempt to comprehend him. When she finds that her love alone can no longer make his happiness, she is left hopeless and without resource. "The Man," on his part, feels and owns the virtues of his

wife. He knows that the fault was not with her, if his imagination invested its beautiful idol with gifts not her own. Yet, though half reluctantly, he owns a sense of weariness in the society of her he has chosen. He does not seek to raise his wife to a level with himself, and to call forth by the aid of her affections the intellect that has lain dormant. He turns for consolation to the world of fancy, and dwells upon the dream of companionship with one whose genius should comprehend his own, whose thought would answer his. He recalls the memory of his early love, robbed by death, before time had scattered the illusions which halo a first affection. The vision of his lost mistress appears to him first in his sleep, and mingles with his dreams.

THE MAN (*in sleep*).

Whence art thou come, unseen, unheard, so long?
As water glides, thy feet glide, — two white waves.
What holy peace is seated on thy brow!
All that I loved or dreamed of died with thee.

. . . . .

(*Garden by Moonlight.*)

THE MAN. I have been sleeping ever since my marriage, —
Sleeping a heavy sleep, a brutal sleep, —
The sleep of a fat German fabricant
Beside his German wife. The world, I think,
Has been asleep with me, for sympathy.
I have been riding out to see relations,
Going to shops, and calling at the doctor's;
And — for a child is to be born to me —
I must be thinking about nurses too.

[*Clock strikes from the church tower.*

O, be my own again, my old possessions,
My cloud-wrapt kingdom, governed by my thought!
In other days this midnight bell gave signal
The hour had come when I should enter you.

[*Wringing his hands.*

O God! have these unnatural bonds thy sanction?
Hast thou declared that nothing shall divide
The bodily forms whose souls repel each other, —
Each wandering forth on its own separate path,
Leaving the bodies two cold, lifeless corpses?

Once more thou art beside me, O my own!
Take me with thee! Or art thou a delusion,

Child of my brain, my thought made visible?
Then let me be a phantom like thyself,
Let my existence be of mist and vapor,
If only thus I may unite with thee.

THE MAIDEN. Wilt thou go with me, in whatever hour
I come for thee?

THE MAN. O, ever, ever thine! —
Yet stay; why wilt thou vanish like a dream?
Wilt thou not tarry longer than a wish,
A thought?

[*Window opens in the house.*

THE WOMAN'S VOICE. My love, this cold night air will chill
Come in, my best, for I am frightened here, [thee;
In this great, gloomy room.

THE MAN. Yes, presently. —
The spirit has vanished; but has promised me
Soon to return. Then farewell, house and garden!
And thou, too, made for houses and for gardens,
But not for me!

VOICE. For pity, love, come in!
The air is always colder towards morning.

THE MAN. Yes, I am coming. —— But my child. — O God!

The next scene presents us with the husband and wife seated in their parlour. In a corner of the room is a cradle, in which their child is sleeping. "The Woman" is at the piano; "The Man" is extended in an arm-chair, his face covered by his hand. The mother is looking forward to the christening of her child; she talks to her husband of her preparations for the entertainment of the guests who are to assist at the ceremony. He answers in an indifferent, abstracted manner. "The Woman" goes to the cradle of her infant, soothes and lulls it; returns to the piano; touches a few chords, then suddenly breaks off.

THE WOMAN. To-day, and yesterday, and all last week,
And for three weeks, — my God! and for a month, —
Thou hast not said a single word to me,
And all who see me say how ill I look.

THE MAN (*aside*). The hour is come. It cannot be delayed.
(*Aloud.*) Nay, but it seems to me thou 'rt looking well.

THE WOMAN. 'T is one to thee; — thou dost not look at me;
Thou turn'st away whenever I come near thee,
Coverest thy eyes if I sit down beside thee.

I went to make confession yesterday,
And called up all my sins; and yet I found not
Wherein I had offended thee, my husband.
THE MAN. Thou hast not offended me.
THE WOMAN. My God! my God!
THE MAN. I know I ought to love thee.
THE WOMAN. Ought? O, say,
"I love thee not." At least I should know all.
[*Starts up and takes the child from the cradle.*
Turn not from him; let me bear all thy anger,
But love my child. O Henry, love my child!
THE MAN. Think not of what I said. Forget it all;
These evil moods come over me at times.
THE WOMAN. Only one word. Give me one only promise.
Thou wilt love him?
THE MAN. And him and thee; believe me!"

At the moment of reconciliation, a strain of wild music is heard in the distance, coming every instant nearer; the phantom of "The Maiden" enters just when "The Man," waking to a sense of his wife's worth and tenderness, and of his own neglect, presses his lips to her forehead, in assurance of returning affection.

THE MAIDEN. I come to bring thee joy.
Break, my beloved, the earthly chains that bind thee,
And share with me my endless, nightless world!
THE WOMAN. O holy Virgin! what a ghastly phantom!
Pale as the dead; — her eyes are sunk and rayless; —
Her voice is like the creaking of a wagon
Whereon a corpse is borne.
THE MAN. Thy brow is radiant,
Thy hair is wreathed with flowers, O my beloved!
THE WOMAN. Her mouldering shroud is falling from her shoulders.
THE MAN. Light flows about thee! O, that voice once more!
Let me but hear that voice again and die.
THE MAIDEN. She who would hold thee from me is the phantom.
Her life is fleeting; her love like the leaf,
That, withering, falls among a thousand others.
I am unchangeable.
THE WOMAN. O Henry, save me!
The air is close with vapors from the tomb.
THE MAN. O woman, formed of dust and clay, blaspheme not!
See here what was God's first design for thee;

But thou didst listen to the serpent's counsel,
And mad'st thee what thou art.

THE WOMAN. Thou shalt not leave me.

THE MAN. Beloved, I leave my home and follow thee.

[*Man goes out. Woman faints and falls with the child.*

Then follows the christening. The guests arrive; the priest is ready; the father is waited for in vain. The guests chat on indifferent subjects, make conjectures as to the cause of the count's absence, and whisper mysteriously concerning the pale and mournful looks of the young countess. The ceremony at length proceeds. The godfather and godmother renounce, in the child's name, the devil and his pride; every thing goes on coldly and formally; but the monotony of the scene is, all at once, frightfully disturbed.

ONE OF THE GUESTS. The countess has risen, and walks as if in sleep.

SECOND GUEST. See how she stretches out her hands before her,
And totters to her child.

THIRD GUEST. Hush! she is speaking.

THE WOMAN (*laying her hand on the child's head*).
Where is thy father gone, my little Orcio?

FATHER BENJAMIN. Lady, I pray thee, do not interrupt.

THE WOMAN. I bless thee, Orcio, — O my child, I bless thee!
Be thou a poet, Orcio, that thy father
May love thee ever, may not cast thee off.

GODMOTHER. But, my dear Mary, I entreat of you ——

THE WOMAN. Be worthy of thy father, and be like him,
And then perhaps he will forgive thy mother.

FATHER BENJAMIN. O Lady Countess, let the fear of God ——

THE WOMAN. My curse on thee, if thou art not a poet!

[*Faints, and is carried out.*

At the close of the scene, the godfather goes up to the cradle, and pronounces a benediction over the infant. He prays that his godson may become a worthy citizen; that he may never forget to love his country. In the expressions which the good godfather makes use of, we see already a token of the tendency of the times. He is a good and honest man, sincerely desirous to promote the spreading of liberal principles, — a republican nobleman, the La Fayette of the future revolution. He has comfortable ideas of reform that the aristocracy are to plan, and the people are to be content with. He is, however, but slenderly endowed

with the spirit of prophecy, and has no foreboding of the storm which is about to burst upon Europe.

"The Man," in the meanwhile, pursues his life of adventure, unshackled by the fetters of social life.

(*A beautiful region. Hill and woods. Mountains in the distance.*)

THE MAN. This have I sought, this prayed for, through long years.
Now am I near my goal. I leave behind me
The world, with all its busy, striving people.
There let each ant bear off his separate load,
And if he lose it, let him skip in frenzy,
Or die of grief.

VOICE OF THE MAIDEN. Hither, beloved one, hither!

But the moment of disenchantment, of remorse, arrives at length.

(*Cliffs and precipices on the sea-shore. Thick clouds, storm.*)

THE MAN. Whither have I been guided? All is changed;
I breathe no more the perfumed breath of morning;
The sky is dark; I stand on this bare rock,
The abyss below me, wild winds raging round me.

VOICE OF MAIDEN. Hither, my love!

THE MAN. Her voice comes from the distance.
I cannot pass this yawning gulf.

A VOICE (*near*). Thy wings, —
Where are thy wings?

THE MAN. Thou mocking fiend, I scorn thee!

ANOTHER VOICE. Here, then, thy soul, thy great immortal spirit,
That, in one unchecked flight, should soar to heaven,
On this bare pinnacle has found her goal.
Here the poor trembler prays thee stay thy steps.
O thou great heart! Thou mighty, deathless soul!

THE MAN. Show but thyself; put on a visible form,
That so I may confront and master thee!
May I lose her for ever, if I fear thee!

MAIDEN'S VOICE (*from the other side of precipice*).
Love, grasp my hand and fly.

THE MAN. What change is this?
The withered flowers are falling from thy brows,
And, as they touch the ground, creep off like lizards,
Or glide away like snakes.

MAIDEN'S VOICE. Beloved one, hither!

THE MAN. The wind has torn thy garments from thy shoulders,
And rent them into fragments.

MAIDEN. O, delay not!
THE MAN. The rain drips from thy hair. The sharp white bones
Wear through thy sides.
MAIDEN. Hast thou not promised, — sworn?
THE MAN. The lightning has burned out her eyeballs.
EVIL SPIRITS. Old one,
Now back to hell! Thou hast befooled him rarely, —
This mighty soul, this great, this lofty spirit,
That was erewhile his own and the world's wonder!
Come, thou great soul, now follow thy beloved!
THE MAN. My God! And hast thou, then, for this con-demned me,
That heavenly beauty hath been in my eyes
Fairer than earthly, — that I still have loved it,
Sought for it ever, suffered in its cause?
For this am I the sport of evil demons? tory!
EVIL SPIRITS. Hear, brothers, hear! We triumph. Vic-
THE MAN. My latest hour has struck; the storm careers
In raging whirlpools; dashing up the cliffs,
The fierce waves seek me; while a power unseen
Urges me onward, — onward.
EVIL SPIRITS. Brothers, joy!
THE MAN. In vain the struggle; — now the giddy impulse
Has seized me; my soul reels; my God, my God!
Thine enemy prevails!
GUARDIAN ANGEL. Waves, peace, be still!
Go to thy home again. On thy son's head
Even now they pour the consecrated water.
Go to thy home again and sin no more.
Go to thy home again and love thy child.

His home holds now no other thing to love. He reaches his house; he enters the room where we have seen him seated with his wife. The piano is still there, but silent; the little cradle no longer stands in the corner; the tender mother no longer lulls her child. As "The Man" enters, a servant comes in at the opposite door; the count demands of him news of the countess. The servant is confused and agitated; he answers the count's questions unwillingly.

SERVANT. My lord, my lady is not in her room.
THE MAN. And where then?
SERVANT. They have carried her, my lord ——
THE MAN. Where?
SERVANT. To the mad-house. [*Runs out of the room.*
THE MAN. Mary, Mary, hear me!

Dost thou not feign? Art thou not hiding somewhere
To punish me? O Mary, answer me! —
John! Catharine! — The house is dumb, deserted. —
Did I not promise thee eternal faith,
Eternal happiness? And now, through me,
Thou must endure the tortures of the damned!
O, I have blasted all that I have touched,
And yet am doomed to be my own last victim!
Was it for this I was redeemed from hell,
To be its living emblem upon earth?
O Mary, on what pillow lies thy head?
What dreadful sounds are round thee in the night, —
Wailing, wild laughter, and disjointed songs!
O, I can see her there! that tranquil brow,
From which her open, kindly soul looked forth,
Down bent to earth; her gentle, quiet thoughts,
All unrestrained and wild, now roam through space —
Seeking for me? — and still she weeps and wanders.
[*Throws open the door.*
Saddle my Tatar! bring my cloak and pistols!

He hurries to the hospital whither his wife has been conveyed, introduces himself as the friend of her husband, and demands permission to see her. Within the walls of this asylum, we are once more met by tokens, terrible tokens, of the agitations of the times. Voices issue from the cells which surround that of the countess.

VOICE (*from below the floor*).
Off on the scaffold, heads of kings and nobles!
VOICE (*from the right*).
Kneel to the king, your lord!
VOICE (*from the left*).
The comet blazes!
The day of the last judgment is at hand!
VOICE (*from above the ceiling*).
You have bound God in chains. The one God died
Upon the cross; I am the other God, —
Like him, delivered up to the tormentors.

The interview between the dying wife and the repentant husband is infinitely touching. The exaltation of madness gives her a sense of inspiration; she believes she is at length raised to a level with her husband, and is able to share his high thoughts and poetic visions.

THE WOMAN. Have patience but a little while, my husband ;
I shall be worthy of thee yet.
THE MAN. What sayest thou ?
THE WOMAN. I watched and prayed three nights, and God
THE MAN. I do not understand thee. [has heard me.
THE WOMAN. When I lost thee,
There was a change in me ; " Lord God ! " I cried, —
And beat my breast, and placed upon my bosom
A consecrated taper, doing penance, —
" Breathe into me the breath of poetry ! "
And on the third day I rose up a poet.
THE MAN. Mary !
THE WOMAN. O, thou wilt not despise me now,
My husband ? I am full of inspiration !
Thou wilt not now go from me in the evenings ?
THE MAN. Never, O, never !
THE WOMAN. Do but look at me !
Am I not grown like thee ? O, I know all things !
Now I can understand, invent, compose.
Seas, — stars, — storms, — battles. Yes ; storms, stars, and seas.
Ah ! there is one thing that escapes me yet.
It is a battle ; take me to a battle ;
Let me behold, and then I can describe it.
Corpses, — shrouds, — spectres, — billows, — dewdrops, — coffins.
THE MAN. O God ! O God !
THE WOMAN. How blest I am, my Henry !
VOICE (*from below*).
Three kings have I laid dead with my own hand ;
There are yet ten ; and yet a hundred priests
All singing masses.
VOICE (*from the left*).
Woe ! The stars are meeting !
The sun has lost the third part of his light !
The day is come !
THE MAN. To me the day of judgment
Is come indeed !
THE WOMAN. Look happier, my Henry ;
Or thou wilt forcé me to be sad again.
Stay, I have one thing more to say to thee.
THE MAN. What is it, love ?
THE WOMAN. Thy son will be a poet.
THE MAN. What ?
THE WOMAN. At the christening, the priest gave him Poet
For his first name, then, Jerzy Stanislav.
'T was I arranged it all. And then I blessed him,

And then I cursed him. He will be a poet.
My Henry, O my Henry, how I love thee!

. . . . .

THE MAN. O my sweet Mary, wilt thou not be calm,
As thou wert wont to be?
THE WOMAN. Ah! poets live not long.
THE MAN. Help! quickly, help!
DOCTOR'S WIFE (*with women rushes in*).
Run to the medicine-room!
Some pills! some powders! — no, some liquid medicine!
The gentleman has been the cause himself.
I know my husband will be angry with me.
THE WOMAN. Farewell, my Henry!
DOCTOR'S WIFE. 'T is the count in person!
THE WOMAN. O, I am happy! I shall die near thee!
DOCTOR'S WIFE. I think the blood is rushing to her brain.
But see how red she looks!
THE MAN. Nay, it is nothing.
It will be over soon.
DOCTOR (*enters, and, going up to the sofa, finds her dead*).
It is *all over!*

The second part of the Nieboska Komedyia is principally devoted to the little Orcio, the child of the poet. The prologue gives us his portrait.

Wherefore not riding on a stick, thou child,
Playing with tops and balls, and killing flies,
Impaling butterflies, and stealing sweetmeats,
Or watering with thy tears the alphabet,
From A to Z? And why, thou king of flies
And butterflies, thou friend of Punchinello,
Thou infant devil, why so like the angels?
What mean those dark blue eyes, downcast, but fiery,
And full of memories, though so few springs
Have flitted o'er thy head? Why lean thy brow
Upon thy white hands, and appear to dream,
Downbent with thought, like a flower bowed with dew?
And when thou throwest back thy curls, and, blushing,
Like a bright rose, liftest thy look to heaven,
What dost thou see? what hear? with whom discourse?
For on thy brow are lines, like shadowy threads,
Floating to thee from some invisible clew;
For in thine eye are rays, none know from whence.
And thy nurse weeps, and thinks thou dost not love her.

Thy friends and cousins think thou dost not know them.
Only thy father still sits there in silence,
And looks on thee and presses back his tears.

. . . . .

Meanwhile, thou growest; and thou growest lovely;
Not lovely with a milk-and-strawberry freshness,
But with the beauty of the strange, deep thoughts
That flow to thee from the invisible world.
For though thine eye is often dim and sunken,
Although thy cheeks are pale, and thy chest hollow,
Yet all who see thee turn to look again,
And cry, "O, what a lovely child it is!"
If every drooping floweret had a soul,
And heavenly inspiration breathed from it,
If on each trembling leaf that bends to earth
Rested an angel thought instead of dew,
This flower would then be like thee, O my child!
Perhaps there were such before Adam's fall.

When the second part of the piece opens, ten years have already elapsed since the death of the gentle Mary. We find the poet standing with his little son beside her grave. He desires the boy to repeat the prayers he has been taught to say for the soul of his mother; but the child, slighting the common form, pours forth effusions whose wild and fanciful beauty sends anguish to the heart of the father, who, already tortured with apprehensions, not merely for the health, but for the reason, of his son, sees only sad omens in his precocious intellect and exalted imagination. He tenderly chides the boy, and once more urges him to repeat the form of prayer he has been taught.

Orcio. When these words fill my head and pain it so,
O dear papa, I cannot help but speak them.
The Man. Such words cannot go up to heaven, my child.
Thou didst not know thy mother, — canst not love her?

The boy relates that he has often seen his mother; that she appeared to him only the night before, in his waking sleep, and promised him that she would feed his soul with all that is most lovely or noble in creation, that all which men on earth or angels in heaven know of beautiful may be his, and win him the love of his father.

THE MAN. O Mary, wilt thou, then, destroy thy child?
And wilt thou load me with a double murder? —
What am I saying? Is she not in heaven,
Gentle and calm as in her life on earth?
These are but dreams that haunt the poor child's fancy.
ORCIO. I hear her now, although I cannot see her.
THE MAN. Where? from what side?
ORCIO. As if from those two larches,
On which the last rays of the sun are falling.
"The love of thy mother
Encircles thee now;
On thy lips it pours music,
With light wreathes thy brow.
The fairest, the brightest,
Around thee, above,
Shall be thine, and shall win thee
Thy father's love."
THE MAN. Do the last thoughts that haunt the parting soul
Dwell with it still, though it abide in heaven?
Or can a blest be yet a wandering spirit?
ORCIO. Her voice grows fainter; now it dies away,
Behind that wall; now there; it still repeats,
"The brightest, the fairest,
Around thee, above thee,
Pass into thy being!
Thy father will love thee."

In the next scene, we find again indications of the tendency of the ideas of the time. It gives us a chance conversation upon a public promenade, between "The Man" and a philosopher, who prognosticates great changes in the social and political world, and believes the regeneration of the human race to be approaching. "The Man" is already grown skeptical of all change for the better.

THE MAN. Do you see, yonder, that worm-eaten tree?
PHILOSOPHER. With fresh young leaves upon the lower branches?
THE MAN. Well, how long, think you, has it yet to live?
PHILOSOPHER. How can I tell? A year, — perhaps two years.
THE MAN. Yet here it can put forth these fresh green leaves,
And all the while is rotting at the root!
PHILOSOPHER. And what then?
THE MAN. Nothing; only it must fall,
And soon be nothing more than coal and ashes.
For it is worthless to the carpenters.

PHILOSOPHER. What then? We were not talking of this tree.
THE MAN. It is thy type, and that of those like thee;
And of this age, and of thy theories.

The Man once more retires into solitude. When we next meet him, it is among the scenes of nature; and here his guardian spirit again appears, offering him the only remedy for mental suffering in a life of active usefulness, and declaring to him the true uses of power, — to bless and to protect.

(*A ravine between hills.*)

THE MAN. How many years have I been seeking after
The end of knowledge, — pleasure, — thought; and find —
In my own heart an empty sepulchre!
Every emotion I can call by name;
Yet no opinion, no belief, no love,
Is found in me. Only two dark forebodings
Still wander through this waste; — of my son's blindness;
Of the disruption of society.
And I must suffer, even as God is blest,
Within myself, and for myself alone.
GUARDIAN ANGEL. Love thy poor neighbours, love the sick,
And the despairing; thou mayst yet be saved. [the hungry,

But the evil spirits who have been appointed to tempt him with visions of power and glory also meet him here; and the counsels of ambition find a readier echo in the breast of the noble, than the promptings of his better genius.

THE MAN. What a huge eagle! on he comes, all black;
The whistling of his wings is like the whistling
Of bullets in the battle.
EAGLE. With the sword
Of thy forefathers, strike for glory, power!
THE MAN. Above my head he spreads his wings; his gaze
Charms, like the eye of the coiled rattlesnake.
I understand thee!
EAGLE. Yield not; and thy foes,
Thy miserable foes, shall bite the dust.
THE MAN. Farewell among thy rocks! Now come what will,
Or truth or error, victory or ruin,
I will believe thee, messenger of glory!
Come to my aid, thou Past! or, if thy spirit
Have gone to God, be thou sent forth anew.
Enter, and be in me, thought, power, and deed.

The signs and portents, which have, from time to time, given token of the coming day of terror, are now to find their fulfilment. The unjust and unnatural bonds which have held society together, and which those to whom the power had been given refused to loosen, are now suddenly and violently ruptured. The oppressed and brutified people, whose life so long, both in their own eyes and in those of their masters, had no other end than that of supplying the means of life to others, suddenly awake to the consciousness, that on their side is the strength of muscle and sinew, — that it needs but the will and the courage to place themselves in the seats of their oppressors. The uncertain, undirected fury of a mob might have been suppressed, as often before, by the hand of organized power. But the day of judgment is now at length arrived. At the fitting hour, the fitting man appears. The people find a leader whose intellect, informing their brute force, renders it available. He is a man gifted with none of those qualities which inspire enthusiasm in a cultivated and impressible people, but endowed with a cool, ready judgment, a self-collectedness, a passionless courage, in which the imbecility of minds unaccustomed to decision, the timidity proper to ignorance, find strength and confidence. Thus led, the army of the insurgent people is everywhere triumphant; and everywhere desolation follows their path. The castles and palaces of their enemies fall before them; the sanctuaries of learning and religion, the cloister, the cathedral, share the ruin; all that is ancient or venerable is, in the minds of the new people, associated with the grandeur of the oppressor and the misery of his serf. It is now that the poet, the son of the noble, feels that the Past calls on him as its champion; he knows that with him alone, if on earth, dwells the power to arrest this ruin which threatens to sweep away even the memory of the former things. He will return to the world to enter on the strife with its subverters; he will stoop to match himself with this man of to-day, that he may

> "send back to night
> This new, this monstrous world."

But before he enters into the world of strife and tumult, we find "The Man" again with his son. His apprehensions have been verified; the physician called to pronounce

on the child's case declares that there is no hope ; his blindness is hopelessly confirmed. The agonized father follows the apathetic physician, who, having delivered his judgment, prepares to depart.

THE MAN. All you could ask, even to half my fortune.
PHYSICIAN. There is no skill that can reorganize
What is disorganized. [*Takes his hat and stick.*
Your servant, Count.
I have another call to make this morning,
A cataract to remove.
THE MAN. Stay but a moment, —
Only a moment ; do not leave us yet.
PHYSICIAN. You wish to know the name of this disease ?
THE MAN. There is no hope ? —
PHYSICIAN. We call it Amaurosis. [*Goes out.*
THE MAN (*pressing his son to his breast*).
Thou seest a little still ?
ORCIO. I hear thee, father.
THE MAN. Turn to the window ; look towards the sun.
ORCIO. Forms pass between my eyelids and my eyes ;
I see familiar objects, well-known faces, —
I see the leaves of books that I have read.
THE MAN. And thou canst see these still ?
ORCIO. With my soul's eyes ;
These outward eyes, my father, see no more.
THE Man. Where shall I kneel ? Of whom demand account
Of my child's wrong ? — No ; let me bear in silence.
The devil mocks at curses, God at prayer.

The child's malady assumes a new form ; the physician is again summoned.

THE MAN. Your pardon, Sir,
That I have sent for you at this late hour.
But for some nights my son has waked at twelve,
Has risen and talked as in a dream ; I pray you
To come with me.
PHYSICIAN. We follow you, my Lord.
I would examine this phenomenon.

(*Sleeping-room. Nurse, Kinsmen, Godfather, Physician, The Man.*)

KINSMAN. Gently.
ANOTHER. He is awake, but does not hear us
PHYSICIAN. I pray you not to speak.

GODFATHER. A most strange thing!
ORCIO, *rising.* O God! O God!
KINSMAN. How slowly he moves forward!
ANOTHER. He holds his hands folded upon his breast.
THIRD. He does not move an eyelid. See, his lips
Are hardly parted, yet the voice comes from them
Distinct and clear.
SERVANTS. Jesus of Nazareth!
ORCIO. Darkness, away! I am the child of light, —
Of light and song. What wilt thou, then, with me?
I am not thine. What though my sight have left me,
To wander with the winds, to roam through space?
Some future day, rich with the rays of stars,
It will return and light my eyes with flame.
GODFATHER. Like his late mother; talks he knows not what.
A most astounding sight!
PHYSICIAN. It is indeed.
NURSE. Thou blessed Virgin! thou of Częstochova!
O, take my eyes and give him!
ORCIO. O my mother!
With thoughts and visions fill my inward life!
Let me create another world within me,
Fair as the outward world that I have lost.

. . . . .

MINGLED VOICES. Good night.
ORCIO, *waking.* Good night? O, say a long, an endless night!
But, O, not good, not happy!
THE MAN. Lean on me,
And let me lead thee to thy bed, my child.
ORCIO. I am not well. Voices disturbed my rest.
[*Falls asleep.*
THE MAN. My blessing rest on thee! I have no more, —
Nor happiness, nor fame, nor light, to give thee.
The hour has come that calls me forth to action, —
To struggle with the few against the many.
Where'er thou goest, thou must walk alone, —
Alone, blind, helpless, 'mid a thousand dangers.
Poet and child! Poor minstrel without hearers!
Thy spirit ever soaring, but thy body
Fettered to earth! Thou most unblest of angels!

The prologue to the third part of the Nieboska Komedyia brings before us the insurgent mob and their appointed leader.

See you the crowd before the city gates,
Between the heights and the long rows of poplars?

There tents are pitched; there, on long wooden planks,
Raised upon blocks, are spread forth meat and drink.
The cup flies round, and from the lips it touches,
Burst threats and imprecations. On it goes,
Amid the thousands; now returns again;
Again careers; still full, still foaming, flashing.
Hail to the cup, the maddener, the consoler!

See you not how impatiently they wait,
Murmur among themselves, prepare for clamor?
Poor wretches all, with sweat upon their brows;
All with rough hair, torn garments, sunburnt faces,
And hands made hard by labor. These bear hammers,
Those brandish scythes; that tall man swings an axe;
One waves above his head an iron ramrod.
There, in the corner, underneath the willows,
A little boy is seated, eating cherries,
An awl grasped tightly in the small right hand.
Women, their wives and mothers, too, are there,
Wretched and hungry like themselves; wan, withered
Before their time; without a trace of beauty;
The dust of the highway upon their hair;
In their sunk eyes a dim, expiring gleam,
A dismal mockery of the sense of sight.
They suddenly revive; the cup goes round.
Hail to the cup that stupefies, consoles!

And now a murmur rises from the crowd; —
Is it the tone of joy or of despair? —
Who, in the voice of thousands, can distinguish
The varying feelings? — He who, just arrived,
Mounts on the table, springs upon a chair,
And now addresses and controls the mob.
His voice is penetrating, clear, distinct;
You hear each word, you understand each word;
His easy, quiet, and harmonious gestures
Accompany his words as music song.
His forehead broad and lofty; from the temples,
The face wreathed by a thick black beard; the hair
Is from the upper part of the head worn off,
As by the wearing of incessant thought.
No blood, no changeful color on that cheek; —
On brow and cheeks, the yellow, wrinkled skin
Is channelled in among the bones and muscles.
His eye, unwavering, fixed upon his hearers;

No doubt, no hesitation in that look. —
And now he stretches forth his arms above them;
They bow their heads to him, as they would kneel
Before the blessing of a mighty mind,
Not of a heart. — Die, heart! die, prejudice!
And let the words of hope and murder live!

This is their leader, — their informing spirit;
Their loved, — adored, — he that will give them bread.
A shout breaks forth, — spreads, — bursts from every side,
"Long live Pancratius! — Bread! Pancratius! Bread!"

A man — a friend, a comrade, or a brother —
Leans on the table at the speaker's feet.
Dark Eastern eyes, shaded by long black lashes;
Bow legs; arms dangling; a weak, crooked body;
A half-voluptuous, half-malicious mouth;
Upon his fingers, golden rings. — He too,
With his hoarse voice, cries out, "Long live Pancratius!"
The speaker rests his glance on him a moment: —
"A handkerchief, citizen convert Jew."

A remarkable feature in this poem is the part which is assigned to the Jews in the war of the lower classes against the higher. They are made to side openly with the common people, in order to accomplish the destruction of the nobles; but are, at the same time, secretly plotting a new revolution of their own, by which the Christian races are to be subjected to the Hebrew, and the Jewish creed is everywhere to supplant the religion of Christ.

Our author has been accused of injustice towards the Jews in the picture which he has here drawn of the pretended converts; and if these treacherous and cruel bigots were designed as representatives of the whole Jewish people, the charge would not be without foundation. It must be remembered, however, that, though there are among the Jews liberal and wise men, sincerely desirous to maintain a friendly intercourse with their Christian neighbours, and to advance the enlightenment of their own people, there are also sects who cherish a deep and bitter hatred against the Christians; and in a time of universal anarchy, like that described by our author, enthusiasts and fanatics of every sort would find themselves in their proper element, and would seize upon this troubled period as the fitting season

for spreading their ideas and carrying out their schemes. The picture drawn by our author is therefore not to be regarded as a portrait of the Jews; it but describes a feature of the times. It would be hardly possible for a Pole to omit the Hebrews in a sketch of a social revolution. This peculiar people forms too important a feature in the social constitution of his own country to be easily overlooked.

In point of numbers, they form nearly a tenth part of the whole population.* In former ages, when persecution assailed the Jews in the other Christian countries of Europe, they found a safe asylum in Poland. They were used to call it their terrestrial paradise. They remained, however, a distinct race in the country of their adoption. They refused to render military service, and were therefore not admitted to share the rights of citizens. They never intermarried with the Christians, and continued to be distinguished from them, not only by their national physiognomy, but by their dress, their beards, and the fashion of their hair, which they wore in long tresses hanging in front of the ears. The difference of language has likewise tended to keep them apart from their Christian neighbours; they have learned, in general, only so much Polish as was necessary to conduct the transactions of business; and speak among themselves a corrupt dialect of the German. The Polish Jews are, for the most part, well educated to a certain point. They can all read, write, and keep accounts; but there are among them but few men of real enlightenment. Their learned men have been chiefly students of rabbinical lore, and regard with distrust and displeasure any attempt to introduce a greater enlargement of ideas or liberality of sentiment among their people.

Since the fall of Poland, the different governments to which they have become subject have endeavoured to reform the Jews by force, and to overcome their prejudices by arbitrary enactments. They are no longer exempted from military service. In Galicia, the most oppressive and cruel measures have been employed in order to force them to compliance. In the Polish provinces which have been incorporated with Russia, an equal or even a greater degree of rigor has been resorted to. Not only have they been

* See Lelewel.

obliged to furnish their quota of recruits for the army, but orders have been given by the Emperor Nicholas, that young children shall be taken by force from their parents, in order that they may be trained up to the naval service. The attacks made on their prejudices and their rights by these oppressive governments may, perhaps, in the end, be productive of advantage both to the Jews themselves and to Poland. The abolition of the distinctions of dress and peculiar customs throws down a wall of separation between them and the rest of the people; and the necessity of bearing their full share in the miseries of subjection to a despotic government may wake in them a warmer sympathy for the people with whom they have suffered in common. It is possible that the duplicity and selfishness with which many of the Jews acted in the revolution of 1830 suggested to our author the treacherous part which he assigns to them in the Nieboska Komedyia. It must not be suppressed, however, that the illiberality and injustice of the Christians themselves were as much the occasion of the want of patriotism among the Jews as their own prejudices and bigotry. At the commencement of the revolution, the more liberal among the Jews demanded, in the name of their nation, the rights of citizenship, offering, at the same time, to take their full share in the projected movement; but the successive revolutionary governments, fearing that public opinion would not support them in such a measure, dared not risk their popularity by attempting it. They granted the Jews some amelioration of their condition, by repealing several oppressive enactments of the Russian government; but refused to confer on them the full rights of citizenship. Some of the more enlightened of the Jews offered themselves, notwithstanding, to the cause of the country that had protected their fathers; but the greater part remained indifferent or disaffected. Some among them were detected acting as spies for the Russian government; many others were suspected, with or without reason; and the rage of the Polish people led to acts of violent retaliation. Thus the antipathy of the races was strengthened and confirmed; and however the Christians, regarding the Hebrews rather with contempt than hatred, may easily forget or think lightly of the various causes of provocation, yet into the resentful and long-remembering temper of the Jew the sense of injury must have sunk deeply and enduringly.

The first scene of the third part presents us with a party of Jewish fanatics, assembled in a shed. One of their number stands before a table on which a book lies open.

Converted Jew. My wretched brothers! vengeance-seeking
Brothers beloved! come, let us suck the Talmud [brothers!
As a breast full of milk, — a living breast, —
Whence we may draw honey and strength for us,
And for our foes poison and bitterness. [we worship;

Chorus of Converts. Our Lord is Jehovah; none else will
By him hath our race been dispersed through the earth,
That thus we might coil round the world of the Christians,
And hold them as wrapped in a huge serpent's folds.
Death, death to them all, our proud, ignorant masters!
Destruction to all who bow down to the cross!
Now, brothers, three times let us spit, to their ruin!
Three times let the curse be invoked on their souls!

Converted Jew. Brothers, rejoice! our enemy, the cross,
Hacked, mouldering, stands above a pool of blood.
The nobles hitherto were its defence;
Now shall it fall, not to be raised again.

Chorus of Converts. Let our work be accomplished, the
Our slow, painful labor, the fall of the lords. [labor of ages,
Three times let us spit; to their bodies destruction!
Three times let us spit; endless death to their souls!

Converted Jew. Upon their lawless freedom, boundless
Upon their endless malice, pride, and folly, [slaughter,
We will erect the power of Israel.
Yet but a few proud lords to overthrow, —
Yet but a few, whose scattered bones shall lie
Among the fragments of the fallen cross.

Chorus of Converts. The cross is our emblem, — our holy,
The baptismal water has bound us to Christ! [loved emblem!
In the faith of the injured the tyrant has trusted;
The scorner believes in the love of the scorned!
Our object man's freedom, the good of the people!
In the children of Caiaphas Christians confide!
As long ages ago Christ was slain by our fathers,
We will slay him again; not again shall he rise.

Converted Jew. Yet a few days, a few more drops of venom,
The world is ours; brothers, the world is ours!

A knock at the door disturbs their conference. The Talmud is hastily concealed; the Jews betake themselves to their anvils, and begin to work at the forging of weapons. Leonard enters, and summons him who has been the chief

spokesman among them to the tent of Pancratius, who is about to intrust him with a secret commission. The Jew departs with Leonard; the others continue working and singing.

CHORUS OF JEW CONVERTS.

Go forth, cords and daggers, go forth, clubs and sabres, —
The work of our hands, — carry death to our foes!
For us are the nobles struck down in the battle,
For us are they hung in their gardens and woods!
They are struck; they are slain; and we fall on the slayers,
And now, in our turn, will we murder and hang.
Behold how the trampled arise in their anger!
In the might of Jehovah the scorned are arrayed;
With us is his love, and for us is redemption,
For our enemies ruin and death are decreed.
Brothers, thrice let us spit, to the fall of the people!
Brothers, thrice be destruction invoked on their heads!

The scene changes from the szałasz of the Jews to the tent where the citizen-general is seated alone. He is in one of those moods which fall at times upon the strongest and the coldest, and force them to feel, for a season, that their bosoms share the common feelings and the common needs of human hearts. He has just left the adoring crowd who follow him with ignorant devotion; the sound of their acclamations still rings in his ears. He turns loathingly from the senseless plaudits; and now, alone with his far-reaching views, his mighty projects, — unshared, uncomprehended, by those who are to be the instruments of their completion, — he feels the dreariness of his intellectual solitude. His thoughts turn to his mortal foe, to the only man in whom he recognizes his equal. The republican leader is drawn towards the last champion of aristocracy by that sympathy which binds the spirits of great men by a mysterious tie, and forces them to reverence each other, even while they hate.

The man of the people has no fear of his patrician foe; he feels himself led on by the hand of destiny to certain triumph; but he who has hitherto known neither hesitation nor compunction, who has trampled, without a thought, the feeble lives that lay between him and his ends, pauses now, before the crisis of the deadly struggle, and feels regret for a victim too noble for his scorn. Pancratius will seek an interview with Count Henry; he will detach him from the

cause of a decrepit aristocracy, and engage his genius and energy once more on the side of freedom and renovation.

PANCRATIUS. Is the Count Henry known to thee?
CONVERTED JEW. By sight,
Great citizen, not otherwise; but once,
As I was passing by the Corpus Christi,
He bade me stand aside, as I remember,
And turned his lordly look on me; with that
I vowed him to the halter in my soul.
PANCRATIUS. Go to this man betimes to-morrow morning;
Tell him I seek an interview with him,
A personal, private interview, the night
Of the next day.
JEW. Give me a strong guard, then;
It is not safe to go to him alone.
PANCRATIUS. My name is thy protection; and the gallows —
Whereon thou hung'st the baron yesterday.
Say I will come to him at twelve o'clock,
On the next night but one.
JEW. And if he beat me,
Or throw me into prison?
PANCRATIUS. Thou wilt be
A martyr for the freedom of the people.
JEW. All will I venture for the people's freedom.
PANCRATIUS. Good night, then, citizen. [*Jew goes out.*

The Jew performs his commission to Count Henry, and is engaged by him to act as his guide through the encampment of the insurgent mob.

The scene now opens in a wide glade, lying in the midst of an extensive forest. Huts made of branches of trees, and rude tents, are set here and there on the plain. Bonfires gleam on every side, and about them hover groups of men and women. Under the trees and before the huts are knots of revellers, drinking and singing. Barrels and tubs are scattered on the ground. Countless crowds stream through the wood and along the plain, going and returning with eager, excited faces, but apparently without definite object. In the centre of the open space stands a tall gibbet.

Upon this strange theatre "The Man" enters, muffled in a large black cloak, and wearing the red liberty cap. He grasps by the arm the Jew, his unwilling guide, who walks by his side, tortured with the fear of the count's vengeance

if he should betray him, with that of the people if he be discovered acting as his conductor, and cursing in his heart, with an impartial hatred, both the noble and the mob.

THE MAN. Remember!
JEW. I will not betray my lord;
I will conduct him safely, on my honor.
THE MAN. Point but a finger, only wink thine eye,
I shoot thee through the heart. Thou may'st believe
He will set little value on thy life
Who can thus risk his own.
JEW. You grasp my arm
With iron pincers. What are we to do?
THE MAN. Speak to me as to one of thy acquaintance,—
A comrade just arrived. What dance is that?
JEW. That is the dance of freedom's sons and daughters.

CHORUS.

Hurrah for bread, wages, for wood in the winter,
And rest in the summer, hurrah! hurrah!
With God was no mercy, hurrah! hurrah!
With the kings was no mercy, hurrah! hurrah!
With the lords was no mercy, hurrah! hurrah!
So to God, to the kings, to the lords, for their favors,
We offer our pious thanksgiving; hurrah!

. . . . .

JEW. Under that large oak sits the Lackey Club.
FIRST LACKEY. I 've just been killing my old lord. Your health!
SECOND LACKEY. I 'm looking for my lord, the baron. Yours!
VALET. My fellow-citizens, once bound to toil
And degradation, who wore out your lives
Polishing boots, cutting and curling hair,
But now are sensible of your just rights,
I drink your health!
LACKEYS. Health to our president!
He will point out to us the path of honor.

. . . . .

THE MAN. What are those harsh, wild voices that I hear,
Coming from that dark thicket on the left?
THE JEW. Those are the voices of the band of butchers.

CHORUS OF BUTCHERS.

The axe and the knife are our weapons,
The joy of our life is in blood;
We will cut, with the same ease and pleasure,
The throat of an ox or a lord.

The children of strength and of slaughter,
We help all who call on our aid;
For the lords we have knocked down the oxen,
For the people we knock down the lords.

THE MAN. These men I like; at least, they make no mention
Either of honor or philosophy.

. . . . .

JEW. The clouds are gathering. It were better for thee
To go to thy own people, who have waited
Long for thee in the pass of St. Ignatius.

THE MAN. Thanks to thee, Jew, for thy solicitude.
I wish to see the citizens by twilight.

VOICE (*from the thicket*).

The peasant's child bids thee good night, old sun!

VOICE (*from the right*).

Here 's to thy health, old enemy! thy rising
Once drove us forth to weary, thankless toil.
To-morrow thou shalt find thy slaves at banquet.

JEW. The crowd of peasants comes this way.

THE MAN. Remain,
Stand here behind this tree, and hold thy peace.

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

On, on to our tents, to the shade of the maples,
Where our brothers already are gathered.
On, on to the sweet evening chat in the twilight,
With the maidens who wait us with welcome.
On, on, where our old fellow-servants, the oxen,
Find an endless repose from their labors,
And they who once furnished the team of the ploughman
Now furnish the food of his banquet.

VOICE. I draw him on, he struggles and pulls back.
Come on! Enlist!

VOICE OF A NOBLE. Mercy, my children, mercy!

ANOTHER VOICE. Return me all those days of soccage labor!

THIRD VOICE. Bring back my son to life, — my son, who died
Beneath the Cossack's blows!

FOURTH VOICE. My lord, your health!

CHORUS OF PEASANTS (*passing on*).

The vampire sucked our blood and sweat;
But now we have caught the vampire;
We will bind him fast, we will hang him high;
High, high,
Above all our heads,
As befits a mighty noble.
The time is come for the tired to rest,

For the hungry to taste the banquet;
The time is come for the lofty to fall,
Low, low,
And be trodden to earth,
Like the wheat-sheaves in the autumn.
No more shall their lordly castles frown
On the humble home of the peasant;
Like chaff from the flail, see the cinders fly!
On, on,
With our axes and scythes!
On, on, to the tents of our brothers!

The scene now changes to a different part of the wood, and presents us with yet another phase of the frightful anarchy. In the midst of an extensive opening in the forest, rises a hill on which huge fires are blazing; about its base throng crowds of people, bearing torches, their faces glaring with a wild and terrible enthusiasm. "The Man," still attended by the Jew, issues from the wood and directs his steps towards the hill.

The Man. What hell is that whose brassy flames mount up
Between those walls of darkness?
The Jew. We have wandered
From the right path. Back, hide thee in the thicket,
For here the high-priest Leonard celebrates
The festival of the new faith.
The Man. Go on.
Just what I wished. Fear not; no one observes us.

As he advances, he finds himself in the midst of the ruins of a noble cathedral that the fury of the mob has levelled with the ground.

The Man. Here are the ruins of some mighty pile,
That must have stood for ages ere it fell
Before this ruthless rabble; round me lie
Shafts, bases, capitals, and broken statues;
Here the festoons that wreathed the ancient ceiling;
Here gleam the fragments of a shattered window; —
It was as if the Virgin Mother looked
A moment forth, and all again was darkness.
Here lie the ruins of a whole arcade;
Here is an iron grating choked with rubbish.
The torches cast their light this way; I see

Half a knight resting upon half a tomb.
Where are we, guide?
THE JEW. Our people were at work here
For fourteen days and nights; at last we levelled
The last cathedral with the ground. We stand
Exactly where the cemetery was.
THE MAN. Your songs sound harshly in my ears, new people!
Dark forms, before, behind, beside, press on;
Flashes and shadows, governed by the wind,
Like living spirits flit above the throng.
PASSER-BY. I bid you welcome in the name of freedom!
ANOTHER. Welcome, by death to the nobility!
A THIRD. The priests are singing yonder; hasten forward!
THE JEW. We cannot stay; they press us on all sides.
THE MAN. Who is that young man on the heap of rubbish?
Below him burn three fires; his heated face
Glares forth through smoke and flame, and his shrill voice
Shrieks in the tones of madness.
THE JEW. That is Leonard;
Leonard, our prophet, the inspired of freedom;
About him stand our priests, philosophers,
Poets, and painters, with their loves and daughters.
THE MAN. Your aristocracy. But him who sent you,
Show him to me.
THE JEW. I do not see him here.

. . . . .

LEONARD. Behold, a new world I announce to you.
To a new deity I give the heavens.
Thou, Lord of freedom! Thou, the people's God!
Wherever fall the offerings of vengeance,
Wherever lies the body of a tyrant,
There are the altars of thy sacrifice.
The tears and sufferings of the human race
Shall all be washed off in a sea of blood.
Then life be joy, equality be law.
Who would frame other laws to bind the free,
His be the halter and the people's curse!
CHORUS OF MEN. The fabrics of pride and oppression are fallen,
And whoso shall raise but one stone from their ruins,
For him is the cord, and the curse of mankind.

. . . . .

THE MAN. Eagle, keep thy promise,
And I will raise up a new church to Christ
Upon their necks.
MINGLED VOICES. Freedom! Equality!
Freedom! hurrah! Freedom and happiness!

Chorus of Priests. Where are the kings, where are the lords
That lately walked with crowns and golden sceptres, [of earth,
In pride and wrath?
Assassin. I killed King Alexander.
Second Assassin. And I King Henry.
Third Assassin. King Emanuel I.
Leonard. Go without fear, murder without reproach,
For ye are chosen from among the chosen,
Holy among the holiest; freedom's heroes;
Of human rights the dedicated martyrs.
Chorus of Assassins. In the dead of the night let us steal on
The avenging stiletto pressed tight in our grasp. [our victims,

. . . . .

The Man. Who is the man who rushes up to him,
Falls on his knees, stammers, and groans out something?
Jew. That is the son of our philosopher.
Leonard. Herman, what dost thou ask of me?
Herman. High-priest!
Bestow on me the murderer's consecration.
Leonard. Bring me the oil, the dagger, and the poison.
The oil, wherewith they once anointed kings,
Consecrates thee the murderer of kings.
This dagger, worn of old by knights and nobles,
Shall, in thy hand, bear death to knights and nobles.
Hang round thy neck this locket full of poison;
Where the steel fails, the slow-consuming venom
Shall burn and rankle in the hearts of tyrants.
Go forth through every quarter of the earth,
Annihilate the ancient families.

. . . . .

The Man. I will have vengeance for the profanation
Of my forefathers' consecrated dust.
Curses be on the heads of this new people!
Their vortex circling round me hath no power
To bear me with it in its eddying whirl. —
Keep thy word, eagle! — Now go forward, Jew,
And guide me to the pass of St. Ignatius.

As the shouts and songs of the fierce revellers die upon the ear, the soft lament of the tutelary spirits who watched over the sacred fanes now laid in ruins sighs through the branches of the forest.

Chorus of Spirits. We weep for Christ, Christ persecuted,
Where is our God? Where is his holy Church? [banished.

THE MAN. To sword! to sword! I will restore him to you,
And set his foes upon a thousand crosses.
SPIRITS. It has been ours to guard the holy altars,
To watch beside the ancient monuments;
When the bells chimed the hour for prayer, to carry
Upon our wings the silver melodies.
OTHER SPIRITS. In the soft light of the cathedral windows,
In the deep shadow of its solemn walls,
The sparkle of the consecrated goblet,
The hallowing of the body of the Lord,— [our home?
CHORUS OF SPIRITS. In these our life; where, where is now
THE MAN. They fade away before the glow of morning.
THE JEW. There is your path; the opening of the defile.
THE MAN (*taking off his liberty-cap and wrapping money in it*).
Take this as a memento and an emblem.
THE JEW. My lord, I have your word; security
For him who shall to-night ——
THE MAN. A noble's word
Is not given twice. — Ha! Jesus and my sword!
VOICES (*from the thicket*).
Maria and our swords! Long live our lord!
THE MAN. Farewell, new citizen! Advance, my men!

In the scene which follows, the count awaits in the castle of his fathers the arrival of the man of the new era. The scene of the meeting is a hall hung with portraits of knights and dames. At one end of the room is a pillar on which hangs a shield with armorial bearings; near this sits "The Man," at a table on which are a clock and a pair of pistols. The champion of the past, the man of genius and sentiment, feels that in this cold, imperturbable man of the people, he is about to encounter his evil genius.

THE MAN. At this same hour, amid such pressing dangers,
Such anxious thoughts, did Cæsar's genius
Appear to Brutus. A like meeting waits me.
In a short time, a man without a name,
Without forefathers, without guardian angel,
Shall stand before me; one who shall, perhaps,
Form a new epoch, if I stay him not,
Hurl him not back to his first nothingness.

Breathe into me what made you lords of earth,
My fathers! All the lion of your hearts
Give mine; your weight and energy of brain

Endow my brow; and let your faith in Christ,
And in his holy Church, blind, unrelenting,
The inspiration of your deeds on earth,
The hope of never-dying fame in heaven,
Enter in me! Then will I burn and slay, —
I, offspring of a hundred noble races,
Last heir of all their thoughts, deeds, virtues, errors.

[*Clock strikes twelve.*

ARMED SERVANT (*enters*).

Illustrious lord, the man who was to come
Is here, and waits admission.

THE MAN. Let him enter.

PANCRATIUS (*enters*).

Count Henry, I salute thee. This word Count
Sounds somewhat strangely from my lips.

[*Takes off his cloak and liberty-cap, seats himself, and casts his eye upon the column on which hangs the coat of arms.*

THE MAN. I thank thee
That thou didst trust my roof. I drink thy health
After the former custom.

[*Takes the goblet, drinks, and offers it to Pancratius.*

Guest, to thee.

PANCRATIUS. If I err not, these red and blue devices
Are, in the language of the dead, called arms;
There are but few left now of these insignia,
With each day fewer. [*Drinks.*

THE MAN. With the help of God,
Thou shalt soon look upon a thousand such.

PANCRATIUS. Behold the old nobility! Thus ever
Self-confident, self-willed, proud, obstinate;
Still flush with hope, without men, arms, or money;
Still casting, like the dead man in the fable,
Their empty threats at every passer-by,
Though standing at the door of their own tomb.
They place, or feign to place, their trust in God;
Truly, they can scarce place it in themselves.
But where the thunderbolt that fell for you?
Where the armed hosts of angels sent from heaven?

THE MAN. Now laugh at thy own words. This skepticism
Is the old formula; I hoped from thee
To hear some new thing.

PANCRATIUS. Laugh at thy own words.
I have a deeper, stronger faith than thine;
Faith in the cry of anguish and despair,
Wrung out from thousands upon thousands; faith

In the mechanic's hunger, peasant's misery,
Their wives' and daughters' shame ; in the debasement
Of human nature, thralled by prejudice,
Irresoluteness, and degraded habit. —
Such is my faith. My God, — the mind, the power,
By which I give them bread and dignity.

THE MAN. And I have placed my confidence in Him,
The God who gave dominion to my fathers.

PANCRATIUS. Yet hast been all thy life the Devil's plaything. —
Well, let us leave this talk to theologians,
If there be yet a pedant of that trade.
To business now.

THE MAN. What wouldst thou, then, with me,
Thou citizen God, redeemer of the people ?

PANCRATIUS. I am come hither, first, that I might know thee ;
Second, that I might save thee.

THE MAN. For thy first
Thou hast my thanks ; leave to my sword thy second.

PANCRATIUS. Thy sword, thy God, — chimeras. Thou art
By the united voice of thousands ; compassed [doomed
By arms of thousands sworn to thy destruction.
Yet a few roods of earth remain to you,
Hardly enough wherein to make you graves.
Not twenty days can you defend yourselves.
Where are your cannon ? where your ammunition ?
Where your provisions ? above all, your manhood ?
Were I as thou, I know what were my course.

THE MAN. Speak on, I listen ; mark how patiently.

PANCRATIUS. I, then, Count Henry, thus address Pancratius:
"I will dismiss my band, give up my project
Of carrying succour to St. Trinity.
But, in return for this, I keep my name
And my estates ; for whose security
I take thy word in pledge." How old art thou,
Count Henry ?

THE MAN. Thirty-six.

PANCRATIUS. Fifteen years more ;
For men like thee are not long-lived. Thy son
Is nearer to his grave than to his youth.
There can be no great harm in one exception.
Be thou, then, the last noble in these regions ;
Rule on till death in thy forefathers' halls ;
Have their arms sculptured, and their pictures painted ;
But take no further thought for these lost wretches, —
Let them abide the judgment of the people.

[*Pours out another glass.*

Last of the counts, thy health!

THE MAN. With every word
Thou dost me outrage. Think'st thou to convert me
Into a slave, to grace thy day of triumph?
Desist; I cannot answer thee; my word
Is plighted for thy safety.

PANCRATIUS. Sacred honor
Appears upon the scene; that faded rag
Upon the standard of humanity.
Listen to me. Henry, I know thee well;
Thou, full of life, wilt link thee to the dying,
For thou wouldst still believe in fatherland,
In caste, forefathers' ashes, and the like;
Yet in thy inmost soul thou well forebodest
Thy brothers' doom, — to die and be forgotten.

THE MAN. Is there for thee and thine another fate?

PANCRATIUS. Victory and life. I own one only law;
To this I bow. It is the law by which
The world revolves in ever higher circles;
By this ye are condemned; this cries through me,
"Ye old, decrepit, full of meat and drink,
Give place there to the young, the strong, the hungry!"
But yet I thirst to save thee, thee alone.

THE MAN. Thou and thy pity perish, then, together!
I, too, know thee, and know thy world. I looked
At midnight on the pastimes of that rabble
Upon whose necks thou think'st to raise thyself.
I saw there earth's old crimes dressed out afresh,
Revolving in new dances, but their ends
The same they were a thousand years ago, —
Brute pleasure, gold, and blood. Thou wast not there;
Thou didst not show thyself among thy children,
For in thy secret heart thou didst despise them.
A little time, unless thy reason fail thee,
Thou shalt despise thyself. Vex me no more.

PANCRATIUS. My world has not attained its full expansion.
Granted. It is not yet of giant growth;
It has lacked food and comfort. The time comes
When it shall recognize its own existence,
And cry aloud, "I am." The earth shall have
No other voice to echo back, "I am."

THE MAN. Hast thou yet more to say?

PANCRATIUS. From this young growth
I foster with my strength shall spring a race,

The last, the noblest, best endowed ; such men
As hitherto earth hath not seen ; her lords
From pole to pole ; free men indeed. The earth
Herself shall be one thriving commonwealth,
One busy workshop, one kind, happy home.

. . . . .

Long, long ago I read thy inmost soul.
If thou would reach into infinity, —
If thou love truth, if thou would seek for her
With thy whole heart, — art thou indeed a man
After the model of humanity,
Not on the pattern of an old wife's fable, —
Hear ; reject not the season of salvation.
The blood that both of us shall shed to-morrow
Will, the next day, have left no trace behind it.
For the last time I speak ; if, then, thou art
The man thou formerly didst show thyself,
Arise, and leave thy home, and follow me.

THE MAN. Thou art a younger brother to the Devil.

[*Rises, and walks up and down.*

Shall these vain dreams become realities ?
No ; Adam died an exile in the desert ;
We shall not conquer paradise again.

PANCRATIUS (*aside*).

I 've laid my finger on his heart, and touched
The nerve of poetry.

THE MAN. Away, thou dream
Of human progress, human happiness !
Yet once I, too, believed thee. Thou hast conquered !
No, it is past. A hundred years ago,
Two hundred years ago, some friendly compact
Had yet been possible ; but now — in vain.
They can exist only by mutual murder ;
The question now is of a change of races.

PANCRATIUS. Alas for the defeated ! Waver not.
Repeat " Alas ! " — then triumph with the victors.

THE MAN. Hast thou, then, scanned the ways of Destiny ?
Has she stood by thee, in the silent midnight,
At thy tent's entrance, in a visible form,
And, stretching forth her giant arms above thee,
Pronounced a blessing on her favored child ?
Or hast thou heard her voice in the still noonday,
While the world slept beneath the sultry heat,
And thou didst sit alone to meditate,
That thus thou threat'st me with defeat and death, —

Thou, mortal like myself, — slave, like myself,
Of the first random shot, or lucky sword-thrust?
PANCRATIUS. Cheat not thyself with a deceitful hope,
For I am proof against both steel and lead,
As long as one of you resists my work.
What afterward may chance concerns you not.
[*The clock strikes.*
Time laughs at us. If thou art tired of life,
Yet save at least thy son.
THE MAN. His soul is pure,
It is already saved in heaven. On earth
His father's fate be his.

. . . . .

PANCRATIUS. Thou slave of one idea and its forms,
Thou pedant knight, thou poet, shame on thee!
Wax to my fingers are ideas and forms.
THE MAN. It is in vain; thou canst not understand me.
Thy fathers lie among the common herd,
Buried like senseless matter, not like men
Of strength and soul. [*Stretches his hand towards the pictures.*
Look round thee on these forms;
The thought of home, of family, of country,
Is written in the lines upon their brows;
A thought the enemy of thee and thine.
All that has lived and passed away in them
Now lives anew in me. But tell me, thou,
Where is thy land? At night thy tent is pitched
Upon the ruins of a stranger's home,
At sunrise rolled up to be set elsewhere.
Thou hast not yet a hearth, thou wilt not find one,
While yet there shall remain a hundred men
To cry with me, "Be glory to our fathers!"

. . . . .

Thy evil words but break against their glory,
As pagan lances broke against their mail.
Thy slanders fail like to a mad dog's howlings,
That runs and foams until he finds his death
By some road-side. Now it is time indeed
For thee to quit my roof. Depart in freedom,
My guest.
PANCRATIUS. Farewell to thee till our next meeting
Upon the ramparts of St. Trinity.
And then, when shot and powder fail you ——
THE MAN. Then
We meet at our swords' length. Farewell!

PANCRATIUS. Two eagles!
But on thy nest the thunderbolt has burst.
Crossing this threshold, I bestow the curse
Due to antiquity; and I devote
Thee and thy race to utter extirpation.

The scene of the fourth and last part of the drama is laid in the castle of St. Trinity, in which the remnant of the nobility has taken refuge.

Count Henry, with his band of retainers, has cut his way through the camp of the insurgents, and has thrown himself into the beleaguered fortress. He now prepares to undertake the conduct of the defence. His brother nobles, however, far from confiding in his genius and courage, as in their last hope of rescue, feel only jealousy of his superiority, and already reproach him, in their hearts, with presumption in assuming authority over them. In the picture which our author gives of the envy and detraction of the besieged nobles, he aims a reproof at that spirit of jealousy and dissension which has been the reproach of the Polish aristocracy, and the misfortune of their country.

This failing of the Poles has been the subject of the satire of their poets, and the censure of their graver writers, from very early times. The ancient historian Długosz thus comments upon this foible of his countrymen.

"Whether it have come down to us as an inheritance from our ancestors, or whether some unexplained property in the earth or in the air, the severity of the climate, or the unpropitious influence of the stars, thus works upon their minds, most certain is it that the Poles, above all others, are inclinable to jealousy and evil-speaking of one another."

In a more solemn strain Skarga, the bold and fiery preacher, rebukes the jealousies and dissensions of his countrymen, and in prophetic denunciations, which have been but too mournfully realized, foreshows the destruction which awaits the house divided against itself.

"Not so soon, and not so hopelessly, shall you fall through war and invasion, as by your own disunion. Even for this disunion watch they who are devising evil against you. The neighbouring nations, your enemies, shall cry out,—'Euge, euge, now hath their foot slipped; now are they no more on their guard against us. Let us make haste to devour them.' And

these your dissensions will lead you into bondage wherein your liberties shall perish utterly. And it shall be with you as the prophet saith: *As with the servant, so with his lord; as with the people, so with the priest; as with the rich, so with the poor;* for ye shall all groan under the hand of your enemy, and shall be subject unto them that hate you.

"Not only shall ye be without a ruler of your blood and your choice, but without fatherland and kingdom; banished wanderers; everywhere poor, rejected. Where will ye find for you another land, wherein ye shall have such wealth of treasures, of prosperity, of glory? Shall another country rise up to you and to your sons? Hope it not. Lose ye her, look not any more to find a mother."

The first scene of the fourth part of the Nieboska Komedyia introduces us into the chapel of the castle, where the nobles and clergy are assembled in solemn conclave. The magnates, senators, and high dignitaries sit on either side, each under the effigy of some king or hero; behind them stands a crowd of the lesser nobility; the archbishop sits near the great altar, a sword across his knees. At the threshold stands "The Man," bearing in his hand a standard; after a moment's pause, he approaches the archbishop, and lays the standard at his feet. As he advances, we hear the whispered comments of the nobles.

First Count. See but how loftily he looks about him.
Second Count. He thinks that he has overthrown a world.
Third Count. Yet has he only made his way by night
Through the encampment of those wretched peasants.
First Count. He killed a hundred men and lost two hundred.
Second Count. Let us not suffer them to make him chief.
The Man (*kneels before the Archbishop*).
I lay my trophies at thy feet.
Archbishop. Gird on
This sword, once hallowed by St. Florian's hand.
Voices. Long live Count Henry!
Archbishop. With consent of all,
We name thee chief of our remaining forces;
And with the order of the Holy Cross
Invest thee as commander in this castle,
Our last possession.
A Voice. I do not consent.
Other Voices. Forth with the traitor! Forth! — Long live Count Henry!
The Man. If any person here have aught against me,

Let him come forth; not lurk among the crowd.
[*An interval of silence.*
Father, I take this sword; may God appoint me
Or, with its aid, to win for you deliverance,
Or for myself a speedy, timeless grave!
CHORUS OF PRIESTS. Lord, grant him strength! Grant him thy
Grant us deliverance from our foes, O Lord! [Holy Spirit!
THE MAN. All ye who would defend your fathers' faith,
Your fathers' honor, take this solemn oath:
"Hunger and thirst may bring us unto death,—
Not unto shame, not unto base submission,
Not to the yielding up the dues of God,
Or our own rights." Swear, all!
VOICES. We swear! We swear!
[*The Archbishop kneels and raises the cross. All kneel.*
CHORUS OF PRIESTS. Lord, to thy wrath do we devote the
Lord, to thy wrath do we devote the coward! [perjured!
Lord, to thy wrath do we devote the traitor!
VOICES. We swear! We swear!
THE MAN. Now will I give you glory;
Supplicate God to give you victory.

The energy and genius of Count Henry have, for a time, constrained the turbulent nobles to his will; his courage and fervor have waked in them a temporary enthusiasm. But the transient glow soon passes from their spirits, and leaves them feeble and pusillanimous as before. Already some of them are eager to save their lives on any terms, and talk of supplicating the mercy of Pancratius.

COUNT (*drawing "The Man" aside*).
How, then, Count Henry, is all lost?
THE MAN. Not all;
If your hearts fail you not before the hour.
COUNT. Before what hour?
THE MAN. Before the hour of death.
BARON (*draws him to the other side*).
Count, you know something of this dreadful man.
Is it not possible he might have mercy,—
Some little mercy,—if we should surrender?
THE MAN. Such mercy as your fathers never heard of;—
The gibbet.
BARON. Well, we must defend ourselves
In the best way we can.
THE MAN. What would the prince?

PRINCE. A word with you apart, Count Henry. This
Is well enough before the common people;
But now, between ourselves, 't is evident
We can hold out no longer.
THE MAN. Well, what then?
PRINCE. You are our general; it belongs to you
To arrange the terms.
THE MAN. Hold!
PRINCE. Wherefore so?
THE MAN. Your Highness
Has spoken words that merit death already.
[*Turns to the crowd.*
To him who even talks of yielding, — death!
BARONS, PRINCES, COUNTS.
Death to the man who talks of yielding!
ALL. Death!

Once more, before the crisis of his fate, Count Henry seeks the chamber of his son. We pass again from the region of reality, and are led by the blind boy into the invisible world, to listen to the doom pronounced upon the last representative of the ancient nobility of Europe.

THE MAN. Orcio, thou must have heard the shouts, the firing?
We made a sally on the enemy.
Be of good heart; we shall not fall to-day,
Nor yet to-morrow.
ORCIO. I have heard, my father;
But these are not the sounds that reach my heart;
They strike the ear, and pass, and are forgotten.
Far other is the dread that makes me tremble.
THE MAN. Fear for my life?
ORCIO. No; for I know thy hour
Is not yet come.
THE MAN. We are alone together;
The weight has fallen from my soul to-day;
Heaped in the valley lie the slaughtered bodies
Of those I hate. Now tell me all thy thoughts,
And I will listen to thee as of old,
In our own home. Come, talk to me, my child.
ORCIO. O, come with me, my father; every night
A dreadful judgment scene is acted here!
[*Goes to a door concealed in the wall, and opens it.*
THE MAN. Where wilt thou go? Who told thee of this passage?
It leads to vaults profoundly dark, where moulder
The bones of victims of past ages.

ORCIO. Father,
Where eyes accustomed to the sunlight fail,
My spirit walks at will. Darkness to darkness.

(*A subterranean vault; iron gratings, fetters, broken instruments of torture, lie on the ground. "The Man" with a torch, at the foot of a block of stone, on which Orcio stands.*)

THE MAN. Come down to me, my child.
ORCIO. O, seest thou not
Their forms, my father? hear'st thou not their voices?
THE MAN. As silent as the grave; as dark; — the torch
Casts its gleam only a few steps before us.
ORCIO. Nearer; — still nearer; — ever more distinct.
One after one glides through the narrow archway,
And takes his place upon the bench of judgment.
THE MAN. My sentence is accomplished in thy madness.
O Orcio, thou wilt take from me my strength
Now when I need it most!
ORCIO. The pale, stern judges
Are all assembled for the dreadful trial;
The shadowy form of the accused glides forward.
CHORUS OF VOICES. Power has been given to us, once bound and tortured,
Scourged, torn by pincers, wasted by slow poisons;
Power has been given to us to bind and torture,
To judge and to condemn.
ORCIO. The accused! the accused!
He wrings his hands!
THE MAN. Who is it?
ORCIO. Father! Father!
A VOICE. In thee, the accursed race shall have an end.
In thee it has collected all its power,
All its fierce passions, its ungoverned will,
And its relentless pride, — in thee to perish!
CHORUS OF VOICES. Thou that hast felt nor love nor reverence,
But for thyself and thy own mind's creations,
Thou art condemned, — thou art condemned for ever!
THE MAN. I can see nothing, but I hear beneath me,
Above me, at my side, deep groans and sighing,
With threats and curses.
ORCIO. He has raised his head,
Like thee when thou art angered, — answers them
With haughty words, as thou in scorn, my father.
CHORUS OF VOICES. In vain, in vain! For him there is no rescue,
No rescue, or in heaven or on earth!

A Voice. Yet a few days of that vain earthly glory
Thy fathers robbed from ours, and thou shalt perish, —
Thou and thy brothers; and your burial
Shall be, like ours, unblest of funeral rites;
Your death unsoothed by tear of friend or kindred,
Like ours upon this stony bed of sorrow.

The Man. I know you, evil spirits! phantom fires
Flitting about among angelic giants. [*Goes a few steps forward.*

Orcio. O Father, I implore thee, go not there!
O, by the holy name of Christ, I pray thee!

The Man. Speak, speak! what seest thou there?

Orcio. The form ——

The Man. Is whose?

Orcio. Thy other self; — all pale, — all bound in chains.
O, now they torture thee! I hear thy shrieks.
Forgive me, father; mother came to me
And bade me ——

The Man. Ha! This, this alone was wanting!
My own child leads me to the gates of hell!
Mary, thou unrelenting spirit! — God! —
And thou, the other Mary, unto whom
I have so often prayed! — Here, then, begin
The pain, the darkness, of infinity. —
Back, back to action, — yet, for some short space,
To strive with men; and after, — strife eternal!

Chorus of Voices (*in the distance*).
Thou that hast never loved or reverenced
Aught but thyself and thy own intellect,
Thou art condemned, — thou art condemned for ever!

The terrors of the invisible world have no more power than the actual dangers that press about him, to subdue the spirit of Count Henry. He returns to his post; and, though he knows now that the doom of the nobles is sealed, he resolves to continue the defence of the place, with all vigor, to the last; and to compel his companions in arms to keep the oath by which they have bound themselves to die rather than descend to the ignominy of capitulation with so mean a foe. In the mean time, dissension and insubordination increase within the castle. Provisions fail. The strength and courage of the besieged sink with every moment. At this juncture, an ambassador arrives from the insurgent people, who, having spent several weeks, to no purpose, in the siege of the castle, grow impatient, and are ready to assure their lives to the besieged, on condition of their surrender.

In this envoy we meet once more the worthy "Godfather," who, having always professed republican principles, joined the revolutionary movement at its commencement, and has since been hurried along with it. The ambassador is ushered into a hall where the chief of the remaining nobility are assembled. At the head of the room stands "The Man," resolute and pitiless. At his feet kneel old men and children, looking up with imploring, eager gaze. Counts and princes stand in groups about the room, and discourse apart. Women, with wasted, anxious faces, watch the scene.

VOICES. There is yet time; do not dismiss the envoy.
GODFATHER. My life has been that of a citizen.
I pay no heed to thy reproaches, Henry.
If I have taken on myself this office,
It is because I know the age we live in,
And how to estimate its worth. Pancratius
Is, so to speak, the representative ——
THE MAN. Out of my sight! [*Aside to Jakób.*
Bring hither a detachment.
BARON. Count, thou hast been our ruin.
ANOTHER. We renounce
Obedience to thee.
A PRINCE. We will ourselves
Arrange with this distinguished citizen
The terms of the surrender of the castle.
GODFATHER. Friends, the illustrious man who sent me hither
Promises you entire security,
If you will join with him and recognize
The spirit of the age.
SOME VOICES. We recognize it.
THE MAN. When ye chose me, I took a solemn oath
To die upon these walls, and I will keep it.
And you shall all of you die here with me.
You would yet save your lives? Ha! ask your fathers
Why they oppressed and tyrannized.
(*To a Count.*) And thou,
Wherefore didst thou oppress and grind thy serfs?
(*To a second.*)
Why didst thou pass away thy youth in gaming
And foreign travel?
(*To another.*) Thou didst scorn the low,
And cringe before the great.
[*Stands up and stretches out his arms to the assembly.*
Why all this haste

To rush upon dishonor? What allurement
Hath shame for you, that you thus fondly court it?
On, on with me, my friends, and I will lead you
Where bayonets flash and bullets hail; not there
Where stands the gibbet and the silent hangman,
Holding the halter twisted for your necks.
SOME VOICES. The Count says well. Let us to arms!
VOICES OF WOMEN. Our children!
ANOTHER VOICE. Not even a crumb of bread.
MANY VOICES. We must surrender.
The terms! the terms!

At this moment Jakób returns with the detachment of soldiers for whom he had been sent by Count Henry.

THE MAN (*goes up to the Godfather and seizes him*).
Inviolable person of the herald,
Forth from my sight, and hide that silver head
Under the tents of Jews and shoemakers,
Before I dye its white hairs in thy blood.
[*Jakób enters with a detachment of armed men.*
Here, take your aim at this old dotard's brow,
Seamed with the furrows of a useless learning.
Aim at this cap of liberty that trembles
Before my breath, upon this brainless head.
[*The Godfather escapes.*
ALL. Bind him and give him over to Pancratius.

"The Man" turns to the common soldiers, his own retainers, and, passing from man to man, recalls to them the kindness they have received from him, the dangers they have shared with him. With one accord they shout, "Long live Count Henry!"

"The Man" returns to the battlements, and the defence is again conducted with the same vigor as if there yet remained to the besieged any hope of rescue. The foe is once more driven back discomfited. But at length the ammunition fails, and there is nothing left but to wait for the storming of the castle, and resist the assailants hand to hand. "The Man" sends his trusty servant Jakób to bring him his son, that he may yet once more embrace him. Leaning upon a sconce, he awaits the return of Jakób.

THE MAN. The smoke of battle dims my eyes. The valley
Now heaves, and now is sinking; the rocks split,

Cross at a hundred angles; and my thoughts,
Too, follow a strange course. — To be a man,
O, it is nothing worth; to be an angel
Is nothing worth; the chief of the archangels,
After a few short ages of existence,
As we, after a few short years, was weary,
And thirsted in his soul for higher power.
We must be God or nothing.

He orders Jakób, who enters with his son, to take some men with him, and, going through the castle, to drive all he meets to the walls.

The Man. Come here, my son, and lay thy hand in mine,
And let me press my lips upon thy brow;
Thy mother's forehead was thus white and soft.
Orcio. I heard her voice to-day, before thy soldiers
Took to their arms; her words flowed soft as perfume.
She said, "This evening thou shalt be with me."
The Man. Made she no mention of my name?
Orcio. She said,
"My son shall be with me to-day, at evening."
The Man. Shall my strength fail me at my journey's end?
Not so, O God! Yet a short while of daring,
I am thy prisoner through eternity.
My child, forgive me that I gave thee life.
We shall be parted. Dost thou know how widely?
Orcio. Hold me, my father; do not let me go.
I will draw thee with me.
The Man. Our paths divide.
Among the heavenly choirs forget thy father.
Cast me not down even a drop of dew
From thy blest height. Orcio! my son! my son!
Orcio. What are these cries? — I tremble; — ever louder; —
Still nearer, — nearer. Musketry and cannon. —
Now the predicted hour draws near to us.

. . . . .

The Man. My son, I would that this embrace might bind us
For ever, but my lot is cast elsewhere.
[*Orcio falls, struck by a bullet.*
Voice (*from above*).
Hither, pure spirit! Come to me, my son!
The Man (*holds the blade of his sword to the mouth of Orcio*).
Clear as before; both breath and life are fled.
On there! They are within our swords' reach. On! —
Down to the abyss, ye sons of liberty!

The next scene presents us with another part of the fortifications. Jakób lies stretched out upon the wall, dying. "The Man" rushes in, covered with blood, and receives the last breath, and, with the last breath, the curses, of the dying soldier. He casts his sword from him.

THE MAN. I need thee now no more. My men are dead,
And those mean wretches kneel before the conqueror,
And howl for mercy. [*Looks about him.*
They come not this way.
There is yet time; I will rest here awhile.
Now they are entering the northern tower;
Ha! the new people in the northern tower!
Now they are seeking Henry. I am here;
But not by you will I be tried and sentenced;
I go before the judgment-seat of God.
[*Stands upon a fragment of rock that overhangs the precipice.*
I see it black, like a vast sea of darkness,
Flowing towards me, my eternity.
No shore; no islands; in the centre, God,—
A sun, that, ever burning, ever glowing,
Gives yet no light. [*Goes a step farther forward.*
They come! — O Poetry!
Be thou accursed, as I shall be, for ever!
Arms, pierce these waves! [*Springs from the rock.*

With Henry dies the cause of the noble. The feeble remnant of the aristocrats are driven before the triumphant mob into the court-yard of the castle, there to receive their doom at the hands of the relentless Pancratius.

PANCRATIUS. Thy name?
COUNT. Is Christopher of Volsagunia.
PANCRATIUS. For the last time thou hast pronounced it.—Thine?
PRINCE. Ladislaus, lord of Czarnolas.
PANCRATIUS. Pass on.
For the last time thou hast pronounced it. — Thine?
BARON. My name is Theodore of Godalberg.
PANCRATIUS. Cancelled henceforth. Pass on.

. . . . .

LEONARD. How many are there still?
PANCRATIUS. Take them all hence.
Let their blood flow, a warning to the world.

The worthy Godfather, presuming on his early services in the cause of republicanism, ventures to stand forth as intercessor for his former friends.

GODFATHER. I stand as mediator
Between thee and thy prisoners, this band
Of worthy citizens, who placed the keys
Of this strong fortress of St. Trinity,
Great leader, in thy honorable hands.
PANCRATIUS. Peace! I know not of any mediator
Between me and the conquered. Thou thyself
See to the execution of their sentence.
GODFATHER. My life has been that of a citizen;
Of this the proofs are neither few nor small.
But when I joined myself to you, it was not
That I might be the butcher of my brothers.
PANCRATIUS. Away with the old pedant! let him follow
The same road with his brothers.

Pancratius demands of all tidings of Count Henry; and promises his life to any one of the condemned aristocrats who can point out his place of concealment, or give assurance of his death. They can only reply, that they saw him fighting till the last moment that resistance was possible, and then suddenly lost sight of him. A detachment of soldiers enters from the walls. Pancratius demands of their leader if he has gathered news of the former commander of the castle.

LEADER OF THE DETACHMENT. Citizen chief, I acted
Under command of General Bianchetti;
As we approached the entrance of the castle,
In the direction of the western sconces,
At the third turning of the bastion,
I saw a man standing, unarmed and wounded,
Beside another body; I gave orders
To quicken step, that we might seize upon him;
But ere we reached him, he went down still lower,
Stood for an instant on a tottering rock,
And cast about him a wild, hurried look;
Then, stretching up his arms as one who dives,
Threw himself forward with his utmost force.
All of us heard the sound, as of a body
Dashing against the rocks. A few steps off,
We found this sabre.
PANCRATIUS. Blood upon the hilt.
Here the heraldic bearings of his house. —
Henry alone of you has kept his word.
Glory to him, — to you the guillotine.

I place in your hands, General Bianchetti,
The charge of the dismantling of the fortress,
And the fulfilment of the sentence. — Leonard!
[*Goes up on to the bastion with Leonard.*

LEONARD. After so many anxious, sleepless nights,
Master, thou hast great need of rest; fatigue
And care are stamped upon thy features.

PANCRATIUS. Boy,
The time is not yet come for me to rest;
With their last breath but half my work is finished.
Behold these plains, look on these rocky masses,
That stand between me and my thought. These hills
Must be cut through, these lakes must be united,
And the land portioned out among the people;
That doubly so much life may fill these plains,
As death now lies on them. Thus and thus only
This work of desolation is atoned for.

LEONARD. The God of liberty will grant us strength.

For the first time the name of God has for the heart of Pancratius a meaning and a terror.

PANCRATIUS. Speak'st thou of God? 'T is slippery here with
. . . . . [blood.

LEONARD. Master, thou turnest pale.

PANCRATIUS. Seest thou? — On high, on high!

LEONARD. Above the cliff
A cloud hangs, gilded by the setting sun.

PANCRATIUS. A dreadful sign burns on it.

LEONARD. Lean on me.
Master, thy cheek is every moment paler.

PANCRATIUS. A million heard my voice. Where are my people?

LEONARD. Dost thou not hear their shouts? They call on thee.
They wait for thee. O, turn away thy gaze!
Upon that rock thine eye will set in death.

PANCRATIUS. He stands immovable. Three nails; three stars!

LEONARD. Who is it, master?

PANCRATIUS. Galilæe, vicisti!
[*Falls into the arms of Leonard, and dies.*

It is in this closing scene of the career of Pancratius, that the moral, the leading idea of the piece, is at once disclosed to us. In these dying words of the apostate emperor, — *Galilæe, vicisti*,* — we read the final ascendency of the faith of

* These words are attributed to the Emperor Julian.

Christ. Yet far different the triumph of the cross upon the field of battle over the fallen emperor, and the victory which, in the idea of the Christian poet, Christ wins in the humbled bosom of the baffled reformer of the world. The pagan saw in his defeat the manifest signs of the power of the Divinity he had assailed ; but over the skeptic of the age of reason Christianity gains no outward, sensible triumph. The visible church has fallen before him ; its ministers, its altars, have vanished at his fiat. It is in the hour of his victory that he is struck down by an invisible arm. It is when his genius has conducted all his projects to the very point of fulfilment, that the conviction of their nullity is forced upon him. The punishment of the confident, unscrupulous leader of the people is the just and fitting one. Not cruel by nature, never sharing for an instant the fierce passions of the mob he controlled, he has walked calm and inflexible through his career of blood and ruin, his eye fixed upon the point when, this preparatory work accomplished, his all-controlling intellect shall reorganize the materials of the social fabric, and build up a new system upon the foundation of reason and equal justice. But this work is taken from his hands. He finds that he has been destined only to the office of the destroyer ; of the work of restoration he is unworthy.

Yet is the judgment which falls on this man of common mould less fearful than the doom which visits him on whom God had laid the most sacred of his gifts. The noble, the man of genius, he whose eyes had been opened to see the higher light, whose lips had been touched with a coal from the altar, but who had turned his gaze from heaven, who had refused to bear the messages of inspiration, dies obstinate and defying. The man of coarser senses has not seen the light, but he has not closed his eyes against it ; he has not known truth, but he has not defied it. It is in his dying hour that Heaven first offers him its grace. In the recognition of his errors he finds both his punishment and his pardon. In the instant of his prostration his former career passes before him, with all its crimes, its mistakes. He knows now that peace springs not from strife ; that mercy and equity are not born of violence and revenge. Confident in strength and in wisdom, he has dared to arrogate to himself the office of dispenser of destinies ; he would thrust himself, unbidden, into the counsels of Providence ; — now, in his new humility, he

owns that there is a power greater than that of a mighty intellect urged by a resolute will; he feels that, though the strong of head and arm, the stern of purpose, the violent in action, be mighty in their day, yet such are not the instruments by which God works out his highest ends; that though it be heroic to resist and to strive, it is greater yet to suffer and to wait. It is by his wounds that he recognizes the Redeemer: — "Trzy gwoździe, trzy gwiazdy."

Thus pass from the scene the obstinate champion of the Past, the confident man of the Present; heroes of a tragedy to be acted on another continent, in another time. Yet, as these visionary forms, called from the future of a distant land, glide by us, they pass not without a sign of monition. Not on the serf-tilled fields of the elder world alone is the battle fought between established prerogative and yet unrecognized claim. Wherever man has lived and is to live, there the memories of the past and the hopes of the future will sometimes come in conflict. Neither are these memories to be cherished with superstitious worship, nor with regardless impetuosity are these hopes to be pursued. Linked, period with period, as child and parent, are the successive stages of earth's history. We hold not from the past only its errors and its abuses; the high and noble thought, the generous aspiration, these also are its legacies, the fruit of its toil, its sacrifice, its pain. Let, then, the present lay a courageous but a reverent hand upon the relics of the dead time, and let the closing era cheer on its way, or check but with kindly counsel, the eager youthful age that presses forward, to be itself a past to the yet unborn aspirants for another future.

The faith that the Christian poet would inculcate is faith in the power of love and of patience. Yet no inactive love, no sluggish patience. To every man upon God's earth it is given to work for the coming of his kingdom. But let those who would labor for God labor godlike. Let them forbear the unwise zeal, the hot impatience, of those who would sow the seed and reap the harvest within the hour; unmindful that through long days and nights the sun must warm, the dews must water, before the humblest plant can struggle into life. The true reformer deems not with these. He has marked how slowly, and with what patience, even the Allpowerful works out his ends. Reverently, then, and with a patient hope, he trusts to the earth's bosom the seed of the

future tree, careless that his eye shall not rest on its maturity; faithful that, when he shall have gone hence, the powers of nature will yet do their work on it. Great and noble is this lofty calm, this holy trustfulness; — how nobler than the fiery zeal, the impetuous rage, with which the lesser spirits of the earth rush on to battle with its ill and error. These, also, have, under God's providence, their office; but it is as that of the tempest and the lightning, not of the genial rain and quickening sunshine. These, too, have their reward; they shall be noted in their time; for a season the world shall count them with its doers of great deeds. Vainly may such, earth's heroes of a day, aspire to stand among those chosen ones called to be fellow-workers with the Eternal.

Art. III. — 1. *Shakspeare's Plays, with his Life. Illustrated with many hundred Wood-cuts, executed by H. W. Hewet, after Designs by Henry Meadows, Harvey, and others.* Edited by Gulian C. Verplanck, LL. D., with Critical Introductions, Notes, etc., Original and Selected. New York: Harper & Brothers. 3 vols. 8vo.

2. *Lectures on Shakspeare.* By H. N. Hudson. New York: Baker & Scribner. 2 vols. 12mo.

Those who consider the science of criticism nothing more than a collection of arbitrary rules, and the art of criticism but their dexterous or declamatory application, rejoice in a system of admirable simplicity and barren results. It has the advantage of judging every thing and accounting for nothing, thus gratifying the pride of intellect without enjoining any intellectual exertion. By a steady adherence to its doctrines, a dunce may exalt himself to a pinnacle of judgment, from which the first authors of the world appear as splendid madmen, whose enormous writhings and contortions, as they occasionally blunder into grace and grandeur of motion, show an undisciplined strength, which would, if subjected to rule, produce great effects. A Bond-Street exquisite complacently surveying a thunder-scarred Titan

through an opera-glass is but a type of a Grub-Street critic, measuring a Milton or a Shakspeare with his three-foot rule.

But the golden period of this kind of criticism, when mediocrity sat cross-legged on the body of genius, and sagely delivered its oracular nonentities, has happily passed away. The fat bishop of the elder time, who discovered that the Paradise Lost was a licentious and blasphemous poem, and the lean authorling who first informed the world that Shakspeare was an inspired idiot, have both departed into the void inane. The period has gone by when France could dismiss Shakspeare from the company of Corneille and Racine as a clever barbarian, or England herself rate him as a sort of miraculous monstrosity, neither so elegant as Waller nor so correct as Mr. Pope. The old antithesis between genius and judgment, taste and creative power, which has sparkled and rung in so many glittering sentences, has now lost most of its point, and is enjoyed only as a gem from the antique. It is no longer the fashion for beauty to be tested by elegance, or truth by mechanical correctness, or nature by convention, or art by artifice. Mr. Prettyman, with his conceited lisp, and Sir Artegal's Talus, with his iron flail, have both been banished from the gardens of the Hesperides.

This substitution of a philosophy of criticism for an anarchy of dogmas is especially seen in the recent editions of Shakspeare. Fifty years ago, he was compared, in reference to his commentators, to Actæon hunted to death by his own dogs. But the present generation has witnessed a marked change in the spirit and principles of the criticism by which he has been tried. Could all those Sir Francis Wrongheads of the last century, who undertook to patronize Shakspeare as a wild, unregulated genius, and kindly volunteered their praise on the score of his great faults being balanced by great beauties, suddenly start up in the present age, we may well imagine with what a stare of blank amazement they would observe his elevation to the throne of art. It might reasonably be supposed that old John Dennis and Mr. Rymer would retire in disgust to their tombs, rather than accept the boon of life in a generation devoted to so Egyptian an adoration of deformities. The difference between an old critic picking flaws in Shakspeare's expression

of passion, and a modern critic raving about the artistic significance of Shakspeare's puns, indicates the extremes of criticism through which the "myriad-minded" poet has passed. At present, there appears to be no danger that his intellectual supremacy will be questioned. The antiquary who ventures to stammer a little in the old jargon is quietly dropped by good society; the sciolist who blurts out a blunt objection is vehemently hissed into non-existence. Schlegel's prediction, that Shakspeare's fame for centuries to come would "continue to gather strength, like an Alpine avalanche, at every moment of its progress," seems to be in the process of verification; for with every new edition and criticism the giant dilates into larger and larger dimensions. He has invaded France; he has conquered Germany. The principalities and powers of literature find no safety but in the acknowledgment of his supremacy. To the old republic of letters he comes as the intellectual Cæsar, who is to establish a universal dominion. The different orders of the literary state, far from opposing his pretensions, are engaged in hymning his divinity. Here and there some lean Cassius mutters treason against the god, complains that he bestrides the world like a Colossus, and leaves other poets little to do but peep about for dishonorable graves; but all peevish exceptions are drowned in the universal shout which lifts his name to the skies.

> "Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven,
> No monuments set off his memories
> But the eternal substance of his greatness."

This idolatry of Shakspeare is partly the cause and partly the effect of a new school of criticism, which assumes to judge works of art after a new code of principles. The mistake which the old order of critics made consisted in overlooking the doctrine of vital powers. They judged the form of Shakspeare's works by certain external rules, before they had interpreted the inward life which shaped the form. Shakspeare's genius was always felt as supreme above others, because its reality and force could not be resisted; but the criticism which should have made it understood as well as felt, which should have accounted for its effects, pursued exactly the opposite course. Instead of attempting to translate it to the understanding by evolving its principles, it placed it in antagonism to certain notions in the understand-

ing, which were unfounded in the nature of things. Because genius has its own laws, it is not therefore to be considered lawless; yet such was the judgment passed upon Shakspeare's genius by men who, substituting dogmatism for analysis, did not possess the first requisite of a critic, that of understanding the thing criticized. The consequence was an absurd opposition between judgment and feeling, taste and genius. Men were compelled to admire what they were taught to condemn. We perceive the effect of this even in a man of such comprehensive sympathies as Dryden. Nothing can be more contemptible than Dryden's criticism on Shakspeare's art; yet when he abandoned his rules and trusted to his own conceptions of excellence, when he ceased to judge as a critic and spoke as a poet, nothing can excel the warmth or the accuracy of his rhapsodies. Eliminate from his celebrated passage on Shakspeare every term which may be called critical, and there is nothing in English literature, from Ben Johnson to Coleridge, which contains so true a representation of Shakspeare's mind.

Now the critical revolution which has taken place in the present century does not pretend so much to increase our sympathy with Shakspeare as to increase our knowledge of him; and accordingly we perceive its influence not merely in the opinions of men of imagination and sensibility, but in those of critics chiefly distinguished for sense and understanding. The revolution, being one of principles, has affected the judgments of writers who bear, in mind and character, the same relative position to the present period which the old critics bore to their time. It would be unjust to compare Schlegel and Coleridge with Johnson and Malone, as indicating a change in the general scope and spirit of literary judgments; but if we compare Johnson with Hallam, we are still conscious of a great and essential difference, — a difference not so much in the faculties employed as in the principles by which they are guided. This is so true, that the meaning of judgment and taste, so far as the results obtained by their exercise are concerned, has completely altered. When Dr. Johnson said of Cymbeline, that to notice its defects and improbabilities in detail were "to waste criticism on unresisting imbecility," he proved himself a person of great judgment, according to the principles of the eighteenth century; but a man who hazarded such an opinion

now would be set down, we will not say as an ignoramus, but as one whose taste was under the dominion of individual caprice, and whose judgment was wholly deficient in correctness.

The two works named at the head of the present article, Mr. Verplanck's edition of Shakspeare and Mr. Hudson's Lectures, are a fair indication of the progress which criticism has made within a century. Neither could have been produced fifty years ago, for the materials were wanting. Mr. Verplanck had the wide field of English antiquarian, verbal, and æsthetical criticism open to him, and he has swept over the whole domain. He has especially availed himself of the researches of the various commentators, without, however, adopting their insufferable prolixity of statement. His edition, though it has the character of a *rifacimento*, still combines a greater number of positive merits, and is calculated for a wider variety of readers, than any with which we are acquainted; but it is so in virtue of the judgment the editor has evinced in selecting the peculiar excellences of many editions, and in avoiding the peculiar faults of each. He had at his command a singularly rich collection of materials, embodying the results of a century of research, and containing the separate items of a good edition floating about in an ocean of words. There was, therefore, a constant strain upon his judgment and taste in the mere task of selection and compression. Antiquarians and commentators are apt unconsciously to rate their discoveries and illustrations as of more value than the things to which they refer; and Shakspeare especially has been sacrificed by a class of lynx-eyed dogmatists, always quarrelling among themselves, and each claiming for the morsels of useful knowledge he has contributed a ludicrous importance.

Mr. Verplanck has shown much strength and catholicity of mind in not being embarrassed by the varying opinions of this army of acute triflers, at the same time that he has largely availed himself of their labors. In the notes to each play; in tracing out the sources, historical and romantic, of the plots; in the bibliographical discussion as to the order in which the plays were printed, he blends his own learning very gracefully with what he has condensed from others. The text appears to be the portion of the work on which he has expended the greatest care, and is the result of a

most cautious comparison, word by word, of the original quarto editions of the various plays with the original folio published by Heminge and Condell, and of both with the editions of Malone, Collier, and Knight. Though, from the nature of the case, the text of no one editor can be so perfect as to settle all disputes regarding particular passages, we think it must be conceded to Mr. Verplanck that he has executed this difficult and delicate task with a great deal of acuteness and sagacity, and displayed a much clearer insight into the spirit and form of Shakspeare's style than a large majority of those who have undertaken the drudgery of its arrangement.

But it is as a critic, rather than as an editor, that Mr. Verplanck claims our attention here. His introductions to the plays are really additions to the higher Shakspearian criticism, not so much for any peculiar felicity in the analysis of character, as in the view, partly bibliographical, partly philosophical, which he takes of the gradual development of Shakspeare's mind, and the different stages of its growth. It is the first connected attempt to trace out Shakspeare's intellectual history and character, gathering, to use Mr. Verplanck's own words, "from various, and sometimes slight and circumstantial, or collateral, points of testimony, the order and succession of his works, assigning, so far as possible, each one to its probable epoch, noting the variations or differences of style and of versification between them, and in some cases (as in Romeo and Juliet, Henry Fifth, and Hamlet), the alterations and improvements of the same play by the author himself, in the progress of his taste and experience; thus following out, through each successive change, the luxuriant growth of his poetic faculty and his comic power, and finally, the still nobler expansion of the moral wisdom, the majestic contemplation, the terrible energy, the matchless fusion of the impassioned with the philosophical, that distinguished the matured mind of the author of Hamlet, of Lear, and of Macbeth." In this portion of his labors, Mr. Verplanck has shown a solidity and independence of judgment, and a power of clearly appreciating almost every opinion from which he dissents, which give to his own views the fairness and weight of judicial decisions. His defects as a critic are principally those which come from the absence in part of sensitive sympathies and of the

power of sharp, minute, exhaustive analysis. He is of the school of Hallam, a school in which judgment and generalization rule with such despotic control, that the heart and imagination hardly have fair play, and strongly marked individualities too often subside into correct generalities.

Before hazarding any remarks on Mr. Hudson's striking Lectures, it may not be out of place to refer to a few of the philosophical critics who have preceded him, in order that his station among them may be calculated with some degree of accuracy. After a careful perusal of his work, we have been forced to the conclusion, that, in spite of its faults, there is no single critical production on Shakspeare which equals it in completeness and force of thought in the examination of individual characters. It is a work which no person could have written without devoting himself with rare constancy to one object, and without availing himself to some extent of the labors of his predecessors in the same department of thought. The materials for a critical view of Shakspeare are widely scattered. Almost every eminent poet and critic of Germany and England has, within the last half-century, recorded his impressions of the world's master mind; and perhaps in the stray observations of Goethe we have glances into the nature of Shakspeare's genius as profound and accurate as ever were won by the intensest toil of inspection. Hallam, Carlyle, Campbell, and many others, have presented striking criticisms on the plays, or thrown out valuable suggestions respecting the characters, in works not exclusively devoted to Shakspeare. Hazlitt, Mrs. Jameson, and Ulrici have produced separate volumes on the subject. Of the professed critics, however, Schlegel and Coleridge, as they are first in point of time, appear to us first in respect to excellence. They were, to a great extent, the originators of the school of philosophical criticism, and we find in them a systematic statement of its principles, in their application to all forms of imaginative literature.

The history of the variations of criticism with regard to Shakspeare would involve a consideration of all critical theories, from those founded on individual impressions to those based on an observation of the essential laws of mental growth and production. These two extremes of criticism, as different as subject and object, are often confounded, — a work of art as it affects a particular mind being commonly a con-

vertible phrase for a work of art as it is in itself. The middle ground between the two has most obtained among those who are called men of culture. This consists in testing the value of all works of art by their conformity to certain rules generalized from the productions of a particular school, — as if the romantic drama, as seen in Shakspeare, should be judged by the principles of the classic drama, as seen in Sophocles. It is evident, we think, that if criticism be a science, if it assume to convey any real knowledge, it deals not with individual impressions or arbitrary rules, but with laws ; and its progress will be determined by its success in employing a right method to discover the laws of the objects to which it refers. As the philosopher is content to investigate and establish the laws of the human mind and the phenomena of nature, leaving to the skeptic or the idealist the luxury of denying their existence or supplying better from his own resources, so the critic is bound to pursue a similar method with regard to a work of art, and to interpret, if he can, its inward meaning and significance. This, at least, is the process in all other sciences. If a plant, insect, fish, or other animal, is to undergo a scientific examination, a *savan* is not welcomed with a shower of honorary degrees because he has felicitously ridiculed its external form, or shown its want of agreement with some other natural object, but because he has investigated its inward mechanism, indicated its purpose, and shown that its form is physiognomical of its peculiar life. Now we think that Hamlet and Lear are as worthy of this tolerant treatment as a bird or a fish ; at least, we are confident that no scientific knowledge of either can be obtained in any other way. Because the principle implies that a true creation of the intellect has thus an independent existence and merit of its own, and is to be judged by its own laws, or its own fitness to serve the purposes of its creation, it does not thence follow, that its relative merit, as compared with other works of art, is altogether put beyond the jurisdiction of criticism. Because a rose may be considered a finer flower than a violet, we are not bound to test the beauty of one by its agreement with the other. At least, in regard to the productions of the intellect, there can be no accurate classification, no settlement of their position in the sliding scale of excellence or greatness, without understanding the spirit and life of each.

Now the great merit of Schlegel consisted in discarding from his system all quibbles respecting superficial differences in the form of works of genius, and looking directly at the inward life which animated and shaped the form. His view of Shakspeare, which did so much to revolutionize the tone of English criticism, is contained in his Lectures on Dramatic Art and Literature, delivered in Vienna in the spring of 1808. Had he written nothing else, this work would be sufficient to place him among the greatest critics of the world. It not only develops a system of principles of uncommon reach and depth, but contains a review of the dramatists and dramatic literature of Greece, Rome, France, Italy, England, Spain, and Germany, grappling sturdily with all the vexed questions of dramatic art which start up in each stage of the inquiry. Almost for the first time, we find, in his work, a critic who profoundly appreciates at once the drama of Greece, England, and Spain, and does it in virtue of following out the central principle of a comprehensive critical system. Sweeping over the whole field of dramatic literature, he detects, in the variety of its kinds, in its metempsychosis through various forms, the true character of each period of its development, and considers the genius of each period in relation to the materials it assimilated and the purposes it served. He is an ardent and intelligent admirer of Æschylus and Sophocles, and for that very reason contemns all attempts to reproduce them in other ages. As he really understands the great Greek dramatists, he sees the excellence of Shakspeare and Calderon in their departure from the Greek models. Starting with a distinct idea of the difference between mechanical regularity and organic form, he is at once a remorseless critic of mediocrity and an interpretative critic of genius; for by demanding that a work of art, however modest its pretensions, shall be an organic whole with a central principle of life, he discards from his sympathies the productions of the most accomplished artisans of letters, and the most ingenious combinations of inanimate parts. His work is the first attempt at viewing the dramatic literature of the world under the light of a principle broad enough to include every variety of intellectual excellence, and overlooking nothing informed with a living soul.

Had the author been entirely free from individual bias,

and had he possessed also the faculty of contracting his vision with as much facility as he dilated it, his work would hardly have left much for later critics to perform; but we perceive, here and there, the effect upon his mind of the literary controversies in which he had been engaged, and some of his individual judgments are contrary to the catholicity of his principles. Besides, as his comprehensiveness was not accompanied by corresponding acuteness, he not unfrequently becomes the dupe of his own refinements, especially in criticizing the details of a work of art; for we imagine a truly acute man is not so likely to be deceived in a criticism of particulars, as a comprehensive one is in affecting subtilty in order to bring the details of a thing into harmony with his general conception. In Schlegel's celebrated view of Shakspeare's mind and art, we perceive the influence of this defect. Nothing can be more lucid than his exposition of the general character and scope of Shakspeare's genius, and of the principles by which it should be judged; but, when he comes to review the particular plays, his very determination to find excellence in every thing often leads to his missing the greatest excellence. He is so occupied in tracing out the main design of the piece, and exhibiting the pervading unity through all the variety of parts, that he comparatively overlooks the "characterization." Now the fundamental idea, the ultimate principle, the living root, of one of Shakspeare's plays can be reached only by an intense conception or exhaustive analysis of the characters, for these give to the main design its peculiar Shakspearian coloring and significance; and to exhibit the dependence of the parts on the main design, without fully appreciating the parts, results in reducing the whole to something little above commonplace. Every attempt to follow a purely synthetic process in an exposition of Shakspeare's plays has been a failure, because it requires a mind capable of reproducing Shakspeare's own conceptions, and grasping with one effort of imagination a Shakspearian whole. To exhibit a tragedy like that of Hamlet as it grew up in the creator's mind, indicating the exact period when the different characters necessarily branched off from the trunk in obedience to the law at its root, would seem to require a genius such as has not yet taken criticism for a vocation. Goethe seems to have had some inward idea of the secret

of Shakspeare's processes, but the scattered observations in which he hinted his knowledge are but stammering expressions of his conception.

It is curious that Coleridge, if we may believe his own statement of the matter, in a series of lectures on Shakspeare, anticipated Schlegel in all his leading principles of criticism, and applied them, in a similar manner, to the interpretation of ancient and modern art. When he first delivered his lectures, he says he was laughed at as an utterer of startling paradoxes ; but on the publication of Schlegel's work, he affirms that the laughers changed their tone, and berated him as a plagiarist. Coleridge's lectures we know only through the fragments published in his Literary Remains ; but they were originally attended by some six hundred people, and accordingly there were abundant witnesses, if they had ever given in their evidence, to testify to his originality. The leading merit of Schlegel, as we have already said, is rather in breadth of view than in any surpassing felicity of individual criticism ; and in regard to Shakspeare, we think him inferior to Coleridge in strong and vivid conception, and in the power of stamping a deep impression of a character or incident upon the mind, through modes of expression which only a poet can command. With all his wilfulness and vagaries, Coleridge possessed, as a critic, not only grand glimpses of the inmost spirit of a work of art, but a remarkable faculty of intellectual analysis ; and as he had made Shakspeare and his creations the subject of profound and contemplative study, he was eminently calculated for the office of his interpreter, both to the understanding and the imagination of his countrymen. But he lacked the talent of writing clearly in prose. A series of conceptions as they stood in his mind never found adequate expression on his page. He has sentences of wonderful beauty, distinctness, and force, embodying separate thoughts of the greatest originality and depth ; but there is little connection or orderly arrangement of matter in his prose works. He offends against the first principle of his own critical code, being essentially a writer of parts, not of wholes, of fragments, not of systems. In respect to principles, he is probably the first critic of the century ; in respect to criticisms, he occupies a much lower rank. His fragments on Shakspeare are of great value, but their value consists chiefly in

their suggestiveness, in the bright hints they have afforded to those who have had the sagacity to plant them in their own minds, and allow them to germinate.

Hazlitt's work on the Characters of Shakspeare's Plays is a medley of great and small matters, ranging from criticism to vituperation, from the exposition of Shakspeare to the exhibition of himself. Hazlitt's sense of his own individuality was so strong, that he could not altogether forget it in the contemplation of the most objective of poets; and though his volume bears on every page the marks of his acute and penetrating intellect, and is animated by bursts of his captivating, but distempered, eloquence, the general impression it leaves on the mind is unsatisfactory. It is supposed that many of the finest observations in his work were gathered in conversations with Coleridge.

Mrs. Jameson's volume on the Female Characters is a most eloquent and impassioned representation of Shakspeare's women, and in many respects is an important contribution to critical literature. Its defects are so covered up in the brilliancy and buoyancy of its style, that they are likely to escape notice. In the beautiful tumult of bright words, and the uniform glare of the representation, we are apt to overlook the lack of close and searching examination. Fine and true as are many of her remarks, and valuable as is much of the information she dares to give, she still is too apt to blend her own individuality with the individualities she is describing, and to think she is comprehending Shakspeare when Shakspeare is simply comprehending her. We feel it difficult to say thus much in abatement of the praise cheerfully awarded to one of the most fascinating books in the language, but we hardly think that any judicious admirer of Mrs. Jameson can suppose that Shakspeare's heroines could pass through the medium of her mind without a modification of their essential character.

But exceeding all books on the great dramatist in bulk and pretension is Ulrici's big octavo on Shakspeare's Dramatic Art. This is German in the worst sense of the word, being so strange a conglomeration of sense and fanaticism, of sagacity and dulness, that it is impossible to call it either excellent or execrable. It is learned, ingenious, acute, often eloquent, often profound, gives evidence of careful research and deep thought, and is worthy to be read by every man

who can muster courage to read it ; but it hardly conveys any impression of Shakspeare at all. The author regards his system first, himself second, and his nominal subject last. He takes as high ground for Shakspeare's genius as can possibly be assumed, and then impresses on his whole works the peculiar form of his own dominant dogma. Shakspeare, according to him, consciously or unconsciously wrote in perfect harmony with the truth of things, and the "ground-idea" of every one of his plays is a theological doctrine. When he comes to develop this general principle, we find that he is not taking Shakspeare as an object of critical investigation, but as an illustration of his own philosophical and theological opinions ; and the "thousand-souled" Shakspeare, the "oceanic mind," dwindles down into a mere auxiliary of the "one-idea'd" Ulrici. The characters are not analyzed, and are viewed only in reference to the axiomatic moral they are said to convey. The great "ground-idea" of the book may be said to consist in the assumption, that Shakspeare wrote his plays to illustrate the five points of Calvinism. We do not say that these points cannot be found in Shakspeare, for almost every subjective mind finds there exactly what it brings ; but it is somewhat ridiculous for a person to suppose that he has measured the genius of the world's master dramatist, when he has merely given the measure of himself. Ulrici's ingenuity and learning are sufficient to enable him to make out a plausible case ; but he appears to us farther from Shakspeare in spirit than old Rymer himself.

Ulrici is an indication of the extravagances to which the principles of an interpretative criticism may seem to lead, when they are employed as a mere cover under which to smuggle individual impressions. In the Lectures of Mr. Hudson, we perceive that a right application of the same principles may result in a positive addition to knowledge. Although the American critic has his own eccentricities of opinion and expression, and displays occasionally a disposition to fight his own battles under Shakspeare's banner, he still contrives generally to maintain a marked line of distinction between his own impressions and the laws of the objects he investigates. His work, apart from its independent merits of composition and criticism, stands in intimate relation to the productions of his predecessors, especially to those of

Schlegel and Coleridge. Possessing in a considerable degree the power of learning from other minds without becoming their vassal, Mr. Hudson's Lectures are the result of a study both of Shakspeare and his critics. By thus embodying in his own work the most valuable portion of former Shakspearian criticism, he is enabled to advance beyond it. The leading characteristic of the philosophical critics, that of excessive generalization, which led them comparatively to neglect the analysis of Shakspeare's characters, he has unconsciously avoided, from the instinctive antipathy of his mind to all generalities not vitally connected with objects. Though his passionate dislike of abstractions deprives his Lectures of that appearance of comprehensiveness which comes from a suppression, rather than an inclusion, of details, and though it is sometimes felt as a real defect, still it is that quality of his mind which has enabled him to succeed in the most neglected department of Shakspearian criticism, that of evolving the elements and laws of the individual characters, and indicating their application to practical life.

Before, however, we attempt a consideration of Mr. Hudson's positive merits as a thinker and critic, we must notice some obvious peculiarities of his character and style. These can hardly be allowed to elude criticism on the ground of their genuineness, for we are by no means inclined to give the critic the advantage of being judged in accordance with the philosophical principles he may apply to poets. The first impression which a reader obtains of Mr. Hudson is undoubtedly that of a powerful but somewhat perverse writer, gifted with more than an ordinary degree of combativeness, and battling for opinions with all the energy of a man engaged in a personal conflict. Possessing a strong and sturdy understanding, quick and deep sympathies, an affluent fancy, and a biting wit, with a large command of the most vigorous and apposite language, and a perfect fearlessness as to whom or what he hits, he stalks into the company of decorous critics and prim essayists with his Shakspearian thesis in his hand, and, on the slightest intimation of a desire for controversy, incontinently rains down on his opponents a storm of propositions, arguments, and epigrams, from which they are glad to escape by a precipitate flight. Nothing can be more unphilosophical than Mr. Hudson's manner, and it is in strange contrast to the polite sneer, and somewhat prim and

reserved contempt, with which Schlegel dismisses an opponent, or the exclamatory regret with which Coleridge mourns the narrowness of a critic's creed. Alike in narrative, in the exposition of principles, in the analysis of characters, in side thrusts at popular foibles and delusions, Mr. Hudson's style is characterized by intensity and intellectual fierceness. His only mode of conquering an adversary is to overthrow him, and when he has him down he ends the matter by pommelling him to death. He enters the lists as Shakspeare's champion, and woe to the unlucky wight, no matter how accredited his reputation as an author, who has at any time dropped incautious expressions raising a doubt of Shakspeare's supremacy. Thus, Mr. Hume's unfortunate remark respecting the Elizabethan age, as regards the correctness and taste of its literature, affords the occasion of a furious attack on that acutest of metaphysicians, in which every weak point in his mind is pricked and pierced with the most remorseless certainty of aim, until he expires at last under a tempest of epigrams. Some miserable heretics against the true critical faith, whose stupidity and insignificance preserve them from being roasted in the slow fires of wit, but who have been lifted into some celebrity by the enormity of their crimes in attempting to improve Shakspeare down to popular taste, are loaded with nicknames and pelted with scornful epithets. Nahum Tate, one of these plebeian butchers of the poet's plots and style, is hooted at as a "wooden-headed man," and his improved Lear is kicked through a truculent paragraph, until at last our sympathies plead for poor Nahum on the ground of the wrong implied in cruelty to animals. This feeling, that meddling with Shakspeare's plays is literally sacrilege, and objecting to them is audacious heresy, indicates how thorough is our author's worship of his subject, and how intensely he has realized it to his mind as a living reality.

The style of Mr. Hudson is a fair image of his intellect and character, admitting considerable variety of expression, but stamped throughout with strongly marked and peculiar traits. It is the vehicle, not merely of analysis and reflection, but of wit, satire, scorn, passion, and fancy. Often, indeed, the former qualities find their raciest expression under the latter, and the reader is favored with a chain of logical deduction, the links of which are epigrams, or with a theory

impaled on a scalpel festooned with imagery. It would be difficult to describe the style, for it varies with the writer's moods and the subjects treated, and is restrained neither by self-imposed nor rhetorical rules. Now bristling with antithesis, now flashing with satire, — at one time melting into softness and sweetness of diction, at another, bringing out the thought with a jerk in a perfect verbal spasm, — now sharp, crisp, biting, scornfully defiant, each short sentence exploding into sparkles, and then again rolling on in a grand succession of harmonious periods, — it always has the merit of clearness and precision, and in all its alternations, from scientific terms which approach the obscure to homely phrases which fall plump into the inelegant, there is little chance of missing the meaning. It is a style full of the energy of life, but a life which is sometimes galvanized into spasmodic strength.

The author's command of language is despotic, and like all despots he not unfrequently exercises his power capriciously. This is shown principally in extravagance of statement and in repetition of thought. The first is, to a great extent, the result of his greatest merit, for extravagance in expression comes as often from intense as from feeble conception, resulting in one case from the boiling over of the mind in vehement language, in the excitement produced by proximity to a great object which awakens all its powers, and in the other being merely an attempt to make words perform the office both of thinking and expression. Mr. Hudson, except, perhaps, in his analyses of Shakspeare's female characters, does not give to his subjects that remoteness which admits of their calm contemplation, but writes close to the vital truth of the thing he describes, with that tingling of the blood which such an immediate contact with the soul of passion and the life of thought produces and prolongs. To dive into the depths of Hamlet's mind, or to follow step by step the progress of crime in the heart and imagination of Macbeth, or to pass resolutely into that awful region of passion whose terrible gusts rend the frames of Othello and Lear, is not a thing to be done or recorded with an even pulse and a cool brain. We accordingly think that, in such instances as these, Mr. Hudson's extravagance of expression, though not always strictly accurate as to thought, is eminently true to feeling, and will be more successful in stamping on the reader's mind a living impression of the characters than

if he had weighed his words with more scrupulous care. But he has an exaggeration of statement of another kind, which consists in lifting persons into the perfection of principles, and confounding possibilities with realities. Thus, in the view of Shakspeare's mind, in many respects a masterly specimen of thought and composition, he makes Shakspeare to be what he really only approached, and seems to forget that after all which can be said of him as a great man, with large powers harmoniously combined, he was still a man, and not humanity. This extravagance we know is simply the extravagance of epigram, aiming to suggest the truth more vividly by exaggerating it; but an analyst so close and subtile as Mr. Hudson, with his felicity and pride in limitations, has hardly a right to expect that his readers or critics will allow him to claim exemption from the very letter of the law.

The other fault of Mr. Hudson, that of repetition, is common to him with almost all lecturers. He has less of it than Cousin and Villemain, in whose discourses the leading ideas are made to perform an amount of labor, in the mere changing of dress and attitude, which at last wears and wastes them away. The repetition we observe in Mr. Hudson results from an occasional fanaticism of acuteness, which is skeptical of the ability of a proposition to convey a complete idea, and is eager to express all its elements. Though he embodies the most refined distinctions of analysis with uncommon skill and verbal certainty, he lingers occasionally too long on one subtilty, presents it in a variety of attitudes through a succession of brilliant sentences, and, indeed, indulges his power of condensed expression at the expense of real condensation of thought. Thus, an acute or profound observation is often first stated in language whose meaning ignorance itself cannot miss, then embodied in an image, then again forced into an antithetic or epigrammatic form, and afterwards, perhaps, slily made to perform the office of sting to a gibe, until, in the end, it is hammered out of the head in the very attempt to hammer it in. This characteristic is more especially observable in the earlier lectures, in which, being compelled to present the profoundest principles of philosophical criticism in a popular form, his eagerness to make them readily apprehended leads him to push them into every minor avenue to the mind, as well as to send them on the direct road to the understanding.

We have one more cause of quarrel with Mr. Hudson before we proceed to the positive merits of his book. It is so rare to have a critic before our court of literary justice, that when we do, it is proper to make him feel how "sharper than a serpent's tooth" is the bite of criticism to an author. Our present objection refers to the explosions of Mr. Hudson's individuality in the guerilla warfare which he wages against the reformers and transcendentalists of our enlightened age. This bush-fighting along the main road of the text, though it lends raciness to the style, and will doubtless delight many who have no appreciation of his great merits as a thinker and critic, is often carried to the extreme limits of a reviewer's forbearance. Many of his remarks are unquestionably acute and just, and as far as they ridicule strutting pretension, presumptuous imbecility, and complacent ignorance, — as far as they unmask the "moral bullies and virtuous braggadocios" who are engaged in beating up a little conscience into a great deal of ethical and political froth, or probe sharply those small coteries of elegant souls, where

"Self-inspection sucks his little thumb," —

we have little to say in objection, except that his digressions somewhat break the unity of his discourse; but he himself is sometimes forced by his contempt or indignation to the opposite extreme, and to class, in appearance at least, the principles of civil and religious liberty under the general head of conceit and spiritual pride, and to exalt conformity to church and state into the perfection of wisdom and piety. This seems to us "more excellent foolery than the other," and though we would not directly charge it upon Mr. Hudson, there are rash and peevish expressions in his book which might be forced to bear such a construction.

We have thus noticed at some length Mr. Hudson's peculiarities of manner, not because they affect the integrity of his interpretation of objects, or seriously detract from the intrinsic value of his work, but because they are calculated to raise false issues regarding its merits, apart from the shock they sometimes give to good taste. Admitting every thing which can be said against it on these points, it has still solid excellences of thought and style which require a different treatment. We shall, therefore, now attempt to indicate its leading characteristics as a work of philosophical criticism.

Mr. Hudson has thrown the whole strength of his mind into the analysis of the plays, especially the characters. In this respect, Schlegel, Coleridge, and Hazlitt are imperfect and meagre in comparison with him, though for his own success he is considerably indebted to their previous labors. He has practically established one important fact in regard to Shakspeare's characters, that each is not only an individual, but a whole class individualized, and that, as the ideal or common head of a class, it is not only admirable as a character, but indicates the tendencies of a large body of men. So intense is the individuality of each character, that it is only when a powerful analysis has resolved it into its elements that we perceive the vast amount of thought and observation it embodies. This analysis, applied to all his characters, conveys a living idea of the amazing force, clearness, and grasp of Shakspeare's mind, in its relative comprehension of the actual and possible of human nature, and, better than all vague panegyric, demonstrates his unapproachable greatness. For the first time in the history of the intellect, we find in him a mind whose creative vitality is commensurate with its comprehension ; reaching down into the heart of things with as much facility as it stretches over and around them ; seizing at once the elements of human nature and generalizing the world of men, interpreting the latter by light derived from the former, and by the harmonious action of his powers of conception, combination, and observation, enabled to express mankind in men, and womankind in women. When to this we add the capacity of combining the elements of humanity into new and strange forms of being, which are neither natural nor unnatural, but supernatural, we have an object for contemplation which criticism cannot exhaust, and which it has hardly begun to conceive. The wonder is, not that Shakspeare could have created so many characters, but that he could have comprehended a world in so few ; that he was so rare a combination of the poet and philosopher as to grasp truth in the concrete, and embody the most gigantic generalizations of the intellect in living forms. Were his characters merely individuals, or merely personified ideas, they would not contain within themselves a fraction of their present applicability to life. As it is, he has occupied almost every department of thought. Goethe has testified that he found it difficult to avoid an imi-

tation or repetition of Shakspeare, when he strove most conscientiously to express himself or his own creations.

In this analytic portion of his labors, Mr. Hudson has opened and worked many rich veins of thought, and indicated practically what is meant by Shakspeare's opulence and breadth of mind. If, however, he had merely analyzed the characters, and exhibited their wealth of suggestiveness, he would have performed but one important portion of a critic's duty. He has not only done this, but has forcibly conceived the characters as individuals, and happily blends their personal traits with their general significance, in reproducing them to the imagination and understanding. Shakspeare's plays constitute a kind of world in themselves, and no person of deep and delicate sympathies can dwell in it long without giving a positive existence to its men and women, and referring to Hamlet and Falstaff and Cordelia as though they were the companions of his eye as well as mind. This is especially true of Mr. Hudson. He appears as the lover or enemy of many characters which Shakspeare is content to represent; and considers what they are and what they do as subjects of approval or condemnation, as much as if they were veritable personages in actual life. This intense realization is, perhaps, the greatest charm of his book, though at the same time it is one of the disturbing forces in his style, and the occasion of many a gust of intellectual wrath. It gives a certain heartiness to his most abstract discussions of principles, and through its influence the peculiar Shakspearian quality of each character rarely escapes his imagination when it eludes his analysis. Indeed, in this interchange of the synthetic and analytic processes of criticism, his various powers appear in all their force and refinement, for he commonly contrives to leave a concrete impression of a character upon the mind after he has subjected its elements to the minutest scrutiny. The result of his examination of each play is a view of its plot and design through the characters, and he thus lifts it into a Shakspearian region of thought, action, and being. The mistake of the German critics, as we have remarked, consists in bringing down the play into a comparatively commonplace region of existence, by overlooking the modification which every thing receives from Shakspeare's own individuality, and from not adequately perceiving that it is the characters which lend greatness to the action and plan of the piece.

In exhibiting the mutual dependence of the characters, and their connection with the drama in which they appear, Mr. Hudson is very successful. He clearly understands that individuals in Shakspeare, as in life, are developed by mutual contact and collision ; and accordingly he views each person in his relations, and interprets his character in the light cast upon it from all parts of the play. For instance, in the masterly analysis of Iago, he sometimes discards the little demon's own self-communings as furnishing evidence of his motives, on the ground of his being a measureless liar ; and indicates, in many instances, the sureness and subtilty of Shakspeare's knowledge of human nature, in making his deceivers thus practise deception upon themselves, and lie even in soliloquies. In this portion of his labors, Mr. Hudson displays a delicacy of thought, a capacity to follow the minutest and most complex operations of the mind, and, occasionally, a microscopic nicety of vision, which would not discredit the most accomplished metaphysician.

It would be difficult to decide whether our critic has been more successful in delineating Shakspeare's men or women. Certainly no reader, who judged of the scope of his powers by their exercise in controversy, or in grappling sturdily with some knotty difficulty which had to be removed by main strength, would give him credit for the delicacy and clearness of his perception of moral beauty and the refinements of the affections. The exquisite felicity with which he touches without profanely handling the most ideal of Shakspeare's heroines, and his constant sense of a certain sacredness attaching to the sex, are in strange contrast, not only to his rough-and-tumble mode of upsetting a critical dunce, but to his close and fierce exposition of an Iago and a Goneril. His delineations of Rosalind, Beatrice, Viola, Perdita, Juliet, Cordelia, Desdemona, Hermione, not to mention others, are conceived with great subtilty of sentiment and imagination, and have an indefinable charm caught from an intense sympathy with their natures. These ideal creations of the great poet, more truly and vitally natural than most of the women of actual life, he has contrived to reproduce whole upon his page, in the clear sweetness and beautiful dignity of their characters, and has been especially successful in setting forth their innate, unconscious purity of

soul, shining through the most equivocal circumstances, and lending a glory to the simplest acts and expressions. It would be vain to look elsewhere for so complete a demonstration of Shakspeare's unrivalled success in exhibiting womankind in women, or a more thorough exposure of the fallacy that Beaumont and Fletcher excelled him in female characters. No extracts would convey a full impression of the felicity with which Mr. Hudson has entered into the spirit of Shakspeare's heroines; but we shall quote a few specimens in part justification of our praise. The following is a portion of his remarks on Perdita: —

"The second part of Winter's Tale introduces us to very different scenes and persons from those which make up the first. The lost princess, and heir-apparent of Bohemia, two of the noblest and loveliest beings that ever fancy conceived, occupy the centre of the picture, while around them are clustered rustic shepherds and shepherdesses, amid their pastimes and pursuits, the whole being enlivened by the tricks and humors of a merry peddler and pickpocket. The most romantic beauty and the most comic drollery are here blended together. For simple purity and sweetness, the scene which unfolds the loves and characters of the prince and princess is not surpassed by any thing in Shakspeare, and of course is not approached by any thing out of him. All that is enchanting in romance, lovely in innocence, elevated in feeling, sacred in faith, is here brought together, bathed in the colors of heaven. The poetry is the very innocence of love, embodied in the fragrance of flowers. Clad in immortal freshness, this scene is one of those things which we always welcome as we do the return of spring, and over which our feelings may renew their youth for ever: in brief, so long as nature breathes, and flowers bloom, and hearts love, they will do it in the spirit of what is here expressed.

"Perdita is a fine illustration of native intelligence as distinguished from artificial acquirements, and of inborn dignity bursting through all the disadvantages of the humblest station. Schlegel somewhere says, 'Shakspeare is particularly fond of showing the superiority of the innate over the acquired'; but he has nowhere done it more beautifully or more powerfully than in this unfledged angel.

> 'The prettiest low-born lass that ever
> Ran on the green-sward, nothing she does or seems
> But smacks of something greater than herself.'

Just as much a queen as if she were brought up at court, and

just as much a shepherdess as if she were born a shepherd's daughter, the graces of the princely and the simplicities of the pastoral character seem striving which shall express her loveliest. She is not a poetical being ; she is poetry itself ; and every thing lends or borrows beauty at her touch. A playmate of the flowers, when we see them together, we can hardly tell whether they take more inspiration from her, or she takes more from them ; and while she becomes the sweetest of poets in making nosegays, the nosegays in her hands become the richest of crowns. Courted by the prince in disguise at one of their rustic festivals, herself the mistress of the feast, she transforms the place into a paradise." — Vol. I. pp. 331, 332.

The following passage from the representation of Rosalind is the best description we have seen of the ideal sweetness which characterizes her inimitable merriment : —

" But the crowning feature of the play is Rosalind, who, volatile and voluble, talks on for ever, and we wish her to talk on for ever. For wit, this strange, queer, lovely creature is fully equal, perhaps superior, to Beatrice, yet no more like her than she is like Falstaff. A soft, subtile, nimble essence, consisting in one knows not what, and springing up one can hardly tell how, her wit neither cuts, bites, stings, nor burns ; but plays lightly, briskly, and airily over all things within its reach, enriching, adorning, and enlivening them ; so that one could not desire a greater pleasure than to be the continual theme of it. In its irrepressible and inexhaustible vivacity, it waits not for occasion, but dances forth in a perpetual stream, as if her very breath were manufactured into wit by some intellectual heaven-made perpetual motion ; insomuch that we can scarce conceive but that her dreams are made up of cunning, quirkish, graceful fancies. Her heart is a perennial fountain of affectionate cheerfulness ; even her deepest sighs are breathed forth in a wrappage of innocent mirth ; and an arch smile of playfulness irradiates her saddest tears. No trial can break, no misfortune can damp, no sorrow can chill, her flow of spirits ; in the constant playful gushings of her sweetly-tempered nature, even when she tries to chide, ' faster than her tongue doth make offence, her eye doth heal it up.' " — Vol. I. pp. 284, 285.

In a different strain is the noble portrait of Hermione, — one of those masterpieces of female character which we are glad to see that Mr. Hudson profoundly appreciates. We have not room to quote it, and must also pass over the beautiful delineations of Imogen and Juliet, to dwell on the

exquisite view of Cordelia. Mr. Hudson has developed the close connection of this character with the drama in which she appears, with much refinement of analysis and originality of remark. We can take only a portion of his remarks on the wholeness and integrity of her character, as seen in its revelation in deeds.

"Hence it is, that Cordelia affects us so deeply and constantly without our being able to perceive how or why. Hence, also, the impression of reserve that runs through her character; for where the whole moves equally and at once, the parts are not distinctly seen, and therefore seem kept in reserve. And she affects those about her in the same unconscious manner as she affects us; that is, she keeps their thoughts and feelings busy, by keeping what she thinks and feels hidden beneath what she does: an influence goes forth from her by stealth, and stealthily creeps into them; an influence which does not appear, and yet is irresistible, and is therefore irresistible, even *because* it does not appear; and which becomes an undercurrent in their minds, circulates in their blood, as it were, and enriches their life with a beauty which seems their own, and yet is not their own: so that she steals upon us through them, and we think of her the more because they, without suspecting it, remind us of her; and her light seems brighter because it triumphs over concealment, and makes its very obstructions luminous; as the moon, when muffling her face in a cloud, often turns the cloud itself into moon, and thus gets the more revealed for the very obscurations in which she seems trying to hide. No one can see Cordelia and be the same that he was before, though utterly unconscious the while of any communication from her. It is as if, without knowing it, or apprising them of it, she wrote her name in the foreheads of whoever approached her, where all may read it but themselves; or deposited about their persons some secret, mysterious aroma, which, when they are remote from her and thoughtless of her, keeps giving out its perfume, and testifying, though they know it not, that they have been with her.

"Accordingly her father loves her most, yet knows not why; has no assignable reasons for his feeling, and therefore cannot reason it down; casts her off from his bounty, but cannot cast her out of his heart; is restless in her absence, as if there were some secret power about her which he cannot spare, yet did not dream of its existence so long as she was with him. And 'since her going into France, the Fool has much pined away,' as if the consciousness of her being near, though perhaps not in sight, were necessary to his health; so that he sickens upon the loss

of her, and his life seems travelling away, or travelling home to her; and yet he suspects not wherefore, and knows but that she was by and his spirits were nimble, she is gone and his spirits are drooping." — Vol. II. pp. 260 – 262.

There is too wide a variety of subjects included in Mr. Hudson's volumes to allow us room for a special criticism on his treatment of each. His lectures on As You Like It, The Tempest, Midsummer Night's Dream, Cymbeline, and Romeo and Juliet, afford perpetual stimulants both to attention and controversy. In these he has given powerful, and for the most part accurate, delineations of Prospero, Shylock, Jaques, Romeo, Mercutio, and Caliban, not to mention Ariel, the Nurse, and Bottom. His sketches of Malvolio as "self-love-sick," — of Jaques as a refined epicure of sentimental emotion, "an utterly useless, yet perfectly harmless man, seeking wisdom by abjuring its first principle," — of Parolles, "that prince of braggarts, that valiant word-gun, that pronoun of a man, a marvellous compound of wit, volubility, impudence, rascality, and poltroonery," as a "bugbear of pretension and shadow in man's clothing," — of Master Slender, as a "most potent piece of imbecility, an indescribable and irresistible nihility, who is obliged to be *sui generis* from a lack of force of character to imitate or resemble any body else," — of Caliban, as "a strange, uncouth, malignant, yet marvellously lifelike confusion of natures, part man, part demon, part brute, whom Prospero by his wonderful art and science has educated into a sort of poet," — are all admirably done and faithful to the subject; but we can only allude to them. In the sharp analysis and genial reproduction of the comic characters, Mr. Hudson shows that he is as capable of understanding the philosophy of the ludicrous as of sympathizing with its mirth.

But the finest portion of his work is that devoted to the four great tragedies, Macbeth, Lear, Hamlet, and Othello. These bear evident marks of much elaboration in thought and diction, and rank, in our opinion, with the best specimens of philosophical criticism in English or German literature. The vigor and brilliancy of the style, and the verbal felicities and *Hudsonisms* with which it is variegated, are likely to draw away attention, in some degree, from the real weight and importance of the matter. It would be absurd

to say that they are altogether original, for complete originality on subjects which have engaged the attention of so many powerful intellects would be another name for extravagance and paradox; but they are original in the sense of containing the deeply meditated opinions of one mind, who, while he has freely sought light from other minds, has evidently adopted no opinions which he has not scrupulously examined. Some views which are prominent in other writers he has included in his own, by altering their relations and limiting their application; but he has not hesitated to reject many which are well accredited. The wonderful characters of these dramas he appears to have profoundly studied, especially in regard to the practical wisdom which may be evolved from them by close study; and his elucidation of their moral and mental constitution is always able, even when it leaves room for controversy. No one critic has excelled him in the forcible presentation to the understanding and imagination of such a gallery of characters as Macbeth, Lady Macbeth, Hamlet, Polonius, Ophelia, Lear, Cordelia, Othello, Iago, and Desdemona.

Mr. Hudson's general idea of Hamlet, Shakspeare's enigma in character, is that of "conscious plenitude of intellect, united with exceeding fulness and fineness of sensibility, and guided by a predominant sentiment of moral rectitude"; and he attempts to show, with great force and ingenuity, that Hamlet is withheld from action, not from the lack of will, but by the strife in his mind between incompatible duties; filial piety prompting him to obey the commands of the ghost, conscience forbidding him to commit regicide and murder; and the result is, that the greatness of his nature can be expressed only in thought. It might be objected to this, that will is a relative term, and even admitting that Hamlet possessed more will than many who act with decision and rapidity, the fact that his other powers were larger in proportion justifies the common belief, that he was deficient in energy of purpose. Mr. Hudson says that he always acts with decision, where his moral nature is not divided between incompatible duties; but this might be said with as much truth of the most inefficient person, it being the characteristic of a healthy mind that the will is in such harmony with the conscience and the intellect that there can be no strife between duties, but there must be a resolute choice of one course of action as on the

whole the wisest and best. The truth is, Hamlet is so complex a creation, and includes within the general unity of his character such a variety of elements, that it is almost impossible to start any theory regarding him which shall adequately translate our feeling of his individuality into an intellectual form ; and Mr. Hudson himself is compelled to admit that there is a mystery about him which "baffles the utmost efforts of criticism," and to present his own view with more indecision and less positiveness than is usual with him.

It would be easy to prove that the play of Hamlet, considered as a work of art, is not so great as two or three of the other tragedies ; but the feelings of men will always pronounce in favor of its containing the greatest of Shakspeare's characters. Considered in respect to its universality, Lear, Macbeth, and Othello are but great specialities in comparison ; more distinctly apprehended, it is true, and addressing with more potency the strongest passions and affections, but rather invigorating us with a grand impression of human powers and capacities, than prompting those "thoughts which wander through eternity," or touching that inward sense of our inefficiency as moral beings, which is the mournful fascination of Hamlet. The reading or representation of the other plays produces a rush and glow of the blood, a feeling of power and greatness as connected with the energies of guilt and the struggles of passion, a wonderful sense of what man is able to effect both in obeying and conquering conscience. The impression left by Hamlet is that of profound melancholy.

Many of the various elements in Hamlet's character Mr. Hudson has distinctly exhibited, and acutely reconciled some of its apparent inconsistencies ; and as a whole, we think his essay will bear comparison with the best which have been written on this exhaustless subject. The other characters of the play, especially Ophelia and Polonius, are admirably discriminated. For mingled heartiness and strength, the following passages on Polonius are excellent.

"Polonius is in nearly all respects the antithesis of Hamlet, though Hamlet doubtless includes him as the heavens include the earth. He is a sort of political ossification or petrifaction, whose soul, if he ever had one, has got wholly absorbed in his understanding. A man of but one method, that of intrigue, and of but one motive, that of interest ; wholly given up to the arts of management ; with his fingers always itching to pull the wires of

some intricate plot; and without any sense or perception of the fitness of times and occasions; he is called to act in a matter where such arts and methods are especially inappropriate and unavailing, and therefore he only succeeds of course in overreaching and circumventing himself. In this fanaticism of intrigue surviving the powers from which it originally sprung lies the explanation, not only of his character, but of a class of characters which is as immortal as human folly. Thus in Polonius we have the type of a politician in his dotage; and all his follies and blunders arise from his undertaking to act the politician where he is especially required to be a man. This, I am aware, is making him out a caricature rather than a character, for a man of but one motive or one feature is a caricature; nevertheless it is such a caricature as we occasionally meet with in actual life. — Vol. II. pp. 114, 115.

"Habits of intrigue have extinguished in Polonius the powers of insight and adaptation to circumstances; he of course discerns not the unfitness of his usual methods to the new exigency, while at the same time his faith in the craft which he has hitherto found so successful betrays him into the most overweening assurance. Hence, also, that singular but most characteristic specimen of unconscious grannyism, namely, his pedantic, unseasonable, and impertinent trifling and dallying with artful forms and turns of thought and speech amidst the most serious business, though conceiving and swearing the while that he is using no art at all; where, mindless of the occasion, and absorbed in his frivolous fancies, he appears not unlike a certain learned dunce who 'could speak no sense in several languages'; and shows what a tedious old fool he is, the moment he leaves to 'hunt the train of policy,' and forsakes the habitual routine of intrigue and management. Superannuated politicians, indeed, like Polonius, seldom appear wise but in proportion as they fall back upon the resources of memory; for out of these resources, the ashes, so to speak, of long extinct faculties, they may seem wise after the fountains of wisdom are dried up within them; as a man who *has lost* his sight may seem to distinguish colors perfectly, so long as he does not undertake to speak of the colors about him. On the whole, Polonius is a fine exemplification of the truth, that while wisdom grows more bright and beautiful as it waxes older, aged cunning relapses into garrulous dotage; and that amid the decays of sense, nothing can retain the soul in its dignity but a faith in the truth, and a child-like simplicity of heart which reposes meekly and gently upon a wisdom above its own." — pp. 123, 124.

The lecture on Macbeth is the ablest in the volume for sustained vigor of thought and style. Its leading excellence consists in that absorption of the writer's mind in his subject, which lends to his essay a portion of the grandeur of the play itself, while it prevents him from indulging in any freaks of digression. The general view taken of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth, we think, is as original as it is true, and it is sustained with much power. Imagination, considered both as a faculty of the mind and as an element of character, is most profoundly analyzed ; and in a passage of which we can give but a small part, it is applied to the settlement of various disputes regarding the degree and kind of guilt which should attach respectively to these partners in crime.

" A strong and excitable imagination, set on fire of conscience, naturally fascinates and spell-binds the other faculties, and thus gives an objective force and effect to its own internal workings. Under this guilt-begotten hallucination, the subject loses present dangers in horrible imaginings, and comes to be tormented with his own involuntary creations. Thus conscience inflicts its retributions, not directly in the form of remorse, but indirectly through imaginary terrors which again react on the conscience, as fire is kept burning by the current of air which itself generates. In such a mind the workings of conscience may be prospective and preventive ; the very conception of crime starting up a swarm of terrific visions to withhold the subject from perpetration. Arrangement is thus made in our nature for a process of compensation, in that the same faculty which invests crime with unreal attractions also calls up unreal terrors to deter from its commission. A predominance of this faculty everywhere marks the character and conduct of Macbeth. Hence his apparent freedom from compunctious visitings, even when he is in reality most subject to them. He seems conscienceless from the very form in which his conscience works ; seems flying from outward dangers, while conscious guilt is the very source of his apprehensions. It is probably from oversight of this, that some have pronounced him a mere cautious, timid, remorseless villain, restrained from crime only by a shrinking, selfish apprehensiveness. Undoubtedly there is much in his conduct that appears to sustain this view : he does indeed seem dead to the guilt and morbidly alive to the dangers of his situation ; free from remorses of conscience, and filled with terrors of imagination ; unchecked by moral feelings, and oppressed by selfish fears : but whence his wonderful and uncontrollable irritability of imagination ? How comes his mind so prolific of horrible imaginings, but that his

imagination itself is set on fire of hell? The truth is, he seems remorseless only because in his mind the agonies of remorse project and translate themselves into the spectres of a conscience-stricken imagination.

"In Lady Macbeth, on the contrary, the workings of conscience can only be retrospective and retributive: she is too unimaginative either to be allured to crime by imaginary splendors, or withheld from it by imaginary terrors. Without an organ to project and embody its workings in outward visions, her conscience can only prey upon itself in the tortures of remorse. Accordingly, she knows no compunctious visitings before the deed, nor any suspension or alleviation of them after it. Thus, from her want or weakness of imagination, she becomes the victim of a silent but most dreadful retribution. Conscience being left to its own resources, she may indeed possess its workings in secret, but she can never for a moment repress them; nay, she cannot reveal them if she would, and she dare not if she could; the fires burn not outwards into spectres to sear her eyeballs and frighten her out of her self-possession, but concentrate themselves into hotter fury within her. This is a form of anguish to which Heaven has apparently denied the relief or the mitigation of utterance. The agonies of an embosomed hell cannot be told, they can only be felt; or, at most, the awful secret can be but dimly shadowed forth, in the sighings of the furnace when all is asleep but the unquenchable fire, or in the burning asunder of the cords that unite the soul to its earthly dwelling-place. With such amazing depth and power of insight does Shakspeare detect and unfold the secret workings of the human mind!" — Vol. II. pp. 165 – 167.

The Weird Sisters Mr. Hudson has painted in all their moral hideousness and grotesque grandeur.

"The Weird Sisters, indeed, and all that belongs to them, are but poetical impersonations of evil influences: they are the imaginative, irresponsible agents or instruments of the devil; capable of inspiring guilt, but not of incurring it; in and through whom all the powers of their chief seem bent up to the accomplishment of a given purpose. But with all their essential wickedness, there is nothing gross or vulgar or sensual about them. They are the very purity of sin incarnate; the vestal virgins, so to speak, of hell; radiant with a sort of inverted holiness; fearful anomalies in body and soul, in whom every thing seems reversed; whose elevation is downwards; whose duty is sin; whose religion is wickedness; and the law of whose being is violation of law!

Unlike the Furies of Æschylus, they are petrific, not to the senses, but to the thoughts. At first, indeed, on merely looking *at* them, we can hardly keep from laughing, so uncouth and grotesque is their appearance: but afterwards, on looking *into* them, we find them terrible beyond description; and the more we look into them, the more terrible do they become; the blood almost curdling in our veins, as, dancing and singing their infernal glees over embryo murders, they unfold to our thoughts the cold, passionless, inexhaustible malignity and deformity of their nature." — Vol. II. p. 148.

The essay on Lear is full off admirable matter, showing, however, a struggle with the difficulties of the subject. In some respects it is the most powerful and the most characteristic of Mr. Hudson's Lectures. Lear himself is analyzed at considerable length, and the amazing grandeur of the character, as it develops itself under the pressure of unnatural wrong, and the might and variety of passions which are let loose throughout the drama, are set forth with great distinctness and a firm clutch of the subject in all its parts. Edmund is finely examined, and well discriminated from Iago and Richard. Kent and Edgar are clearly portrayed in their connection with the general design of the play. The description of Cordelia we have referred to before; but her heavenly beauty is not more fully shown than the selfishness and "hell-born tact" of her sisters. "There is a smooth, glib rhetoric," says Mr. Hudson, "in their professions, unsweetened with the least infusion of feeling, and a dry, hard, icy alertness of thought and speech in what afterwards comes from them, which is almost terrific, and which burns an impression into our minds from its very coldness"; and further on he does full justice to the "wantonness and intrepidity of their malice." The Fool has ever been a stumbling-block to critics of the play, but Mr. Hudson, instead of denying his right to be in it at all, has wisely attempted to show Shakspeare's object in placing him there. We extract the concluding paragraph of his view of the character.

"I know not, therefore, how I can better describe the Fool, than as the soul of pathos in a sort of comic masquerade; one in whom fun and frolic are sublimed and idealized into tragic beauty; with the garments of mourning showing through and softened by the lawn of playfulness. In his 'laboring to outjest Lear's heart-struck injuries,' we see that his wits are set a-dancing by

grief; that his jests are secreted from the depths of a heart struggling with pity and sorrow, as foam enwreathes the face of deeply troubled waters. So have I seen the lip quiver and the cheek dimple into a smile, to relieve the eye of a burden it was reeling under, yet ashamed to let fall. There is all along a shrinking, velvet-footed delicacy of step in the Fool's antics, as if, awed by the holiness of the ground, they had put the shoes from off their feet; and he seems bringing diversion to our thoughts, that he may the better steal a sense of woe into our hearts; as grief sometimes puts on a face of mirth, and then gets betrayed by its very disguise. It is truly hard to tell whether the inspired antics which glitter and sparkle from the surface of his mind be in more impressive contrast with the dark, tragic scenes into which they are thrown, like rockets into a midnight tempest, or with the undercurrent of deep, tragic thoughtfulness out of which they falteringly issue and play." — Vol. II. pp. 273, 274.

We have little space left to remark on Mr. Hudson's criticism of the tragedy of Othello. Iago, Othello, and Desdemona, characters well fitted to test the strength and delicacy of his powers of analysis and interpretation, he has treated very differently from most of Shakspeare's critics. Iago he considers as acting, not from revenge, but from a certain intellectual pride and "lust of the brain"; in regard to his own assignment of the motives for his deeds, our critic agrees with Coleridge in calling it "the motive-hunting of a motiveless malignity." This character is Mr. Hudson's masterpiece of intellectual anatomy. Iago is the perfection of demoniacal cleverness, and it is almost pleasant to see the wonderful inward mechanism of his unmatched malignity of nature, thus exhibited in all its subtilty and complexity of arrangement and movement. Othello is represented as the exact opposite of Iago, even in respect to jealousy, which, being a mean and despicable passion, is more appropriate to our honest Ancient than to the noble Moor. Mr. Hudson thinks that Othello acted neither from jealousy nor revenge, but from a sense of justice, in destroying Desdemona; that he killed her, not from suspicion, but from evidence of her guilt; and the fact that this evidence was the manufacture of Iago's diabolical ingenuity does not alter the motives of his conduct. There can be little doubt that this view is substantially the true one. Othello gives evidence, not only in his character taken by itself, but in various portions of the play, that jealousy and re-

venge can have no place in his open and ingenuous mind ; and in the last scene he particularly discriminates between murdering Desdemona and sacrificing her. But we think that the critic does not sufficiently consider, in his eloquent admiration of Othello's character, that though the intention of the latter is to punish crime, he has a wild way of doing it, and that the frightful tempests of passion which sweep over his mind, and hurry him into the commission of the deed, are characteristic not so much of a just man as of a noble barbarian, who mistakes the object of justice from the very fact that justice with him is a passion rather than a principle. We do not believe, as Mr. Hudson seems to do, that Shakspeare intended Othello as a model of manhood, but as an instance of the weakness of a noble nature, in being the victim of hot and treacherous impulses, when those impulses pointed in the direction of honor. The fact that he does not act from jealousy, revenge, or any mean motive, but from passions noble and generous when properly restrained, does not vindicate his manhood from the reproach of folly in giving himself up to the excesses of his sensibility. Mr. Hudson praises the objectiveness of Othello's mind, and if we consider the Moor only in his calm moments, the praise is deserved ; but no person, who has ever felt the stir of a fierce impulse when he has thought himself wronged or insulted, need be told that passion not only blinds the best intellect, but draws the conscience itself into its boiling depths ; not only impels to act without a clear view of the case, but for the time sanctifies the impulse as right and just. Every true and great man, therefore, distrusts what his passions teach, and no person can be a model of manhood whose nature is their victim.

The most beautiful portion of the lecture is that devoted to the representation of Othello and Desdemona, in respect to their fitness for each other ; and a triumphant answer is given to the many objections to the match on the score of color and character. Mr. Hudson calls it " the chaste union of magnanimity and meekness." In his delineation of Desdemona, he develops the exceeding beauty of this most delicate and exquisite of Shakspeare's women, with uncommon refinement of sentiment and certainty of minute analysis, — at the same time a little injuring the effect by snapping his epigrammatic torpedos in the faces of the champions of woman's rights. We cannot refrain from extracting a portion

of this part of the lecture, in illustration of the flexibility with which the writer adapts his style to the tone and character of his subject, and of his singular felicity in exhibiting the pathos of gentleness and the beauty of deep, strong, and quiet affection.

"Desdemona's character may be almost said to consist in the union of purity and impressibility. All spirit, she yet appears all sense; with her whole form perfectly ensouled, instinct with life in every part,

> 'The eloquent blood
> Spoke in her cheek, and so distinctly wrought,
> That we might almost say her body thought.'

Thus every organ of her life, her entire frame, seems receptive of influences and impressions from without: drinking in at every pore the inspiration of external objects, she lives so absorbed in those objects as scarcely to admit a sense of her own existence. We have a hint of this in her father's account of her; —

> 'A maiden never bold,
> Of spirit so still and quiet, that her motion
> Blushed at itself'; —

as of a being with so many influences and impressions flowing in upon her, living so entranced amid a world of beauty and delight, that betwixt awe and joy her whole soul kept evermore looking and listening; and if at any time she chanced upon a stray thought or vision of herself, she shrunk back surprised and abashed, as if she had caught herself in the presence of a stranger whom modesty kept her from looking in the face. It is through this most delicate impressibility that she sometimes gets frightened out of her real character, as in her equivocation about the handkerchief, and her childlike pleading for life in the last scene, where her perfect candor and resignation are overmastered by impressions of immediate terror.

"But with this exquisite susceptibility of external impressions, she is nevertheless susceptive only of the good. No element of impurity can insinuate itself; her mind is closed not only against its entrance, but against the knowledge, and even the suspicion, of its existence. Her whole nature seems wrought about with some subtile, mysterious texture of moral sympathies and antipathies, which always selects and appropriates whatever is pure, without taking any thought or touch of the evil mixed with it; so that

> 'Her life flows on a sacred stream,
> In whose calm depth the beautiful and pure
> Alone are mirrored; which, though shapes of ill
> Do hover round its surface, glides in light,
> And takes no shadow from them.'

Even Iago's moral oil-of-vitriol cannot eat a passage into her mind: from his envenomed wit she extracts the element of harmless mirth, without receiving or even suspecting the venom with which it is charged." — Vol. II. pp. 342 - 344.

Mr. Hudson, in these Lectures on Shakspeare, has made the analysis of every character the occasion of observations on a wide variety of subjects which its nature suggests. He has thus given his philosophy of life, in relation to the practical operation of the passions and beliefs of men; and we think he has been especially successful in treating that important branch of ethics which refers to the passage of virtues into vices, through their connection with pride, vanity, or extravagant enthusiasm. As a large portion of the world's goodness is, like King Richard's frame, but half made up, and offends from its inharmonious and partial character where it is most impressive by its separate qualities, the field open to the ethical analyst is unbounded; and as we have rather ungently touched on some of Mr. Hudson's digressions, it is but just to observe that he has evinced throughout a disposition to disconnect virtue from cant, fanaticism, and conceit; that he has detected with a sure eye, and whipped with an honest ardor, the excellence which is self-conscious, and the purity which is proudly malignant; and that he has exhibited with a fine union of sagacity and eloquence the beauty of that humble goodness which seeks to elude the eye, which "vaunteth not itself and is not puffed up." In a period like the present, when conscience rushes to the rostrum and explodes in fifth-rate heroics, and every "puny whipster" of morality mistakes his appetite for notoriety for a call from the seventh heaven to rail at every person wiser and better than himself, such lessons in ethics may not be without their effect, recommended as they are by a vigor and wit as inexhaustible as the folly and fanaticism on which they are exercised. We trust that the present volumes will not be the last in which the author's keen intellect and sturdy character will find adequate expression. He has not, as yet, touched the historical plays of Shakspeare, a sphere of investigation and interpretation where he may win additional honors. In choosing the world's great poet as the text for his inquiries into human nature, he has a subject which, however it may exhaust the resources of criticism, is in itself exhaustless. The present work we consider an evidence rather than the measure of his capacity;

and when we next meet him on the open field of literature, we trust to find some extravagances retrenched and some peculiarities suppressed, which now to some extent injure his style, and encumber the movement of his mind.

ART. IV. — 1. *A Plea for Peasant Proprietors, with the Outlines of a Plan for their Establishment in Ireland.* By WILLIAM THOMAS THORNTON, Author of "Over Population and its Remedy." London: John Murray. 1848. 12mo. pp. 256.

2. *Letters on the Condition of the People of Ireland.* By THOMAS CAMPBELL FOSTER, ESQ., of the Middle Temple, "The Times" Commissioner. Second Edition. London: Chapman & Hall. 1847. 8vo. pp. 771.

3. *Past and Present. Chartism.* By THOMAS CARLYLE. New York: George P. Putnam. 1848. 12mo. pp. 386.

THE question respecting the distribution of property, which has hitherto been discussed only in the abstract by the political economists, has now become one of practical interest and of the gravest importance. The sacredness of the institution has hitherto been universally recognized. That the accumulation of wealth in the hands of individuals was necessary, was absolutely indispensable, in order that the aggregate property of the nation might increase, and for the maintenance of order, the prevention of endless disputes, the encouragement of industry and enterprise, and the promotion of all the higher interests of society, was a fact that no one thought of denying. The inheritor of an estate usually claims it even as a natural right; he seldom thinks of defending his possession of it merely on the ground of general expediency. He holds that he is indebted for it, not to government, or legislation, or the general consent of the community, but to those general principles of morality and natural law which protect his person and insure him the free use of his faculties and his time. Consequently, he invokes the aid of the law,

the assistance of society, whenever he is molested in the enjoyment of his property. His doctrine is, that government did not give it to him, but that government is bound to take good care that he be not unjustly deprived of it.

Yet nothing is more certain than that all inherited property is actually enjoyed by the gift of law and the consent of society. A natural right is not limited by the boundaries of states ; yet a second son in France claims an equal share of his parent's estate, in the same manner, and for the same reason, that the eldest son in England claims the whole. An American is entitled to dispose of his whole property by will, according to his own judgment or caprice ; he may endow a college or a cat with it, if he sees fit, to the total exclusion of his natural heirs. But this posthumous privilege, this *post mortem* enjoyment of wealth, is strictly limited in France ; if a testator has one child, he can dispose of but half of his property ; if he has two children, only a third, and if three, only a fourth, of his estate is subject to his own will. The respective shares of the sons and daughters are accurately determined, and a man cannot, even by gift during his lifetime, do any thing to contravene the effect of this law. Now, as all the wealth of a country, in the course of a single generation, must descend by inheritance or bequest, and as this descent is everywhere regulated by legislation, it follows that property is the creature of law ; its distribution is effected by government, or by the general consent of society, and is regulated by considerations of expediency alone. It sounds strange, but it is true, that the same authority which in England upholds the right of primogeniture, and in Scotland gives the privilege of perpetual entail, and in France deprives a testator of the power of giving away more than a small fraction of his property by will, might *with equal justice* decree that a man's whole estate on his decease should escheat to the crown, or come under the disposal of parliament, to be applied equally for the benefit of the whole nation. The legislative power does not enact that the whole people shall be equal and joint heirs of all property which is vacated by death, simply because it believes that it is more for the interest of the whole people that the estate should be inherited equally by all the children of the deceased, or should descend exclusively to the oldest son. The law which disinherits five children out of one

family for the benefit of the sixth is surely competent to deprive the sixth also of his inheritance ; if it leaves but one fourth of the estate to the caprice of the testator, it may destroy the efficacy of wills altogether.

It is true, that some considerations of justice and natural right come in to limit the general authority of law. The property which a man does not inherit, but actually creates by his own industry, seems to be his own by a higher and stronger title than any which society can confer. But it is no infringement of his right to say, that his power over the valuable article thus produced by him shall cease at his death ; for the only superiority of his title consists in the fact that the possessor of the property was also its creator, and he who only inherits it from its first owner cannot urge this plea ; to defend the right of the heir would be to maintain that a right by inheritance is equal to one by creation, and thus to destroy the original claim of superiority of title. Absolute ownership, however sacred for the time, necessarily terminates at the death of the individual ; society deprives him of nothing that is his own, when it refuses him testamentary power, because nothing that belongs to earth can be enjoyed beyond the grave, and he who has nothing can be deprived of nothing.

Again, the rightful authority of the legislature over the division of property is limited by the trusts and expectations that have been created by immemorial usage and the previously existing state of the law. The conduct, the hopes, the calculations of men are regulated by the customs of the country, by the assumed sanctity of prescription, and by long established institutions. The laws which regulate the descent of property are fundamental in their character ; they are classed with the first principles of the constitution, like those which determine the form of the executive government, whether it shall be republican, aristocratic, or monarchical, and excepting insignificant changes of forms and details, they are never altered but on grand emergencies, or after a stormy revolution. A person of fortune adapts the education of his children to their presumed future enjoyment of his large estates ; and although his own absolute right to his lands and goods certainly terminates at his death, these children suffer flagrant wrong, if their honest expectations are deceived, and they are compelled to adopt a course of life

for which they were not trained. Society is under an implied contract with all who are members of it not to make sudden or wanton changes in its own fundamental statutes, on whose presumed inviolability great hopes have been cherished, and plans devised the execution of which was to extend through future generations. Thus, if the French law of descent were suddenly introduced into this country, a great outcry would be raised, not merely against the policy, but the justice, of the measure; though no one thinks of impugning the law as it actually exists in France on any higher ground than that of expediency. The right of regulating the descent of property by will, of rewarding a favorite child, and disinheriting a stubborn or vicious one, has come to be considered as a necessary incident of ownership; it would be urged, that the government might as well rob a man directly of his wealth, as deprive him of the power of giving it away as he sees fit, whether the gift is to take effect during his lifetime, or after his decease. Yet nothing can be more clear than that a man necessarily abandons his earthly property at the grave; and if any wrong is done in the distribution of it, that wrong is not suffered by the deceased, who is beyond the sphere of injury from his fellow-man, but by those whom he leaves behind. If his nearest of kin have any absolute right to it beyond the limits of prescription and positive statute, in preference to all other persons in the community, and to the community itself, we have yet to learn on what foundation this right is based, and by what civilized nation, or in what code of laws, it has ever to the full extent been recognized. There is an implied contract between society and the individual, that he shall be protected in the exclusive enjoyment of his earnings, the fruits of his own labor, so long as he is capable of enjoying them; when that capacity ceases, the contract is dissolved, the obligations of society have been fulfilled, and what is left behind without a natural owner comes into the common stock, to be distributed or appropriated in mass solely from a regard to the greatest good of the greatest number.

These considerations are applicable to all property, whether real or personal; but they are most conclusive in the case of the ownership of land. Without going into the question respecting the manner in which territory was first parcelled out and appropriated to exclusive use, or whether the origi-

nal division took place by express compact or by silent sufferance which gradually became prescriptive right, there is no doubt that the land first belonged in common to all men, and that the appropriation of it by individuals is now admitted to be equitable only because it is believed to be expedient. The earth was given to be the habitation, and to provide for the subsistence, of all men, and it was at first enjoyed in common. The ocean and the air are so used even now; the former is the common highway of nations, because its vast extent affords room for all, while the right of navigating straits, narrow seas, and inlets into the land, is sometimes limited, under the pretext that one government must have the entire control of them in order to prevent interference and disputes, or to provide for its own safety, or to repay itself for disbursements required in order to make the navigation of them safe for all. These are reasons of mutual convenience, and perfectly similar reasons are alleged to justify the division of land, and the appropriation of it by individual owners. That appropriation of it in the first instance was certainly a usurpation, for it must have taken place without the consent and even without the knowledge of the vast majority of those who up to that period had enjoyed it in common, each one of whom had consequently as good a right to it as he who first fenced it in. If it could be proved that this division did not promote the general welfare, or that it produced on the whole more harm than good, every person might claim either a share of the land, or the privilege of cultivating the whole of it in common with others, as his natural birthright. In fact, a portion of the land is always given up for general use as a highway, because it is for the common advantage that all should have the privilege of passing over it. The farms contiguous to the highway could not equitably be held as private property, except from a similar regard to the common interest.

The general advantages of the institution of property are so obvious, that it may be said to exist by universal consent. Without it, mankind would relapse into barbarism, — nay, into the condition of the wild beasts; for even a tribe of savages cannot live together without exclusive ownership of their rude tools, arms, clothing, and habitations. No one would submit to the labor of tilling the ground, because others would have an equal right with him to reap the harvest. No

man would even erect a hut, if his neighbours could claim possession of it as soon as it was completed. Prudence and frugality would be impossible virtues ; no provision for the future would be made, if those who wasted and spoiled were allowed to enjoy that provision as well as those who saved it. No society could be organized ; for the only bond of association is the possession of certain property and rights, from the enjoyment of which those who are not members of the society are excluded. Universal want would lead to universal war, and that condition of mankind which Hobbes imagined as the inevitable result of the evil principles of human nature, when not checked by despotism, would become a fearful reality.

To guard against these tremendous evils, the sacredness of property is recognized, government is instituted for its protection, and laws are made to facilitate its increase, to regulate its use, and to provide for the distribution of it, when the death of its producer or former owner leaves it to the disposal of his survivors. The rule almost universally adopted in the last case is to distribute it among those who are nearest of kin to the deceased, though in very different proportions, according to the different policy of the law in different countries. A man's nearest relations are commonly said to be his natural heirs, not because they have any natural or indefeasible right to his estates, but because they are nearest to his affections, and if his will were to be consulted, they would generally succeed to the ownership. The strongest natural claim to property thus left vacant is surely that of the community at large, to whom, if it be land, it originally belonged, and under whose protection and by whose aid, whether it be real or personal, it was accumulated. Their claim, in fact, is universally admitted, as they assume the power of giving the property away by designating the persons who shall inherit it, and the proportions which they shall respectively hold. And there is no doubt that society acts wisely in consulting the wishes of the original proprietor, by limiting the succession to his own family or his nearest connections. Industry and economy are thus promoted, as every one is encouraged to labor and to save up to the close of his life, since those who are dearest to him are to have the sole benefit of his accumulations. If he had only a life interest in his estate, if society at large, or individuals who were en-

tire strangers to him, were to be his heirs, his exertions would be limited to the attainment of a fortune barely sufficient to supply his own wants. He would spend both income and principal, and be reckless of the future, so that he had enough left for the necessities of his own declining years. Family ties also would be weakened or destroyed by a law giving the inheritance to strangers ; children would have less motive to reverence their parents, who could not labor to promote the welfare of their offspring except for the brief remaining period of their own existence ; and as the admirable constitution of our moral nature is such, that we always love those most upon whom we have conferred the greatest benefits, parental affection under these circumstances would be very sensibly diminished. Besides, such a law could be executed only very imperfectly. Invention stimulated by affection would be constantly on the rack to evade it, by fraudulent transfers and sales effected during the lifetime of the first owners, and the attempt to prevent such practices would lead to intolerable inquisition into private and domestic concerns, and to endless litigation.

It is from the wisest reasons, therefore, from the most judicious regard to the general welfare, that the law gives the property of a person deceased intestate to the nearest of kin. Still, there is room for a wide discretion in determining the principles on which the estate shall be divided among those who stand in the same degree of relationship to the first proprietor. Shall any regard be paid to the wishes of the deceased in this respect ? Shall all share alike ? Or what preference shall be shown to the sons over the daughters, or to the first-born over his brothers and sisters ? These are grave questions, and on the answers to them, more, we had almost said, than on all other causes united, the form of government and the welfare of the people, the whole political and social framework of society, in every country, must ultimately depend. Notwithstanding their immense importance, these questions have not, till of late years, been much discussed either by legislators or political economists. That the extremes of opulence and destitution should exist in the same community, a few revelling in the enjoyment of immense fortunes while millions around them are suffering from the want of all the comforts, and even of the necessaries, of life, is the great reproach of modern civilization. Men have

acquiesced in the evil only because they believed it to be irreparable. Any attempt to remove the inequality of property was supposed to threaten the security of the institution itself, and thus to lead immediately to the dissolution of society and government, and to the destruction of all the higher interests of the human family. The subject would not bear to be tampered with; the sensibility of the community upon this point is feverish in the extreme. To excite their fears, to shake their confidence in the permanency of the institution as it exists, is enough to break the springs of industry and enterprise at once, and to cause nearly as much mischief as a complete social revolution. Changes in the laws affecting the distribution of wealth, therefore, are seldom proposed, except in the course of some great political convulsion, when the foundations of society are broken up, and the whole fabric is to be placed on a new basis, and erected anew.

Sudden changes, then, are out of the question; they would only enhance, or render universal, the evils which we seek to remedy. The only inquiry is, whether causes may not be set to work which will tend slowly but irresistibly to the equalization of wealth, without exciting alarm, or affecting the present enjoyment of property, or injuring any vested rights, or lessening to any appreciable extent the motives for accumulation. If the diffusion of capital, the division of estates, and the consequent approach to equality of condition, when thus gradually effected, should act with resistless force upon the institutions of the state, and change the nature of the government, we need not deplore the result. In these modern days, political influence gravitates towards property, as in former ages it was always united with military strength. Riches are but another name for power, either in a republic, a monarchy, or a despotism; and as the possession of them, when fairly earned, not inherited, is usually coupled with sobriety, prudence, industry, and good sense, and above all with a distrust of innovation and a love of order, it is well that they should have the command or the leading influence in the state. A due regard for equality of rights, then, only requires that wealth should be open to the attainment of all, that it should never be made inalienable or indivisible by its present holder, never be locked up by legal proceedings which bind future generations, but be left to

circulate freely as air, and to find its natural level, as water does, by diffusion in broad seas and oceans. The acquisition of it will thus be a natural test of character, ability, and intelligence, and political power can nowhere be more safely lodged than in the hands of its possessors. In a country where no one is poor except by his own fault, where misery is not as necessarily inherited by one class as immense wealth is by another, where pauperism never exists except as a consequence of folly, indolence, or crime, the holders of property may justly claim the exclusive control of the state. They will not need to have this power expressly given to them by laws and constitutions; it will naturally and inevitably fall into their possession, — so much of it, at least, as they shall deem necessary for their own security and happiness.

Admitting these general principles, then, that property ought to be made inviolable, that it should descend only to the family or kindred of the deceased, and be distributed among them from a regard, not to their private interests, but to the welfare of the whole community, (though these two ends in the long run will be identical,) we come to inquire into the policy of the different laws by which, in different countries, this distribution is effected. We take it for granted, that great inequality of wealth in any country is a great national evil, to be avoided or lessened by the use of all just means which are consistent with the security of property itself. If such inequality be permitted to continue or increase except from inevitable necessity, the conduct of the legislators who foster or permit it becomes criminal in the extreme; upon their heads are justly chargeable the privation and wretchedness, the moral and intellectual degradation, the famines and plagues, which it brings upon millions of their fellow-beings.

The only systems of law regulating the succession to property which need here be considered are those which obtain respectively in England, in the United States, and in France; and the social condition of the people in these three countries may be taken as a guide to the effects of these laws and of the customs and institutions which are encouraged or created by them, and with which they are necessarily connected. The general policy of the law is sure to direct the inclinations and habits of the people, so

that the law is justly chargeable with the effects, not only of what it directly enjoins, but of what it permits, exemplifies, and fosters.

Thus, in England, the right of primogeniture applies only to the real property of intestates; but the effect of the example and sanction of the law is to induce even those who make wills to devise the larger share of all the property, and very often the whole of the real estate, to the oldest son. Entails are allowed to all heirs actually in being, and till the first unborn heir shall be twenty-one years old; and further, any heir of entail may grant leases which will be good against the future owners of the estate for three lives. Numerous other impediments are created to the sale or division of real estates, and the people are thus encouraged to carry out the policy of the law by settlements, trust processes, and other legal devices; so that, at any one time, the real property of the kingdom is as safely tied up and guarded against the extravagance or wilfulness of the actual possessor, as if perpetual entail were permitted there, as it is in Scotland. It is now estimated that more than one half of all the real estate in the latter country is thus protected for ever against division or alienation from particular families. In France, on the other hand, where the law requires the larger portion of the property to be distributed equally, the people readily acquiesce in the principle, and very seldom exercise their power of increasing the share of a favorite child by the small portion which they are allowed to give according to their own judgment or fancy; if we may judge from the Paris returns, not more than one person out of seven makes a will at all, and but one in eighteen of these testators gives the reserved portion to one of his legal heirs, so as to lessen the number of parts into which the estate is divided, the others preferring to bestow it upon strangers. In both countries, then, the consent of the people carries out the general policy of the law, favoring or preventing the distribution of property, just as the legislature determines in those cases which are settled by the law alone, without regard to the wishes of the owners.

Here in America, the law takes the middle course between the English and the French policy. The custom of gavelkind is the rule, unequal distribution is the exception. Entails are generally more restricted than in England,

perpetual entails being never allowed ; and all minor restrictions on the division or sale of landed estates being taken away, the division or transfer of real property is effected about as easily as that of movables. On the other hand, the law does not oblige a parent to distribute his property equally, but he may make what distinctions he chooses, and may virtually disinherit all his children, if he sees fit. But the custom follows the law ; many persons do not make a will, but allow the law to take its course. A testator seldom makes a very unequal distribution among his children ; but if he is childless, he often disposes of his property according to fancy, the expectations of more distant heirs not being much regarded.

From the operation of these laws in the three countries, we might naturally expect that there would be monstrous inequalities in the distribution of wealth in England, while in France and this country property would be as nearly at a level in the community as it can be brought by the influence of legislation. It is true, that the several systems must have time to operate before their full effects can be perceived. The French system did not come into full effect till the revolution of 1789 ; it was one, and the most effective of all, of the sweeping measures adopted at that epoch for the sole purpose of breaking the power of the feudal aristocracy. Only two generations having elapsed since that time, it might be supposed that the splitting of landed estates and the general subdivision of property have not yet been carried out there to their full extent, but that the equalization of wealth is destined to go much farther.

We doubt this ; here in New England, where the law of equal partition, applied directly only to the property of intestates, but governing in fact the descent of nearly all property, has been in force for more than two centuries, the land is by no means so much subdivided as in France, and we have probably more persons of large fortune, in proportion to the whole population, than can be found in any department of that country. If the farm is already so small that it will not support more than one family with the average degree of comfort among landholders of the same class, one of the heirs will buy out the others, who will use the price of their shares as means for establishing themselves in some non-agricultural employment, or in some other locality. In truth,

it is demonstrable that there must be this limit to the division of estates; for if the ground owned and cultivated by a small proprietor be insufficient for the support of his family, his poverty will oblige him to sell it, and the purchaser, of course, must be a person more wealthy than himself. It is idle, then, to talk of the risk of the whole country falling into the hands of a set of pauper proprietors; the first symptoms of pauperism will oblige them to alienate their lands, and capitalists will reunite the farms which had been injured by excessive subdivision. The ability to purchase can never be wanting, as all the natural causes of inequality of wealth operate without check during each complete generation, for during this period they are not counteracted by laws regulating the succession to property. We can, therefore, readily admit the conclusion which Mr. Thornton has drawn from statistical evidence, that the smaller properties in France have not sensibly diminished in size during the last thirty years. Possibly these small estates may increase in number through the breaking up of larger ones; but they will not be more contracted in dimension, for, if smaller, they would not support a single family.

There is very little statistical evidence which throws any direct light upon the distribution of wealth in England. The returns of the income tax of 1842 have not yet been published in such a form as to elucidate this subject; the annual value of the real property is given, and the total amount of income subject to taxation; but the individual tax-payers are not divided into classes according to the amounts of their respective contributions to the tax. Isolated facts may give one a vague conception of the enormous inequality of fortunes, of the frightful extremes of opulence and misery which deform the social aspect of the kingdom. But the knowledge thus gained is very partial and indefinite; and it leads to no certain conclusions, because in every country on the globe we meet with similar afflicting instances of extreme indigence and almost unbounded wealth, the contrast between them being heightened in appearance by their close juxtaposition. Everywhere it is but a short walk from the palace to the hovel; at the gate of every Dives sits a Lazarus, and the dogs come and lick his sores. But the number and extent of these frightful contrasts are vastly greater in England than in any other nation upon the earth, and the history of

all former ages affords no parallel to them. Its people are the manufacturers and bankers of the civilized world; their accumulated capital, finding no sufficient employment at home, is carried abroad with every wind that blows to the remotest lands and the farthest isles of the sea, everywhere setting industry in motion, supplying means for great national enterprises, and creating immense yearly returns to increase the surplus of wealth at home. But the destitution and misery of the larger portion of the people increase even more rapidly than the riches of the prosperous class. Almshouses and jails are multiplied as fast as the palatial abodes of the nobility and gentry, or the immense mills and workshops of the rich manufacturers. Landholders whose vast possessions cover more than one county drive off at one time ten thousand of their destitute tenants to starve upon the sea-shore, or to find their way as they best can to other lands. Noblemen whose annual incomes exceed half a million of dollars complain bitterly of the heavy taxes which they are obliged to pay for the support of a million and a half of public paupers.

We will bring together a number of facts, collected with great care from recent returns to Parliament, which will serve to illustrate the great inequality of wealth in the British isles, though unfortunately they do not lead to very precise results, as the subject is one which almost wholly escapes the grasp of statistical science. We adopt for convenience the nearest round numbers, as the fractions will not perceptibly affect the accuracy of any conclusions that may be drawn from these statements. According to the returns of the income tax for 1842, the total annual income of the people of England and Scotland exceeds 240 millions sterling; in 1815, it was but 179 millions, thus showing an increase of 61 millions, or 34 *per cent.* in 27 years. During these years, the population has increased from 13 to 19 millions, or at the rate of 46 *per cent.* Ordinary wages form no part of the aggregate income just stated, which is composed exclusively of rents, profits, and the gains of educated men; and as common laborers increase far more rapidly than the middling classes or the rich, it is certain that property is now distributed much more unequally than in 1815; there is more of it, and it is in the hands of a smaller part of the whole population.

1200

According to the census of 1841, there are in Great Britain about five millions of men who are twenty years of age or upwards. Of these, it appears from the "Occupation Abstract" of the census, that about two and a half millions,* or one half of the whole nation, are laborers or operatives, who subsist entirely on wages. One half of the population, then, have no share in the aggregate income above mentioned. The tax is 7*d.* on 1*l.*, or very nearly 3 *per cent.*, on all incomes that exceed 150*l. per annum.* The proceeds of the tax for 1843 were £ 5,387,455, which, at the given rate, represent an aggregate income of £ 184,712,743. This falls short of the total income already stated by about fifty-five and a quarter millions, and this difference stands for the aggregate of those individual incomes which are less than £ 150 each. If the average of these incomes be taken at £ 80, there are nearly 700,000 of them. The returns of the income tax of 1812 showed that there were in Great Britain 127,000 persons whose incomes were from £ 50 to £ 200 each; 22,000 more having from £ 200 to £ 1,000 each; 3,000 each of whom had from £ 1,000 to £ 5,000; and 600 whose incomes exceeded £ 5,000: — making a total of 152,600 individuals possessing yearly incomes of not less than £ 50. If we allow for the subsequent increase of national wealth by supposing that there are now as many incomes amounting at least to £ 150 as there were of £ 50 in 1812, the estimate would be a very safe one; but let us suppose that there are 200,000 whose incomes are now subject to the tax. This agrees sufficiently well with Mr. Alison's estimate, who supposes that there are now 300,000 having more than £ 50 a year. Returns to Parliament show that about 280,000 individuals own property in the public funds, and the yearly dividends of 130,000 out of this number do not exceed £ 20. By the census of 1841, less than 140,000 males were returned as persons of independent means, who followed no regular occupation. Our estimate, therefore, that not more than 200,000 persons pay the income tax can hardly be below the truth. The aggregate on which the tax is levied, being divided among

* Agricultural laborers, 884,869; other laborers, such as miners, porters, messengers, &c., 550,543; privates in the army and common sailors, 290,000; domestic servants, 164,384; in almshouses, jails, &c., 74,129; manufacturing operatives, about 500,000; gardeners, &c., 25,000: — Total, 2,488,925. These numbers are all of male adults.

this number, gives them an average income of less than £ 1,000.

Real property in Great Britain is much less equally divided than personal, as might be expected from the operation of the causes that we have mentioned. The aggregate annual value of such property, according to the returns of the income tax, is a little over ninety-five millions sterling, of which about ten millions belong to Scotland. But there are no means of estimating the number of owners of the houses, tithes, canals, railways, and many other items ranked under this head; so that we must confine our attention to the landed estates, the aggregate annual income or rental of which is about forty millions for England, and five and three quarter millions for Scotland. "Landed property in Scotland," says Mr. McCulloch, "as compared with its extent and value, is in fewer hands than in England, there being probably not more than 8,000 proprietors in the whole country. It is most subdivided in the counties of Fife, Midlothian, Renfrew, and Kirkcudbright, but even in these there are many large estates; and in most other parts of the country, the greater portion by far of the land is distributed into very large estates, many of which are held under a system of strict and perpetual entail." The estimate of 8,000 proprietors is certainly much too great, as might be supposed from the single fact, that two great estates, those of the Duke of Sutherland and the Duke of Buccleuch, alone cover several counties. It is now admitted on all hands, that the lands under perpetual entail amount at least to a half of the whole kingdom, and the register shows that, down to 1830, only 1,555 entails had been recorded; since that year, about 450 others have been entered, so that full half of Scotland (estimated from "the valued rent," and not merely from the number of acres) is owned by not more than 2,000 proprietors. If we allow 3,000 for the other half, or 5,000 proprietors in all, the estimate will be a very liberal one. The aggregate rental, divided among this number, gives £ 1,150 as the average income of a Scotch landholder.

In regard to England and Wales, McCulloch repeats, without vouching for its accuracy, an estimate made by Dr. Beeke at the beginning of the present century, that the land is owned by 200,000 proprietors. This was extravagantly beyond the mark at the time, and all witnesses agree

that, since 1800, small estates have been undergoing a rapid process of absorption into larger ones. The whole number of farmers and graziers, according to the census of 1841, was but little more than 248,000; and an average of five farms to an estate cannot be considered as too great, as many landholders count their tenants by fifties. Taking the number of landholders, however, at 60,000, or about one fourth the number of farmers, the aggregate rental, which is forty millions sterling, would give them an average income of only £666, which is certainly below the truth.

Ireland, though divided into very small farms by the actual cultivators of the soil, is still owned in vast estates, probably exceeding the average size of those in England. The owners for the most part are the descendants of those among the English nobility and gentry, who acquired the property at a very low price, when, under Cromwell and William III., more than nine tenths of the land was confiscated, and its former proprietors were reduced to poverty or driven into exile. The Marquis of Hertford, the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Fitzwilliam, and others, own princely estates in this unhappy country, which probably exceed in size their immense landed properties in England. But there are no means of estimating with any approach to correctness the number of such landlords, or even of ascertaining with precision the aggregate rental of the kingdom. The highest authority, Mr. Griffith, in his evidence before a committee of the House of Lords in 1832, places it at twelve millions sterling; and if we suppose that the average income of Irish estates is as low as £500, there will be room for 24,000 proprietors, a number that probably far exceeds the truth. In the appendix to the Land Commissioners' Report, we find, from returns made by the receivers in chancery appointed to collect the rents on encumbered estates, and pay them over to the mortgagees, that the aggregate rental of 760 estates was £563,022, which gives an average of £740. How many of these proprietors own English estates also, we are again unable to tell; but making a very moderate allowance for these, and also for Scotch estates which belong to English landlords, we may put the whole number of landed proprietors in the United Kingdom at 85,000.

France has 114,000,000 acres of cultivable land, and rather more than thirty-four millions of inhabitants, of whom

at least five and a half millions are landholders. Considering these as heads of families, and allowing on an average four persons to a family, we find that twenty-two millions, or two thirds of the whole population, are owners of the soil. Making the same allowance for the families of British landholders, we have but 340,000 individuals, or one seventy-eighth part of the people, who share among them the total rental of the United Kingdom, which amounts to more than fifty-seven millions sterling. In France, according to the estimate of Mr. Thornton, there are two and a half millions of proprietors whose estates do not exceed on an average ten acres each, and three millions of others whose properties average about thirty acres. In the British isles, reckoning only the land which is actually under cultivation, and supposing that it is equally divided among the 85,000 proprietors, each estate exceeds 550 acres; add the uncultivated land, which also belongs to them, and the average rises to 880 acres. As to the density of population, in France there is one person to three and three quarter acres; in England, the proportion is one to two; in Ireland, one to two and a half; and in Scotland, one to seven, two thirds of the land in this last case being hardly susceptible of cultivation.

These results of a comparison of the two countries in respect to the distribution of wealth among the people are very startling, and would almost exceed belief, if it were not evident that the policy of the law so strongly favors aggregation in the one case and partition in the other, that such consequences soon or later are inevitable. In France, as we have seen, there is a limit; the carelessness, extravagance, and indolence of some are opposed by the industry, frugality, and enterprise of others, and during the lifetime of one generation, these causes are free to act and to produce inequalities of fortune which the law does its utmost again to reduce to a level when the next generation enters upon its inheritance. But in Great Britain there is no such limit; the law does not counteract these causes, but concurs with them; as wealth favors the growth of wealth, and poverty generates poverty, as misery favors the increase of population, while opulence checks it, so that the destitute classes multiply with frightful rapidity, while the rich are constantly decreasing in number, and from the lack of male heirs great

estates are united by marriage or collateral inheritance, land and capital are brought together in constantly increasing masses, the subsequent division of which is opposed by all the legal impediments which the ingenuity of man can devise. In the case of real property, these impediments are insurmountable; the actual possessors of nearly all the landed estates in the kingdom have but a life enjoyment of them; no matter what may be their extravagance, recklessness, or folly, they can waste nothing but their incomes, and must transmit an unimpaired inheritance to their heirs, — to the single heir who is designated by the entail or the marriage settlement. Land, therefore, but seldom comes into the market; estates may be increased, but cannot be diminished; the small parcels which are occasionally offered for sale are eagerly bought up by the wealthy proprietors, who are inclined to make savings from their incomes in order to gratify their pride and increase their political influence by extending their ancestral domains. In Scotland, as we have seen, more than half of all the real estate is for ever protected against partition or alienation, and is thus permanently placed *extra commercium*. Personal property is not so well guarded, but the causes which we have mentioned tend far more powerfully to heap it together than to distribute it; waste is possible, but natural causes aided by legal provisions tend strongly towards accumulation. Small capitals find a constantly increasing difficulty in competing with larger ones; industry alone, unaided by inherited wealth, has no chance whatever in the strife.

What are the effects upon the social condition of the people, upon the general welfare of the nation, of this constantly increasing inequality of property? In a recent number of this journal,* we brought together some unquestionable and appalling statements in answer to this question, and we might multiply the evidence to an indefinite extent; but the picture is so revolting in its details, and so awful as a whole, that we shudder to contemplate it, and shrink from the task of unfolding it before our readers. We place no stress whatever upon single cases, however terrible, of destitution, misery, or even starvation; for they prove nothing as to the

* See *N. A. Review* for October, 1847; article on *The Social Condition of England*.

great question which we now seek to elucidate. Indolence, wastefulness, intemperance, and crime must everywhere exist, and produce their inevitable and shocking consequences, both to the parties themselves, and to the more innocent beings whose fate is for the time inseparably connected with theirs. In the most favored country on earth, which we believe to be unquestionably the free portion of this American republic, there are instances of this kind numerous and grave enough to cause serious concern both to the statesman and philanthropist. But they are exceptions to the general well-being, and exceptions so few in number, when compared with the whole population and the common prosperity, that they seem almost insignificant. If it were not for the constant influx of destitute and diseased emigrants from Europe, we might safely abolish all legal provision for the poor, and trust for their relief to private charity. The paupers who are native-born in Massachusetts do not number one in a hundred, and their maintenance for a year does not amount to an English shilling a head for the whole population. To disturb the existing relations of labor and capital in an attempt to dry up this scanty rill of evil would be to jeopard the happiness of a large community for the sake of a doubtful benefit to a few.

But in Great Britain, privation of all the comforts and many of the necessaries of life, imminent destitution, or absolute mendicancy, is the lot of so large a number, that the possession even of a competency seems an exception to the general rule, and the condition of the majority of the people appears one of hopeless suffering. The evil is of fearful magnitude, and admits no ordinary means of remedy or palliation ; no escape from it seems possible, except through one of those terrible social convulsions which threaten for the time to arrest the march of civilization, and to render powerless every humane feeling and moral principle. The institution of property exists only for the common good, and it certainly fails to attain this object when to the greater number it causes more harm than benefit. The occurrence of a famine like that of the last year, caused by poverty alone, and which swept off hundreds of thousands of human beings only because their best estate was but one degree removed from starvation, is so tremendous an evil, that it would justify the most violent measures, the most hazardous experiments, in

the mere hope of preventing its return. Property is not to be weighed in the balance against human life. All moralists admit the right which is termed that of extreme necessity, meaning thereby a right to use or destroy another's property when it is necessary for our own preservation, as when we are obliged to throw the cargo overboard to save the ship, or to pull down a house to stop the progress of a fire; — "of which right," says Paley, "the foundation seems to be this, — that *when property was first instituted, the institution was not intended to operate to the destruction of any; therefore, when such consequences would follow, all regard to it is superseded.*" Apply this principle to the condition of three fourths of the people of Ireland, and of a majority of those of Scotland and England, and what is the consequence?

In England alone, the number of paupers dependent on the poor-rate is about 1,500,000, or one in eleven of the whole population; the annual cost to the public of their support is nearly seven millions sterling, a sum which far exceeds the total annual expense of the national government of the United States, including the army and navy, in a time of peace. During the four years ending in March, 1843, the paupers regularly increased in number, at a rate exceeding 8 *per cent.* a year, (the rate of increase of the whole population being but one and one third *per cent.*,) from 1,199,529 to 1,539,490. More than 400,000 of these are "able-bodied" paupers, who are made dependent on the public either from want of work, or from the insufficiency of their earnings. Yet the most stringent measures are adopted, by imposing hard labor, granting only coarse and meagre food, separating the sexes, and requiring strict confinement in the gloomy workhouses, to deter this class of persons from throwing themselves upon the public for support. So severe are the regulations in this respect, that nothing short of imminent danger of starvation can force the miserable laborer to ask for relief; after admission to the workhouse, they often commit wanton offences, such as breaking windows or assaulting their keepers, for the mere purpose of being transferred to the jails, where they have better fare, more comfortable cells, and lighter work.

Notwithstanding the rigorous economy that is practised in the workhouse, and the fact that the provisions are purchased by the quantity and by contract, it is proved by the Poor-Law Commissioners themselves, in their report made in

1846, that the cost of supporting an indoor pauper with his family exceeds by at least one fourth the highest possible earnings of that family by agricultural labor. The following extracts are from the answers given to the Commissioners by Mr. Bowring, the assistant clerk of the largest Pauper Union in Devonshire.

"The average number of children to each married couple of agricultural laborers is from four to five, say five, making a total of seven persons to each family; assuming the workhouse dietary to be the common dietary of outdoor laborers, or, as it is frequently alleged to be, worse, the cost *per annum* to an agricultural laborer will be in bread and meat alone 21*l.* 13*s.* 5*d.*, to which must be added other articles of food, such as milk and potatoes, with fuel, clothing, rent, medicine, &c., the total cost of which averages at least 30*l.* *per annum* to the outdoor laborer.

"The average cost of an inmate in the St. Thomas Union [workhouse] for food and necessaries, such as coal, wood, soap, candles, &c., [no allowance for rent, or interest on the cost of the workhouse,] is 2*s.* 3*d.* per week, or 5*l.* 17*s.* per individual *per annum*, making for a family of seven persons a total of 40*l.* 19*s.* *per annum.*

"The average amount of wages paid to an agricultural laborer in this district does not exceed 8*s.* per week [20*l.* 16*s.* a year], with two quarts of unmarketable cider *per diem.*" — *Poor-Law Report for* 1846, p. 81.

The report from which this extract is taken was made by E. Carlton Tuffnell, Esq., "On the Condition of the Agricultural Population in the West of England." All the witnesses agree in stating the annual wages of an agricultural laborer to be from 20*l.* to 25*l.*, to which his wife may add 3*l.*, and if he has four or five children, the elder of these may gain 3*l.* more. The rent of his cottage is 2*l.* a year, or with twenty land-yards of garden ground attached, it is 3*l.* He has, then, less than 30*l.* a year to live on out of the workhouse, though, if he ceases to struggle, and becomes a pauper, it will cost the public 40*l.* to maintain him and his family on workhouse fare. If he commits a grave offence, and is sent to Pentonville prison, the annual charge on the public for his individual maintenance will exceed 36*l.*, and his family in the workhouse will cost 34*l.* more. To be sure, he will then have moral and religious instruction for two hours every day, when before he had none, and at the expiration of his term, government will defray the cost of his emigration to

another and happier land. Is it possible to make a more direct offer of a bounty to convert men from industry and innocence to mendicancy and crime ?

The 884,000 adult males, who, according to the census of 1841, are engaged in agricultural labor in Great Britain, represent, with their wives and children, a population of at least three millions and a half, whose condition is indicated by the preceding statements. The half-million of other laborers in different employments, and another half-million of manufacturing operatives, who form the indigent classes in the cities and towns, represent in like manner a population of four millions, some of whom are in a happier, and others in a worse, state than their brethren in the country ; but the average of misery among them, especially during a commercial or agricultural crisis, when the prices of manufactures fall or those of food rise, is about the same as with the agricultural laborers. For proof of this, the want of space compels us to refer our readers to the evidence adduced in our former article. If we add also the population of the jails and workhouses, the soldiers and sailors, and a small proportion of the 1,100,000 domestic servants, for whom loss of place amounts to a sentence of utter destitution, we have a grand total of at least eight millions of human beings in Great Britain alone, forming the indigent or destitute class, who have no dependence but the lowest amount of wages that will support life on the coarsest fare, over whom famine and pestilence constantly impend, and who look to the workhouse, the ditch, or the jail, as the possible, if not the probable, end of their career. Three sixteenths of their number, as we have seen, seek parochial relief every year ; and as this vast army of paupers is not made up, in great part, of the same individuals for successive years, it is probable that at least three millions of them have been, at one period or another, dependent on public charity. The existence of this fearful amount of squalid poverty, this festering mass of ignorance, suffering, and crime, is the direct consequence of those laws the avowed policy of which has been to give all the landed estates of the United Kingdom to 85,000 proprietors, and the great bulk of the whole real and personal property in Great Britain to 200,000 individuals. It seems but an insignificant item to be added to this terrible amount of evil, though the fact were otherwise one of solemn import, that the returns of the Registrar-Gen-

eral show that 40 *per cent.* of the whole English people cannot write their names.

But the whole is not told yet. Wretched Ireland is yet to come, as if to prove "a lower deep" still to be possible in this abyss of human misery. Here, five eighths of the people form the class of agricultural poor, and if another eighth be added for the cities and towns, we have at least six millions who are as destitute as the eight millions of their English brethren. But there are degrees here; it is estimated that only four millions of these wretches live in mud hovels of but one room, and subsist almost entirely upon buttermilk and sodden potatoes. It was on this miserable class that the famine and fever of the last year wreaked their fury, and are even yet committing fearful ravages; the number of victims is known only from very imperfect estimates, but no one reckons fewer than 300,000. Yet Ireland is a fertile country, producing in ordinary years more food than is necessary for her own sustenance, a large surplus of meat and grain being annually sent to England. The export of cereal grains alone amounted, in 1845, to nearly five millions sterling. Her squalid and starving people, also, still pay annually twelve millions of pounds sterling to their landlords, and at least twelve millions more to the "middlemen" who stand between them and their landlords, the lowest peasant among them bargaining to give four or five pounds an acre for his potato patch, and selling his pig and half of his potato crop to pay it. Of late, however, in Tipperary and several other counties, they have taken to shooting their landlords, or landlord's agents, as the shortest mode of settling for the rent. To show how great was the provocation which has driven them to this course, we borrow a passage from the excellent and trustworthy work of Mr. Foster, "The Times Commissioner."

"From this town I proceeded to Glenties, a village which is the property of the Marquis of Conyngham, whose chief managing agent is Mr. Benbow, M. P. for Dudley. *The whole of the country for many miles in the direction of Dungloe, and beyond that town, — in fact, almost the whole barony of Boylagh, — belongs to this nobleman, together with the island of Arran, or Arranmore, on the west coast.* Once in the course of his life, — two years ago, — the Marquis of Conyngham visited this estate for a few days. His chief agent, Mr. Benbow, usually comes once a year, and the sub-agents visit the tenants every half-year to col-

lect their rents. At short periods of a few years, the farms are visited to see what increased rent they will bear, and this is the extent of the acquaintance of the Marquis of Conyngham with his tenants. This nobleman, himself, bears the character of a kind-hearted, generous man,— fond of yachting and amusement, and having an excessive distaste for every kind of business or trouble. From one end of his large estate here to the other, nothing is to be found but poverty, misery, wretched cultivation, and infinite subdivision of land. There are no gentry, no middle class, — all are poor, — wretchedly poor. Every shilling the tenants can raise from their half-cultivated land is paid in rent, whilst the people subsist for the most part on potatoes and water. . . . . .

"Now, this is not hearsay or imagination. I walked a couple of miles from Glenties amongst the farmers' cottages, with a guide, — the Vice-President of the Poor-Law Union there, — and I will shortly describe to you the condition of the farmers, as I had it from their own lips, and noted it down at the time.

"The land is not let by the acre, but by what is termed a 'cow's grass,' — so many 'cows' grass' to a farm. A 'cow's grass' is a measure of land; usually it means as much mountain grazing-land as will keep a cow during the summer, and as much arable land as will keep the cow-house in fodder during the winter. The size of the farms varies from six to twenty acres, and larger, by the measurement of acres. The rent of arable land is about 30*s.* an acre. It is sandy soil and bog mixed, on a granite rock foundation. The grazing mountain-land is let at about 2*s.* 6*d.* an acre. The farmer pays his rent and rates by disposing of his butter, pigs, eggs, beef, hay, and oats, — and milk, when he can sell it. He usually sells *the whole of his produce*, except potatoes, and in dear seasons even part of his stock of potatoes, and buys meal on credit, in order to pay his rent and the county-cess. If the tenant lives near a town where he can sell his milk, he sells that also, and the common drink to their potatoes then is an infusion of pepper, — *pepper and water*, as being more tasty than water. Sometimes they are so hard-pushed for their rent, that they will buy a heifer on credit at 6*l.* or 7*l.*, much above the market price, and sell it again for 3*l.* or 4*l.*, to be able to pay the rent. . . . . This farmer assured me that for the half of this year, whilst his cows gave no milk, he had to subsist on *pepper and water and potatoes*. He could not afford to eat butter. 'Not a bit of bread have I eaten since I was born,' said this man; 'we must sell the corn and the butter to give to the landlord. I have the largest farm in the district; some don't pay more than 3*l.* to 5*l.* rent, and I am as well off as any in the country.' This man gave me his name, but did not wish it to be published, as it

might do him an injury with the agent. This man also assured me that many of the tenants have no beds, and lie on a 'shake-down' of straw or hay on the ground in their cottages, with but a blanket or a rug to cover five or six of the family. 'The people,' he said, 'do what they can to improve, but the landlord does nothing, and they have not the ability to improve. They are tenants at will; and if they improve, their rent is raised accordingly at the next valuation. The only good thing we have is plenty of turf to keep us warm. We never taste meat of any kind, or bacon, unless a pig chances to die of some disorder and we cannot sell it, and we would not taste that, if we could sell it.' I asked him if he would show me the cottage of any small farmer who lived in the way he had described. He took me immediately to the cottages of John and Charles M'Cabe, who lived across a field close by. . . . . Into these cottages I entered. They were stone-built, and well roofed, — but the mud-floor was uneven, damp, and filthy. In one corner was a place for the pig, with a drain from it through the wall to carry off the liquid manure, like a stable. Two chairs, a bedstead of the rudest description, a cradle, a spinning-wheel, and an iron pot constituted the whole furniture. An inner room contained another rude bedstead; the mud-floor was quite damp. In this room six children slept on loose hay, with one dirty blanket to cover them. The father, mother, and an infant slept in the first room, also on loose hay, and with but one blanket on the bed. The children were running about as nearly naked as possible, dressed in the cast-off rags of the father and mother; the father could not buy them clothes. They had not been to mass for a twelvemonth, for want of decent clothes to go in. Both these men assured me that their whole food was potatoes, and if they had a penny to spare, they bought salt or a few sprats, but very seldom these. Instead of buying salt, they sometimes bought pepper and mixed it with the water they drank. This they called 'kitchin,' — it gave a flavor to their food. Both cottages were in the same wretched condition, and the rent of the farm had been twice raised; last time from 48*s.* to 5*l.* 10*s.* If their rent was not punctually paid, their cattle and every thing they had was immediately distrained. . . . . .

"From this place I proceeded to Dungloe, a village *sixteen miles further, direct north, — the whole of it in the same property.* Near one or two villages which I passed, a good deal of land was brought into cultivation, and bore heavy crops of oats and potatoes; but a mile beyond these villages nothing but bog and heather is to be seen. Excepting here and there a small patch of potatoes growing, the only sign of industry I saw was a couple of men on a hill-side boring the bog with an iron-rod and search-

ing for timber. I entered several cottages on the road-side, but they were all alike filthy and wretched." — pp. 103 – 107.

We might multiply cases of this sort till the evidence should fill volumes; but the appalling condition of the Irish in their native land is so well known, that this single illustration of it will suffice. This case is selected with reference only to the striking contrast which it affords between the immense possessions of the landlord and the abject misery of his tenantry. Taking both the British isles together, we have an aggregate of fourteen millions of beings, or more than half of the whole population, in this shocking state of dependence or utter destitution, whose only vocation and only hope are hard labor, insufficient food, and constant suffering. That wild genius, Mr. Carlyle, though he has no advice to give, no remedies to propose, can yet see the evil, and thus howls over it in his quaint fashion.

"England is full of wealth, of multifarious produce, supply for human want in every kind; yet England is dying of inanition. With unabated bounty the land of England blooms and grows; waving with yellow harvests; thick-studded with workshops, industrial implements, with fifteen millions of workers, understood to be the strongest, the cunningest, and the willingest our Earth ever had; these men are here; the work they have done, the fruit they have realized, is here, abundant, exuberant on every hand of us: and, behold, some baleful fiat as of Enchantment has gone forth, saying, 'Touch it not, ye workers, ye master-workers, ye master-idlers; none of you can touch it, no man of you shall be the better for it; this is enchanted fruit!' On the poor workers such fiat falls first, in its rudest shape; but on the rich master-workers too it falls; neither can the rich master-idlers, nor any richest or highest man escape, but all are like to be brought low with it, and made 'poor' enough, in the money sense or a far fataller one.

. . . . . .

"Descend where you will into the lower class, in town or country, by what avenue you will, by Factory Inquiries, Agricultural Inquiries, by Revenue Returns, by Mining-Laborer Committees, by opening your own eyes and looking, the same sorrowful result discloses itself: you have to admit that the working body of this rich English Nation has sunk or is fast sinking into a state, to which, all sides of it considered, there was literally never any parallel. At Stockport Assizes, — and this too has no reference to the present state of trade, being of date prior to

that, — a Mother and a Father are arraigned and found guilty of poisoning three of their children, to defraud a 'burial-society' of some 3*l.* 8*s.* due on the death of each child: they are arraigned, found guilty; and the official authorities, it is whispered, hint that perhaps the case is not solitary, that perhaps you had better not probe farther into that department of things. This is in the autumn of 1841; the crime itself is of the previous year or season. 'Brutal savages, degraded Irish,' mutters the idle reader of Newspapers; hardly lingering on this incident. Yet it is an incident worth lingering on; the depravity, savagery, and degraded Irishism being never so well admitted. In the British land, a human Mother and Father, of white skin and professing the Christian religion, have done this thing; they, with their Irishism and necessity and savagery, had been driven to do it. Such instances are like the highest mountain apex emerged into view; under which lies a whole mountain region and land, not yet emerged. A human Mother and Father had said to themselves, What shall we do to escape starvation? We are deep sunk here, in our dark cellar; and help is far. — Yes, in the Ugolino Hunger-tower stern things happen; best-loved little Gaddo fallen dead on his Father's knees! — The Stockport Mother and Father think and hint: Our poor little starveling Tom, who cries all day for victuals, who will see only evil and not good in this world: if he were out of misery at once; he well dead, and the rest of us perhaps kept alive? It is thought, and hinted; at last it is done. And now Tom being killed, and all spent and eaten, Is it poor little starveling Jack that must go, or poor little starveling Will? — What a committee of ways and means!

"In starved sieged cities, in the uttermost doomed ruin of old Jerusalem fallen under the wrath of God, it was prophesied and said, 'The hands of the pitiful women have sodden their own children.' The stern Hebrew imagination could conceive no blacker gulf of wretchedness; that was the ultimatum of degraded god-punished man. And we here, in modern England, exuberant with supply of all kinds, besieged by nothing if it be not by invisible Enchantments, are we reaching that? — — How come these things? Wherefore are they, wherefore should they be?

. . . . .

"To whom, then, is this wealth of England wealth? Who is it that it blesses; makes happier, wiser, beautifuller, in any way better? Who has got hold of it, to make it fetch and carry for him, like a true servant, not like a false mock-servant; to do him any real service whatsoever? As yet no one. We have more riches than any Nation ever had before; we have less good of them than any Nation ever had before. Our successful indus-

try is hitherto unsuccessful; a strange success, if we stop here! In the midst of plethoric plenty, the people perish; with gold walls, and full barns, no man feels himself safe or satisfied. Workers, Master Workers, Unworkers, all men, come to a pause; stand fixed, and cannot farther. Fatal paralysis spreading inwards, from the extremities, in St. Ives workhouses, in Stockport cellars, through all limbs, as if towards the heart itself. Have we actually got enchanted, then; accursed by some god?" — *Past and Present*, pp. 1–6.

Let us now look at the condition of France, so far as it shows the effect of the opposite system of law, of the minute subdivision of property, on the general welfare of the people. France is far less wealthy than her rival, though her population is nearly twice as great; her people, also, it will be generally admitted, are less ingenious, less enterprising, less industrious, and no better educated, than the English, so that we might expect to find among them more destitution and suffering than in Great Britain. And before the revolution of 1789, which introduced the new law regulating the succession to property, this was admitted to be the case. Since then, in spite of long and exhausting wars, and frequent revolutions, happiness has been widely diffused among her people, and there is abundant evidence to show that, during the last thirty years, they have made more rapid progress than the inhabitants of any country in Europe towards the general attainment, the broadly extended possession, of all the means of physical comfort and enjoyment. In 1836, the total imports of France were to those of Great Britain but as 36 to 47; the exports of native produce and manufactured goods were as 23 to 53. The annual revenue of real property is estimated in official documents at 63 millions of pounds sterling against 95 millions in Great Britain. There is less wealth, then, and many more mouths to feed; but the wealth is distributed with an astonishing approach to equality, and the general well-being of the people is the consequence.

Two thirds of the population of France, as we have seen, belong to the families of landed proprietors; and if to these we add six millions for the families of 1,200,000 persons who are licensed traders, and of 200,000 more, who have capital vested in the public funds or in mortgages, there remain but six millions, or 1,200,000 male adults, as ordinary laborers, who are dependent entirely on wages. Fourteen

seventeenths of the whole population own property either in land or commerce, the proletaries being but three seventeenths, instead of half of the whole nation, as in Great Britain. France has full employment for this fraction of her population in cultivating the larger landed estates, in manufactures and the arts, and in the ordinary labor required by the cities and larger towns ; so that wages might be expected to increase, as they have done, slowly but steadily, since the opening of the present century. Pauperism certainly exists ; large cities cannot be without it ; intemperance, vice, and disease spread it throughout the community. But the amount of it in the rural districts is very trifling, and the aggregate for the whole kingdom is small indeed, when compared with its frightful prevalence in England. It is estimated that there are about 75,000 absolute mendicants in France. The Bureaus of Charity, in 1833, gave indoor or outdoor relief to less than 700,000 persons, or one in fifty of the whole population, instead of one in eleven, as in England ; the sum distributed to them was £354,000, or one twentieth of the annual cost of English pauperism. Even if we include the charge for the hospitals, in which the government gives medical and surgical relief to all invalid applicants, and of course to many who are not absolutely indigent, the total expense would yet be less than half of the English poor rate. In 1829, M. Villeneuve-Bargemont estimated the number of indigent persons in France at one in 20, and of actual beggars at one in 165, of the whole population ; the former ratio indicates the whole number of poor, only half of whom in any one year may be supposed to need public charity, so that they should be compared with the three millions, one half of whom become public paupers each year in England.

As to the improvement in the condition of the working classes generally, we will cite Mr. McCulloch himself, who on this subject is a most unwilling witness.

" In 1698, Marshal Vauban estimated that, of the total population of France, 1-10th was in a state of mendicancy, and 5 of the remaining 10ths in a condition but little above it. He at the same epoch estimated the wages of the weaver at 12 sous a day, or about 108 francs yearly (excluding fast days, &c.). Arthur Young, 99 years afterwards, found that wages had risen to about 19 sous; but provisions had also increased in price. In 1827, M. Dupin estimated the average gains of an artisan in a town,

and his wife, at 783 francs a year; and in 1832, M. de Morogues estimated their united wages at 800 francs. The condition of the artisans has of late greatly improved. Rye flour, after supplanting buckwheat and oatmeal, has, in its turn, been superseded, in many parts, by wheat; and but for absurd regulations in respect to the cattle trade, there can be no doubt that the consumption of butcher's meat, instead of being diminished, would have been increased. The dress of all classes has been much improved by the more general use of woollens, cottons, &c.; and in most large towns, except those of the south, there is now little externally to distinguish the artisans and their families from the *bourgeoisie*, or lesser trading families. There are considerable differences in the condition and habits of the work-people in the different manufacturing towns; but on the whole, they are, both physically and morally, vastly improved." — McCulloch's *Geographical Dictionary*, Vol. I. p. 933.

In a report in 1839, to the Academy of Moral and Political Sciences, on the physical and moral condition of the manufacturing operatives in France, M. Villermé, who had also carefully inquired into their condition many years before, makes the following statement.

"The work-people ought to know that their misery never has been less than at present; this is proved by documents that show what their condition has been at different periods. On stopping at different places which I had formerly visited, I have been impressed by the sight of the operatives eating better bread, wearing shoes and stockings instead of going barefooted, using shoes of leather in place of wood, and living in houses better lighted, cleaner, more convenient, and better furnished than before; in fine, by finding them in all those places, not certainly as I would have wished to see them, but in a condition less bad than it was twenty or thirty years before. A simple fact leaves no doubt on this point; bread and clothing, the two most essential requisites for their well-being, have never been so cheap as of late years, and still the rate of wages has increased."

These extracts relate to the condition of the working classes in the cities and manufacturing districts, where property is less equally distributed than in the country, and where want and misery most abound. As to the state of the peasantry, we borrow from Mr. Thornton's admirable book a few extracts from the works of recent travellers in France.

"'With a tolerably intimate knowledge,' says Mr. Inglis, 'and

distinct recollection of the lower orders of France, I am inclined to assert that, upon the whole, the French peasantry are the happiest of any country in Europe.' While passing through Languedoc, Inglis particularly remarked the 'very enviable situation' of the laboring class. Upon every estate large enough to require them he found one or more small, separate houses, in each of which two or three farm-servants were accommodated. These people had commonly a garden and a bit of land for Indian corn, and were supplied by their master with as much bacon and wine as they required, besides receiving enough of wages for clothes, &c. A day-laborer received two francs. The people appeared to be well off, and paupers were rare. He did not see one *misérable* between Carcassonne and Toulouse..... Mr. Henry Bulwer remarks that by far the greatest number of indigent is to be found in the northern departments, where land is less divided than elsewhere, and cultivated with larger capitals. Mr. Birkbeck, noticing that on the road from St. Pierre to Moulins, 'the lower classes appeared less comfortable,' found on inquiry that 'few of the peasantry thereabouts were proprietors.' Mr. Le Quesne, who, when asking the causes of the smiling productiveness of Anjou and Touraine, received for answer that the land was divided into small parcels, noticed that the houses of the country people there were remarkable for their neatness, and indicative of the ease and comfort of their possessor." — *Plea for Peasant Proprietors*, pp. 137, 138.

Mr. Birkbeck says : —

"I have inquired, and everybody assures me that agriculture has been *improving rapidly* for the last twenty five years ; that *the riches and comforts of the cultivators of the soil have been doubled* since that period, and that vast improvement has taken place in the condition and character of the common people. On my first landing, I was struck with the respectable appearance of the working class : I see the same marks of comfort and plenty wherever I proceed. *I ask for the wretched peasantry*, of whom I have heard and read so much, but I am always referred to the Revolution ; it seems they vanished then. The laboring class here is certainly much higher on the social scale than with us. Every opportunity of collecting information on this subject confirms my first impression, that there are very few really poor people in France. In England, a poor man and a laborer are synonymous terms; we speak familiarly of *the poor*, meaning *the laboring class;* not so here." * — *Plea*, &c., pp. 140, 141.

* Tour in France, pp. 11 - 22.

We borrow again from Mr. Thornton.

"The glories of the last Revolution, and the glory or the shame of the many subsequent attempts to imitate it, belong not to France, but to Paris, and within the capital and a few more of the principal towns the revolutionary spirit is almost exclusively confined. The French peasant 'is no politician; he leaves it to the inhabitants of cities to settle state affairs. He receives, indeed, with good-will the blessings of political freedom when they are tendered to him, and congratulates himself upon being "*un Français*," but such matters do not occupy his mind, and if the question were whether he should attend a political meeting or a village festival, he would stick a nosegay in his breast, and a ribbon in his hat, and seek the village green.'* The countryman whom Inglis questioned on the subject no doubt spoke the sentiments of his class when he said, that 'all governments were alike to him, so that they kept at peace, and allowed him to live at home.'" — pp. 176, 177.

But we have cited evidence enough for our purpose, which is to show that the frightful amount of pauperism and misery in Great Britain, to which we believe the history of the world affords no parallel, is attributable *solely* to the monstrous inequality of wealth, which has been created, and is directly fostered and increased, by the avowed policy of her laws. We have dwelt chiefly on the *extent*, the relative amount, rather than the *intensity*, of the evil, because individual cases of poverty and destitution can be found everywhere, and these have enabled English writers and legislators to shut their eyes to the terrible distinction of their people in this respect over all the nations of the earth. Even here in Massachusetts, men sometimes die — not of starvation, thank God! — but of diseases induced or exasperated by that form of extreme poverty which loathes the bread that is offered by public or private charity. In France, there are numerous cases of worse destitution than this; but only a crack-brained fanatic or a rabid Parisian revolutionist would dwell upon them as sufficient indications of a widely extended social evil, which required the dissolution of society and the abolition of property before it could be remedied. But what language can be rightly charged with fanatical exaggeration which is used to describe the misery of the social condition of Eng-

* Inglis, Switzerland and South of France, Vol. II. p. 271.

land? The tragedy here is acted on so grand a scale, that single cases attract little notice, and men's hearts are thus hardened by the ever-present sight of suffering and wrong. We have dwelt only on the great features of the evil, — on the misery, not of individuals, nor even of particular towns or districts, but of multitudes counted by millions, — on more than half of all the inhabitants of Ireland, over whom the angel of destruction constantly hangs, as if preparing to strike in mercy, and so end their protracted and agonizing struggle against starvation. We look to the three millions of English paupers, for whom the terrors of workhouse discipline and fare are designedly enhanced, so that they may be reduced to half that number before they apply for public charity, — and to the five millions more, their brethren in all but the last extreme of want, who are as inevitably doomed to hard labor on little more than bread and water, as if they had been convicted criminals. It is in the magnitude of these numbers, in this terrible *preponderance* of misery, that the lover of his race sees reason to doubt whether the preservation of property, as it is now constituted in Great Britain, be not rather a curse than a blessing.

This great social evil lends all its force to the political agitations of the day; chartism and the clamors for repeal of the union are kept alive only by the continual uneasiness and sense of suffering which proceed from this cause, and must endure till a remedy be found either in a revolution or a sweeping alteration of the laws, which would amount to the same thing. The malady is too deeply seated for political nostrums to reach it; electoral reform, annual parliaments, the vote by ballot, or repeal of the union, can do no good, except by the remote and more radical changes to which these may lead the way. Even the abolition of the corn laws is likely only to aggravate the disease, through the inevitable disappointment of the high-wrought hopes which it occasioned. The symptoms are every year becoming worse, as the increase of population is chiefly confined to the poorer classes, and the aggregation of land and capital is constantly going on, through the natural tendency of wealth to accumulate, when confined to a lineal succession; so that the poverty of the multitude is embittered more and more by the heightened contrast with the extreme opulence of the few. The only effectual check will be the abolition of entails and primogeniture,

and the gradual adoption of a principle like the French law of inheritance. That such measures would destroy the aristocracy, there can be no doubt ; but they would save the people. Judging from the experiment already made, in little more than fifty years they would make England what France is now. It is a question not for the nobility, the landed gentry, or the capitalists, but for the nation, to determine, whether such a change be desirable.

We have as yet hardly mentioned Mr. Thornton's book, which is an able and thorough discussion of one branch of our subject. Professing to show only the superior advantages of the system of small farms, that is, of a greater division in the occupancy of land, the facts and arguments which he adduces really tend to a broader conclusion, and prove that it would be still better to divide the ownership of the estate. Mr. Thornton, like Sismondi, Laing the traveller, and John Stuart Mill, has revolted against the authority of Ricardo, Say, and McCulloch, and now boldly advocates opinions which would have been scouted twenty years ago, by all English economists, as utter heresy. In this, as in other matters, English writers on general subjects have been strongly biased, unconsciously perhaps, by a desire to defend the existing state of English institutions ; they have aimed to make the abstract theory of the moral sciences correspond as nearly as possible with the English practice. Thus, Mr. Whewell's inquiry into the general principles of education tends to show nothing so clearly as the excellences of the system pursued at Oxford and Cambridge ; and his Elements of Morality and Polity are an able defence, in part, of the doctrines and discipline of the English Church. So Ricardo's theory of rent was suggested only by the very peculiar situation of landed property in England, Malthus's doctrine of population was an apology for the numbers and miseries of the English poor, and McCulloch endeavours by the aid of their principles to bolster up the English law of inheritance, and gallantly defends primogeniture and entail against the authority even of Adam Smith. The doctrines of free trade, also, are inculcated with increased ardor, from a wish to open the markets of the world to British goods, in the belief that the immense aggregation of capital and lowness of wages in England would enable her manufacturers to defy all competition.

But these insular theories in political economy have begun

to lose credit of late years. Sismondi's and Laing's intimate knowledge of the peculiarities in the social condition and habits of most nations of Continental Europe first suggested a doubt whether they were applicable beyond the limits of British experience, which was soon followed by a distrust of them on the ground of general principles, and by an impeachment of their accuracy as generalizations even of that imperfect experience.

"At length," says Mr. Thornton, "the avowed dissenters from the established creed became numerous enough to constitute a sect. No person, perhaps, is better entitled to be styled its founder than that shrewd annotator on men and things, Mr. Laing, the well-known traveller. Mr. Blacker and Mr. Poulett Scrope also did good service in propagating its doctrines; but its greatest accession of strength was received more recently, when it was joined by a powerful section of the 'fourth estate,' the conductors of the *Morning Chronicle*, and by one whose name must insure respect for any cause which has the advantage of his support, — Mr. John Stuart Mill, — assuredly, whether as a dialectician, or as a political economist, without any living superior." — *Preface*, pp. vi., vii.

The subject chiefly in dispute is one which seems at the first glance to be of very narrow compass and limited interest; but the discussion of it involves most of the fundamental principles of economical science, and is of vast importance to the general welfare of every community. The simple question is, whether the land can be cultivated to greater advantage in small farms or in large ones. This form of the question supposes that the interests of the landholder, of the tenant, and of society at large are identical, or that they will ultimately coincide; that they are identical is one of the fundamental doctrines of the old school of political economy, one of their applications of the *laissez-faire*, or let-alone principle, on which they endeavour to justify all the proceedings of British landholders, however harsh these may seem to the unhappy laborers. If these great proprietors find it for their own interest to pull down cottages, to economize human labor to the utmost extent, to let their lands only in monster farms, from 2,000 to 5,000 acres each, and to have them cultivated by the application of immense capital and machines, and by as few men as possible, Mr. McCulloch and his school cry out, "*Laissez aller!* let them

alone! they are a part of the community, and if they become wealthy, the nation also will be enriched, and poverty will disappear from the land."

Laing and Thornton adduce evidence enough to show that it is for the interest of the proprietor himself that his estate should be portioned out into small farms, as the cultivators of these can obtain a larger product from each acre, and so pay a higher rent. But this is making an unnecessary concession to their opponents; to avoid any assumption on this point, we state the question somewhat differently, and ask whether it is *for the interest of society* that the land should be parcelled out into small holdings, in regard not only to occupation, but to ownership. Will any man be likely to raise so much food on ground which he cultivates for another, as on that which he tills for himself? The large owner may find it for his own advantage to lessen the amount of the product in order to enhance its price, just as the Dutch were accused, at a time when they had the monopoly of the pepper-trade, of burning a portion of what they had imported so as to make larger profits on a smaller quantity. This case is an exact parallel with the one now before us, except that men can do without pepper, while they cannot live without potatoes and wheat. Free trade is an absurdity, when the nature of the case does not allow of free competition. When the land is all occupied or owned, since the quantity or extent of it cannot be increased, its products are raised *under a monopoly*, which causes more to be given for the produce than will repay the expense of cultivation with a living profit. Shall the 85,000 landlords who monopolize all the land of Great Britain and Ireland be permitted to burn half of the crops which they raise, because they can thus make a greater *net* profit for themselves out of the remainder, though meanwhile eight millions of their fellow-countrymen are in danger of starvation? This is what the Duchess of Sutherland did when she depopulated a whole county out of her vast estates in Scotland, driving off the ancient tenantry to starve, and turning their farms into sheep-pastures. The gross product of the land, reckoned as food for man, was thus diminished, not to one half, but probably to one fifth, of its former amount. But how did this concern the noble proprietor? As two or three shepherds can take care of many thousand sheep, and no

other outlay than their wages is needed, the gross product was nearly all net profit, and the actual income of her Grace, which was supposed to be a million of dollars annually, was considerably increased. This is what the English and Irish landlords have been doing for the last century, and it is the policy which they are following at this moment, — consolidating their farms, expelling the tenantry, and thus lessening the amount of food for the country, but obtaining higher rents for themselves. Yet Mr. McCulloch and his school affirm that the interest of the landlord always coincides with that of the community at large!

To the landed gentry of England, who use this plea, and insist upon their rights of property, may be addressed the sharp rebuke which Sidney Smith gave, many years ago, to British slaveholders in the West Indies, and to the philanthropists who were so busy in putting an end to the foreign slave-trade while they neglected their own oppressed and starving countrymen.

"'We cannot leave you to yourselves upon these points,' says the English government; 'the wealth of the planter and the commercial prosperity of the island are not the only points to be looked to. We must look to the general rights of humanity, and see that they are not outraged in the case of the poor slave. It is impossible we can be satisfied, till we know that he is placed in a state of progress and amelioration.' How beautiful is all this! and how wise, how humane and affecting, are our efforts throughout Europe to put an end to the slave-trade! Wherever three or four negotiators are gathered together, an English diplomate appears among them, with some article of kindness and pity for the poor negro. All is mercy and compassion, except when wretched Ireland is concerned."

Will any man in his senses maintain that the condition of at least four millions of Irish and three millions of English poor would not be vastly improved, that they would not be better fed, better clothed, better lodged, and better taught, if they could be made to change places with the slaves in our own Southern States? Is the conduct of English and Irish landlords, who have driven off thousands of their tenants to emigrate or starve, at all more defensible than was that of the former slaveholders in the British West Indies? During the last year, we have received into this country at least 200,000 squalid and diseased emigrants from Great

Britain and Ireland, who have brought a pestilence into our seaports, and are now crowding our almshouses and hospitals: — will England consent to receive and maintain as many negroes from Virginia and Carolina, if we will emancipate them, and land them upon her shores, fat, shining, and in good condition? Yet a large number of the dissenting ministers of Ireland, with the awful pictures of Irish destitution and famine constantly before their eyes, have recently been much exercised in conscience on account of the two and a half millions of slaves now living in brutal and lazy contentment in our Southern States, and have addressed a plaintive and affecting remonstrance on the subject to their brethren here in New England, who have about as much to do with these slaves as with the English House of Lords! We are no apologists for slavery, nor for any form of civil oppression; but there is something more hideous and revolting in the present irretrievable helotism of the working classes in Great Britain, in the barbarous exercise of the power of the land-owners, than in the worst forms of political servitude that are recorded in history.

But this is a digression; we come back to the subject of the aggregation of landed estates and the proper size of farms. It may be said that the abolition of the corn laws has broken up the monopoly of the land-owners; so it has to this extent, that they cannot raise the price of food beyond the cost of importing it from other countries. But the charges of transportation and the profits of the importer must still be added to the price, and as the risk is great in dealing in corn, from its rapid and immense fluctuations in value, this enhancement of price must be considerable. Wheat which can be obtained for 45*s.* in Poland and Galicia is 50*s.* a quarter in Dantzic, and must sell for 56*s.* in London; the cost to the consumer, therefore, is one fourth greater than if it were raised at home, and to this extent the monopoly of the land-owners still operates. The home supply in ordinary years being sufficient for the national consumption, a very moderate increase of that supply would cause the price to fall to 45*s.* in England. If 11 bushels were raised where only 10 grew before, there would be this diminution of price. But it is not the interest of the land-owner that the price should fall, as the 10 quarters at 56*s.* would give him 28*l.*, while 11 at 45*s.* would amount only

to 24*l.* 15*s.* The difference between these sums is the profit which he makes out of the hunger and misery of one half of the population ; it is the inducement for him to change arable lands into sheep-pastures, to drive off his tenantry, and consolidate his farms. To this extent, he is still in the situation of the Dutch merchant who burnt his pepper.

But is it possible thus to increase the gross product by the introduction of the system of small farms ? In the isle of Guernsey, the average size of farms is a little over 11 acres, the agricultural population is thrice as dense as in England, and the average wheat crop is at least 32 bushels to an acre, while the average English crop — with all the advantages arising from the application of immense capital, scientific husbandry, and agricultural machines, on which Mr. McCulloch lays so much stress — is but 21 bushels. An English cultivator with his family consumes one fifth of the product which he raises ; then, if there were three cultivators where there is now but one, and if their united exertions should make the crop only two fifths greater than it was before, there would still be as great a surplus to send to market as before, though the number of families supported by the land is three times as great. And this is the case in Guernsey, where the average crop exceeds what it is in England by more than two fifths.

There is abundant testimony that the small allotments of land, from one eighth to one fourth of an acre in size, which the laborers in some English parishes are still permitted to hire, and to which only those hours are given by himself and his family which would be otherwise unoccupied, yield more largely than highly cultivated farms. Tilled only by the spade, abundantly manured, weeded and watched with minute care, these patches of land produce enormous crops, while the moral effect which they have on the laborer is very happy. In Saffron Walden, Essex, where the experiment was commenced in 1830 of parcelling out some land in this manner, the effect on the habits and comfort of the laborers was most beneficial, and the cost of supporting the parish poor was greatly diminished. The Commissioners on the Poor Laws, in 1833, obtained this testimony as to the result of the experiment : —

" In November of the year 1830, in which the system commenced, when fires and riots were prevalent in many of the

adjoining parishes, this altogether escaped the infection. There are now 138 allotments, of from 20 to 40 rods each, and it may be considered that each of their occupiers is a special constable, ready to protect public order in moments of difficulty, because he has an interest in maintaining it. *The produce has infinitely exceeded that of farming lands.* The profit of the laborer on each allotment, after charging rent and seed, may very reasonably be calculated at 3*l.* [from 12*l.* to 24*l.* an acre], making 414*l.* in all. Thus there is a constant creation of capital which would not otherwise have existed. The attachment of the laborers to their small occupations is increasing. Many spend their hours of leisure, and sometimes a whole day, there. *They have now something they may call their own. Since the abolition of small farms, it has been observed that there is nothing between* 10*s. a week and a large occupation; and a familiar metaphor has been used, that all the intermediate staves on the ladder have been removed.*"

The following, from Mr. Thornton's former work, on Over-Population, is taken from the evidence given in 1843 before the Committee on Allotments of Land.

"300 bushels of potatoes per acre are commonly considered a very good crop; but a cottager will obtain at least 100 bushels from one fourth of an acre, besides turnips and cabbages enough to pay his rent. 8 quarters of wheat would be thought a very large quantity for a farmer to get from an acre, but 14 quarters an acre have been got from land dug with the spade. The average profit derived from cottage allotments is at the rate of 20*l.* an acre, and an instance has occurred of a man growing a crop worth 5*l.* on the eighth part of an acre of very indifferent land."

But why multiply evidence, when a single fact, mentioned by Mr. Thornton, suffices to answer the question? "A Flemish farmer of six acres of moderate land obtains from two acres and a half as much grain, potatoes, butter, pork, and milk, as are required for the consumption of himself, his wife and three children, and sells the produce of the remaining three acres and a half." Take the extreme case, then, the most destitute and miserable population in all Europe, that of unhappy Ireland. There are less than 1,500,000 families in the island, and nearly fourteen millions of acres of cultivated land of greater natural fertility than that in the Netherlands. Parcelled out into estates of six acres each, this land would support 2,300,000 families engaged exclusively

in agriculture, and at least 3,000,000 of other families in trade and other occupations ; that is, it would furnish an abundance for a population exceeding twenty-six millions, instead of maintaining with difficulty, as it now does, less than a third part of that number. Abolish rent there to-morrow, declare that every agricultural laborer shall be the owner of as much land as he and his family can cultivate with their own hands, and from being the most wretched and famine-stricken nation in the world, they would at once become as prosperous and easy in their circumstances as the people of our own republic, whither they are now flocking for a refuge from starvation. The only losers by this operation would be some 20,000 wealthy proprietors, one third of whom are residents in England, and do not visit their Irish estates once a year ; the gainers by it would be six millions of unhappy beings, who are now starving in the midst of plenty, — whose labor produces the whole yearly value of Ireland, while scores of them are daily perishing of hunger and fever in the midst of that abundance which their own hands have created. Well may we ask the landholders, as Carlyle does, "Infatuated mortals, into what questions are you driving every thinking man in England ?"

The idea of a general confiscation and re-partition of the land is a rude shock to our notions of the sacredness of property. Yet two centuries have not elapsed since nine tenths of all the real estate in Ireland was forcibly taken from its ancient proprietors without an equivalent, and divided among those of whom the present holders are the descendants. The famished, half-savage proletaries, who now form the bulk of the Irish population, are the children of the former owners of the soil. Persecuted solely for their attachment to their ancient monarch and their ancient religion, they were driven out *en masse* from their homes in the northern province to starve among the mountains and bogs of the west and south. Would it be robbery or restitution, then, to give back to this people the land of their fathers ? Here is the secret of the continued agitation of this wretched country ; the cry for repeal of the union means nothing but confiscation of the English estates in Ireland, and is kept alive only by the intolerable burden of poverty and hunger which rests upon the people. We have no sympathy with such wretched agitators and demagogues

as O'Brien, Mitchell, and Meagher, who seek only their own aggrandizement in their vociferations about the wrongs of the people; they are guilty of intentional deceit, when they hold up a merely political measure, a political separation from England, as the sufficient remedy for Irish destitution. Neither would we advocate so violent a course as the general confiscation here spoken of; for the shock occasioned by an agrarian division would probably plunge the people into barbarism irretrievable for a century to come. But a plain statement of the whole merits of the case was necessary to refute the absurd clamor of the landholders about the rights of property, raised whenever a measure is proposed sufficiently broad to cover the enormous extent of the present evil.

The discussion has far exceeded our limits, and we must stop here, though with the hope of recurring to the subject in a future number. We need not apologize to our readers for the repeated consideration of a theme which seems at first sight to be interesting only to British subjects; its bearings upon many of the great questions in civil polity and political economy are so numerous and important, that it deserves attention and study everywhere, and especially among those who live under a free government and enjoy a widely extended national prosperity. Those who seek a thorough knowledge of the subject will find a skilful guide in Mr. Thornton, who in the volume now before us has well sustained the reputation he acquired by his former work on Over-Population and its Remedy, the most complete, dispassionate, and satisfactory view that we have yet seen of the social condition of the English and Irish people.

ART. V. — *A Treatise on the Law of Copyright in Books, Dramatic and Musical Compositions, Letters and other Manuscripts, Engravings and Sculpture, as enacted and administered in England and America, with some Notices of the History of Literary Property.* By GEORGE TICKNOR CURTIS, Counsellor at Law. Boston: Little & Brown. 1847. 8vo. pp. 450.

THE notion of literary property, as it is now entertained, belongs to the peculiar form of modern civilization. An ancient writer would as soon have thought of monopolizing sound, and putting speech itself into a private inclosure, as of securing a permanent and lucrative possession of the creations of his brain. It is true that a momentary property, if we may call it so, was enjoyed by the oldest bards, in their songs; but the enjoyment of any benefit from it was secured only by the personal presence of the singer. The minstrels of the time of Homer, and the rhapsodists who succeeded them, made a precarious living by travelling over Ionia and Greece, and entertaining the assemblies of their countrymen with narrative ballads celebrating the deeds of their forefathers. But the sweet song which the Muse gave to the blind old bard in requital for the loss of his sight was no commodity to be disposed of in the market. Delighted audiences hung entranced upon his inspired lips, and a place of honor was assigned him at the festivals. Good cheer, in full measure and running over, was his at the hospitable boards of kings and princes; perhaps he was better off in this respect than some of his modern brethren of the craft, with all the advantages of copyright conferred upon them by the law.

A more definite and tangible gain was secured by the lyric poets of Pindar's age. The extravagantly overestimated glories of the victors in the national games created an immense demand for the works of the genius that could sing them in befitting strains. Surely never since have runners, racers, boxers, and pancratists been honored with such lavish and brilliant displays of poetic ornament and imagery, as in the immortal Odes of Pindar; and the princely rivals for the wreath of pine or parsley, the splendid rulers of Syracuse, or Gela, or Cyrene, showed their sense of the value

of the poet's numbers by such substantial acknowledgments as few receive in these degenerate days. "A mere song" was a phrase of quite different import at the court of Hiero or Arcesilaus from that which it bears in the present usage. The Attic tragedians may have received something from the *theoric* treasury for their works, but that is doubtful; the glory of a tragic victory was enough to stimulate the highest genius to the utmost tension of its powers. The rhetoricians and sophists, however, were a money-making race. The former wrote speeches for litigating parties, who could not write them for themselves; and the latter travelled from city to city, like the itinerant lecturers of the present age; and of both classes many were successful in accumulating large fortunes by their literary labors. Isocrates and Gorgias were wiser in their generation than the children of light.

That books were a common article of trade in Athens, at a very early period, there can be but little doubt; and that a thriving business was driven by the bibliopoles of that busy city is equally probable. The bookseller and the copyist, — the *βιβλιοπώλης*, and the *βιβλιογράφος*, — and private and public libraries, in Athens, and other cities of the Grecian world, bear ample witness that the bookmaking business was not among the smallest or most insignificant of the trades that were plied in the Hellenic states. The story of the Homeric poems in the age of Pisistratus proves at least that public collections under the patronage of governments go back to a very remote period; while the literary treasures accumulated at Alexandria imply an extensive and organized industry in the production, multiplication, and distribution of works in every branch of literature, science, and criticism. But what rewards the authors received, what rights of property they enjoyed beyond the ownership of the original autograph copy, we have no means of ascertaining.

At Rome, large libraries, both of Greek and Roman literature, were collected certainly as early as the time of Cicero, — probably earlier. What an eager purchaser of books the great orator himself was is exhibited in the most interesting light by his correspondence with the placid and accomplished Atticus. The learned slave whom he employed in transcribing his own works and those of his favorite authors was the companion of his literary hours and the sharer of his posthumous renown. That he and other illus-

trious Romans understood the luxuries of the library, and relished them with a keenness that would not discredit modern scholarship and taste, is proved by many precious passages, especially in his letters and his philosophical dialogues. In the third book *De Finibus Bonorum et Malorum*, this pleasant description occurs.

"Nam, in Tusculano quum essem, vellemque e bibliotheca pueri Luculli quibusdam libris uti, veni in ejus villam, ut eos ipse, ut solebam, inde promerem. Quo quum venissem, M. Catonem, quem ibi esse nescieram, vidi in bibliotheca sedentem, multis circumfusum Stoicorum libris. Erat enim, ut scis, in eo inexhausta aviditas legendi, nec satiari poterat; quippe qui ne reprehensionem quidem vulgi inanem reformidans, in ipsa curia soleret legere sæpe, dum Senatus cogeretur, nihil operæ reipublicæ detrahens; quo magis tum in summo otio, maximaque copia quasi helluari libris, si hoc verbo in tam clara re utendum est, videbatur."

That bookselling was an extensive business a little later at Rome, many passages in the classical writers of the age of Augustus and afterwards clearly prove. The names of booksellers, — the brothers Sosii, mentioned more than once by Horace, — Pollius and Secundus, and Tryphon, to whom Quintilian inscribes his work, — the designations of the quarters of the city where the trade was carried on, — the portico near Vertumnus and Janus, the Vicus Sandaliarius, and the Argiletum, which were full of booksellers' shops, with their columns covered over with advertisements and titles of new and old works, to attract the buyers as they strolled idly through the streets, — bring up to our minds a series of scenes so like what we behold in the thoroughfares of our modern towns, that we feel strangely familiar and at home among them.

> "Contra Cæsaris est forum taberna,
> Scriptis portibus hinc et inde totis,
> Omnes ut cito perlegas poetas."

And that the copyists, the bookbinders, and the booksellers did not absorb all the pecuniary gains, we may infer from what Horace, Martial, and other men of letters, occasionally hint. Plautus and Terence, among the more ancient poets, received money for their comedies from the magistrates. Pliny the elder was offered the enormous sum of 400,000 sesterces for a work of his, as he himself states. Horace talks about the

paupertas audax, the audacious poverty that drove him to making verses, though at a later period, when he had risen into the ethereal region of court favor, he became so fastidious, that he would not expose his books to be thumbed by the vulgar, or recite them to please the loungers of the forum and the baths.

> "Nulla taberna meos habeat, neque pila, libellos,
> Queis manus insudet vulgi, Hermogenisque Tigellî;
> Nec recitem cuiquam, nisi amicis, idque coactus,
> Non ubivis, coramve quibuslibet."

Martial, who seems to have been in want of cash nearly all the time, — another coincidence with modern manners, and an almost universal law of the *genus irritabile*, — complains of the smallness of his profits, though his works were the delight of distant nations.

> "Dicitur et nostros cantare Britannia versus;
> Quid prodest? *nescit sacculus ista meus.*"

How the idea of an international copyright would have cheered the poet's heart with prophetic visions of coming coin in that painfully vacant *sacculus*, — the empty pocket, abhorred of gods and men! We cannot help sympathizing with the troubles he hints at in the last epigram of the Eleventh Book, by way of excusing haste.

> "Quamvis tam longo possis satur esse libello,
> Lector; adhuc a me disticha pauca petis;
> *Sed Lupus usuram, puerique diaria poscunt;*
> *Lector, solve;* taces, dissimulasque? vale."

How many poor authors are guilty of unconscious plagiarism, as they repeat the earnest prayer of the Roman epigrammatist, — that the reader would pay! — the interest on a note is due, the household calls for its daily bread!

At the period to which these passages refer, the writers doubtless received money from the booksellers, in proportion to their popularity and the demand for their works. Martial laughs at a lawyer who had a weakness for writing *nullos referentia nummos carmina;* — a warning to all gentlemen of that profession to let the Muses alone and mind their own business. Notwithstanding these intimations of the extent to which bookmaking and the trades connected with literature were carried, and the idea of property connected with the fact of authorship, we believe there is no indication, either in Greek or Roman law, that the protection of this important

interest ever attracted the legislator's attention for a moment. Not a provision for the benefit of authors occurs in the innumerable enactments for the security of every other species of property, in the successive ages of Greek and Roman jurisprudence. The author took his manuscript to the bibliopole, sold it for what he could get, — just as Dr. Johnson sold poor Goldsmith's Vicar of Wakefield, — and that was the last he heard from it, except through the unsatisfying notes of the trump of fame. In fact, though the writing and manufacturing of books occupied many hands, through the classical and mediæval ages, yet literary property — the right of an author in his works after the autograph copy had once passed out of his possession — cannot be said to have had any existence at all, until the invention and general introduction of the art of printing wholly changed the relation in which the author stood to the community, and extended the multiplication of copies beyond the conceptions of former ages. By the aid of this simple but wonderful mechanism, the able writer became invested with a power over the world of thought, which he could wield with the force, and almost with the speed, of lightning. But it was long before the miraculous agencies of this lever of modern civilization were fully revealed, — still longer before they were brought into unrestricted play, if, indeed, the time has yet arrived. Governments at first monopolized its use, and kindly guarded their people from the dangers which were to be apprehended from such a motive power. But by degrees the application of this method of multiplying books was graciously enlarged by admitting certain licensed persons and companies, under pretty stringent conditions, to a moderate share of the business; and so it went forward, slowly but surely, until the printing-press has become the ruling power of the world, and the interests of literature by its aid have taken their place among the most important economical, intellectual, moral, and political interests of modern times. The rights of authors now occupy the attention of national legislatures and the diplomatic representatives of states. The property of writers in the products of their own brains has been as clearly recognized, though not as completely secured, as the rights of property in other and more tangible forms. Questions pertaining to this subject and growing out of conflicting claims come, like other questions about the rights of property, before our courts of

law; and the relation of author and public, of producer and purchaser, seems likely, through the joint agency of legislation and judicial interpretation, to be finally adjusted on a permanent and satisfactory basis.

So far as we know, there is in our language no work upon Literary Property so complete and satisfactory as this treatise by Mr. Curtis. In the present notice we have barely space to give a general account of its interesting contents, without entering into any extended discussion of the numerous and important topics and principles which are handled in its pages. The literary merits of the book are of a very high order. It is written with remarkable clearness and purity of style, and is free from any attempts at rhetorical embellishment, which would be out of keeping with the proper treatment of the subject. The author has also equally avoided the dry and merely technical manner which a majority of the writers upon subjects related to the law seem to consider it a matter of professional etiquette to adopt. Apart from the interest which every man of letters may be supposed to feel in a discussion of copyright, he will find in Mr. Curtis's volume ample gratification for literary taste. In the course of the work, many curious and valuable details of literary history are introduced, and the notes are enriched with copious illustrations, drawn from biographies, criticisms, and judicial decisions bearing upon the general course of the argument, and of high importance in a literary as well as a scientific point of view. In this way the book combines a great amount and variety of information communicated in the most agreeable manner, which the reader can find collected nowhere else, and which every man occupied with intellectual pursuits should have in his possession.

It will be seen, however, that the discussion is not limited to literature. Music, Engraving, and Sculpture, the property in which has been regulated by the same general principles, receive the author's attention in a just proportion. The literary part of the subject, however, has the most comprehensive application, and involves the largest interests; for in every country, the makers of books will outnumber the artists, and the books themselves must ever be of more vital consequence to the moral and intellectual welfare of the people than machines, engravings, music, or even pictures and statues. A great number of subordinate topics are also treated of, but in

the cursory notice which is all that we can at present give of the work, they must be passed by.

The division and distribution of the subject are carefully made, so that whoever reads with ordinary attention may easily grasp the whole discussion. In the introduction, Mr. Curtis treats of the rights of authors, theoretically considered, deducing them from the principles of natural right, which lie at the foundation of every other species of property. He admits, however, that this theory leads directly and inevitably to the conclusion, that the author is entitled to the property of his works in perpetuity; and he justifies the limitation of this right in the legislation of most countries, by regarding it as a compromise between the abstract justice of the case and the convenience and interests of society. This view seems to be logically correct, and does substantial justice to every party.

There are, we think, some peculiarities in literary property, which distinguish it broadly from every other species of possession, and which further justify society for this exercise of its controlling power, — a control undoubtedly reaching beyond that to which other things are subjected. Though property may be said to have some foundation in nature, the *extent* of the right, if not as to duration of time, yet in the mode and limits of its enjoyment, is determined in all civilized societies by positive law. The value of rights of property may be seriously affected in consequence of the legislative measures which are called for by the general good; and some portions of property may be actually taken away from the individual owner by the same overruling policy that consults the greatest good of the greatest number. The material property, for instance, of one town may be seriously impaired by opening a new road, which shall double the wealth of another, if, in the opinion of the legislature, the road be required by the convenience of the public. This does not interfere, in one sense, with the perpetuity of property; but if a landholder's rental is diminished by one half, the difference to him is not very important, whether the effect is brought about in this indirect manner, or by actually depriving him of one half of his broad acres. Now what we mean to say is, that literary property, besides being to a peculiar degree, and beyond every other species of property, — except fancy stocks, — the creature of civilized society, has, what other property has not,

the capacity of instantaneous and indefinite expansion, and the protection of it in this line of its direction is a compensation for the curtailment of its extent in the line of time. Literary property, moreover, is incapable of the minute subdivision by which nearly every other species may be distributed. The copyright of a book cannot be divided like a farm, and the portions held in severalty, wholly independent of each other. The connection between the Siamese twins is not more vital than that between all the individual interests of a copyright. A species of property so intense in its vitality, if the expression may be allowed, cannot be maintained in perpetual life. The attempt to give it this species of immortality would be, not merely inconvenient, but vain. It is a species of monopoly which inevitably terminates for want of the power, and we may therefore add of the right, to enforce it. Sacred as the right of property is, the indefinite accumulation of it in undistributable masses, to which a perpetual copyright would tend, or in multiplying masses to be held in common by combinations of individuals, cannot safely become the policy of a well-ordered state, because this necessary form would combine all the attributes of a joint-stock company, with the power of indefinite expansion, and of a monopoly, with indefinite duration. We come, therefore, to the conclusion, that the essential nature of literary property, no less than a just regard to the convenience and interest of society, demands that it terminate at some definite period of time, and sustains the ground assumed by the nations in legislating upon this subject.

The lucid discussion of this question is followed by a very interesting history of literary property, in the jurisprudence of England and America. The next chapter is occupied with a most intelligible description of the subjects of literary property, before and after publication, under the several heads of manuscripts, letters, lectures, dramatic compositions, and the like, together with the rules, principles, and decisions of law applicable to each. The right of property in lectures is of particular consequence at present, since this ancient mode of conveying instruction has been revived to so remarkable a degree within the last few years. A custom has grown up, particularly in New York, of publishing in the newspapers *verbatim* reports, so called, of whole courses of lectures, delivered by eminent literary and scientific men. Mr. Agassiz, and Dr.

Nichol have been both complimented and injured in this way; for such a proceeding is as much a violation of the rights of property, unless sanctioned by the lecturer, as the act of printing a copyrighted book. Upon this subject we quote the following passage.

"In the United States, the right of property in lectures depends upon the general principles of the common law, and the statute which protects the owner of manuscripts.

"In relation to a lecture purely oral, of which the speaker has no manuscript, or any other writing which is such in its nature, as that, coupled with what is delivered orally, it may be taken that he has substantially a written composition, the common law has not gone the length of saying that he can, on the footing of property, have a remedy for an unauthorized publication. A written composition has been hitherto held to be the subject of literary property; concerning which the court must be satisfied that the publication complained of is an invasion of a written work, and this can only be done by comparing the composition with the piracy.

"But it does not follow that because the information communicated by a lecturer is not committed to writing, but orally delivered, it is therefore within the power of any person who hears it to publish it. When persons are admitted, as pupils or otherwise, to hear public lectures, it is upon the implied confidence and contract that they will not use any means to injure or to take away the exclusive right of the lecturer in his own lectures. The hearer may take notes for purposes of his own information, but he may not publish them for profit.

"Accordingly, if a person attending such lectures undertakes to publish them, or furnishes another person with the means of publishing them, a court of equity will restrain such a publication, as a violation of trust and confidence, founded in contract, or implied from circumstances.

"Where a lecture has been reduced to writing, either wholly or substantially, the author has a right of property in it as a literary composition, in the same manner as in the case of other manuscripts. The admission of persons to hear such a lecture affords no presumption that the speaker intends to give them a right to publish the information which they may acquire. But when a court of equity is called upon to restrain a publication, on the ground that it is a piracy of a composition in writing, the writing must be produced.

"The act of Congress, 3d February, 1831, § 9, gives an action on the case against any person who shall print or publish any

manuscript whatever without the consent of the author or proprietor, and empowers the courts of the United States to grant injunctions according to the principles of equity, to restrain such publication. The remedy thus afforded would, without doubt, extend to the case of any lecture, of which the author could produce notes, showing that he had substantially reduced the same to writing." — pp. 101 – 103.

The third chapter shows what persons are entitled to the protection of the statutes, and the fourth relates to the character of the works claiming the protection of the law. In this portion of the work, many curious particulars are given of the exercise of individual discretion, and the influence of particular opinions upon the legal decisions of English judges. The following passage is amusing and instructive.

"*Works injurious to religion.* With regard to publications supposed to be of this character, the adjudged cases have not proceeded upon very satisfactory doctrines. The general principle upon which they proceed is the same as that which denies protection to a work injurious to public morals.

"In 1822, an application was made to Lord Eldon for an injunction to restrain a piratical edition of Lord Byron's Cain. The injunction was refused, upon the ground of a doubt, whether the poem was not intended to vilify and bring into discredit that portion of Scripture history to which it relates. His Lordship read the poem, and refused the injunction until the counsel for the plaintiff should show him that an action could be maintained at law. With great submission, I am obliged to differ from the reasoning employed by his Lordship in this case. Without entering into the question of criticism raised by comparing the poem with Paradise Lost, — upon which a great critic and poet held a very different opinion from that expressed by Lord Eldon, — and admitting that an injunction before a trial at law should not be granted in a palpable case of malicious attack upon the Scriptures or the doctrines of revealed religion, it is yet quite too strict to say, that, because a poem admits of a suspicion of improper intentions, the author's copyright is not to be protected until he has purged himself of that suspicion. The boldness and license of poetry admit of a latitude which would not be allowed in didactic prose; and where the line is to be drawn closely, the court may not only mistake the tendency and intention of the work, but may, as Lord Eldon did on this occasion, apply its own views of doctrinal subjects to determine the innocence of the author's intention, instead of judging it by that broad, liberal, and catholic spirit in which the intent of all poetry

is to be judged. If canons of criticism are to be applied in this manner, and a publication, which falls under the doubts engendered by such criticism, is to be refused protection in the first instance, there can be no safe literary property in the higher works of imagination, which deal with such subjects as man's future destiny or the events of Scripture history; for the refusal of a court of equity to grant an injunction in such cases would be only a signal to invite more piracies than the courts of law could check. It would be a far more sound rule, to hold that unless a malicious intent or mischievous tendency be apparent on its face, every work is *primâ facie* entitled to protection, until the bad intent and tendency are established by those who rely upon them.

"In another case, Lord Eldon refused to continue an injunction to restrain a pirated edition of certain lectures delivered by Mr. Lawrence at the College of Surgeons, on 'Physiology, Zoölogy, and the Natural History of Man.' He doubted whether many particular parts of the work did not lead to a disbelief in the immortality of the soul, — one of the doctrines of the Scriptures. He therefore dissolved the injunction, and left the plaintiff to bring an action at law. In this case, his Lordship said that 'he was bound to look, not only to the tenor, but also *to particular passages unconnected with the general tenor; for if there were any parts of it which denied the truth of Scripture*, or which furnished a doubt as to whether a court of law would not decide that they had denied the truth of Scripture, he was bound to look at them and decide accordingly.'

"If this is to be regarded as the statement of a rule by which to determine the validity of a copyright, it is quite unsound. It seems, however, to be only a statement of the rule that should govern a court of equity, in determining whether an injunction shall be granted before the right of property has been established at law. But even in this view, the doctrine is not satisfactory; and in announcing it, Lord Eldon is inconsistent with himself. In the previous case, in refusing an injunction to protect Lord Byron's Cain, he had said of Paradise Lost, that there are undoubtedly a great many passages in it, of which, if the promotion of Christianity were not its object, it would be very improper by law to vindicate the publication; but that, *taking it altogether*, it is clear that the object and effect were not to bring into discredit, but to promote the reverence of our religion. Here, his Lordship assumed as the criterion the general tenor of the work; and it is not very apparent why the same rule should not have been applied to Dr. Lawrence's Lectures. In the one case, the good general object of the work excuses from censure the passa-

ges which would be otherwise inexcusable. In the other case, the alleged bad character of certain detached portions, it is said, renders the general tenor of the work wholly immaterial." — pp. 150 – 155.

The very important topic of the originality necessary to a valid copyright is ably examined in the next chapter. The lines are drawn with as much precision as the somewhat indefinite nature of the subject will admit; the rights of compilers and translators in the works upon which their labors have been expended are very clearly set forth. Mr. Curtis next explains the statute requisites for a valid copyright in the United States and Great Britain, and gives a history of the legislation of the two countries upon the duration of copyright. The present state of the law is, upon the whole, quite satisfactory. In England, the author's property continues through his life, however protracted, and to his heirs for seven years after his death; and if the term of seven years expires before the end of forty-two years from the first publication, the copyright is secured for the whole period of forty-two years, so that, in any event, the property is protected for that length of time, and for a greater one according to the life of the author. In the United States, the act of Congress of 1831 secures the property of a copyright for the term of twenty-eight years, with the right of renewal for an additional period of fourteen years, so that the period of forty-two years is the legal duration of copyrighted property in this country, irrespective of the life of the author.

From the very important chapter on "Transmission of Copyright and other Incidents of Literary Property," we copy the following paragraphs.

"In the United States, in a case where a publisher agreed with an author, that the latter should prepare a certain book for the press, and the publisher engaged to pay the author a certain sum 'for the copyright of the said book,' it was held, that the resulting term, under the statute, did not pass to the publisher, and that the word 'copyright' embraced only the term then capable of being secured, which at the time of the contract constituted the copyright of the book.

"In like manner, the question may arise, whether a general assignment of copyright, by the author, will deprive his representatives of the additional term of fourteen years, given by the act of Congress of 3d February, 1831, § 2; or whether the

author himself has any power over this additional term, so far as the interests of his representatives are concerned. The statute provides that the author, if living at the expiration of the first term of twenty-eight years, shall have a further term of fourteen years, on making a new entry for that purpose. This contingent interest the author may undoubtedly assign. But if the author is not living at the end of the first term, the additional term vests in his widow and child, or children, living at the time. It is not easy to see how the author can dispose of this interest. It is not created for him, but for his family; it vests only in case of his death; and the policy of the statute, it seems to me, has removed it from his control." — pp. 234, 235.

The ninth chapter, one of the longest and ablest in the book, is devoted to a consideration of all the modes by which a copyright may be infringed. We have been particularly struck with the author's reasoning against the English doctrine, that a *bonâ fide* abridgment is no violation of copyright, — a doctrine in the highest degree absurd to the uninstructed common-sense of a layman. "If the law supposes *that*," said Mr. Bumble, speaking of the presumption, "in the eye of the law," that Mrs. Bumble acted under the direction of her husband, "the law is an ass, — an idiot. If that 's the eye of the law, the law is a bachelor; and the worst I wish the law is, that his eye may be opened by experience, — by experience." If an abridgment, in the eye of the law, is no piracy, — then the law is not an author; and the worst we wish the law is, that his eye may be opened by abridgment, — by abridgment. It appears to us that Mr. Curtis has completely disposed of this doctrine; his argument is unanswerable.

The concluding chapter explains the legal remedy for the infringement of copyright. In this country, the jurisdiction of the United States courts, in cases of copyright, was established by the statute of 1819, conferring upon them "the original cognizance, as well in equity as at law, of all actions, suits, controversies, and cases, arising under any law of the United States granting or confirming to authors or inventors the exclusive right to their respective writings, inventions, and discoveries." The Appendix to Mr. Curtis's book contains the English and American statutes, and some other documents, pertaining to the subject of patents and copyrights.

ART. VI. — 1. *A Manual of the Botany of the Northern United States, from New England to Wisconsin, and South to Ohio and Pennsylvania, inclusive, (the Mosses and Liverworts by* WM. S. SULLIVANT,*) arranged according to the Natural System; with an Introduction, containing a Reduction of the Genera to the Linnæan Artificial Classes and Orders, Outlines of the Elements of Botany, a Glossary, &c.* By ASA GRAY, M. D. Fisher Professor of Natural History in Harvard University. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 710.

2. *Genera Floræ Americæ Boreali-Orientalis illustrata: The Genera of the Plants of the United States illustrated by Figures and Analyses from Nature.* By ISAAC SPRAGUE, Memb. Bost. Nat. Hist. Soc. Superintended and with Descriptions, &c., by ASA GRAY, M. D. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1848. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 230. Plates 1 – 100.

3. *A Flora of North America: containing Abridged Descriptions of all the known Indigenous and Naturalized Plants growing North of Mexico; arranged according to the Natural System.* By JOHN TORREY, M. D., F. L. S., and ASA GRAY, M. D. New York: Wiley & Putnam. Vol. I. 1838 – 40. 8vo. pp. 711, and Vol. II. 1841 – 43, Parts 1, 2, 3. pp. 504.

4. *The Botanical Text-Book, for Colleges, Schools, and Private Students: comprising, — Part I. An Introduction to Structural and Physiological Botany. Part II. The Principles of Systematic Botany; with an Account of the Chief Natural Families of the Vegetable Kingdom, and Notices of the Principal Useful Plants.* Second Edition. Illustrated with more than a thousand Engravings on Wood. By ASA GRAY, M. D. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1845. 12mo. pp. 509.

IF the titles of these works should at first sight appear to be deficient in general interest, yet there are, as we shall presently show, reasons of growing importance for devoting to them, and kindred works, a more exact and particular attention than they have heretofore claimed in a miscellaneous review. It is precisely because they are *not* upon a sub-

ject of familiar every-day interest, and respecting which a sufficiently accurate and discriminating judgment would in due time be formed, that we feel called upon to notice them somewhat at length. With the exception of The Flora of North America, all of them are of a more or less elementary character, and the Botanical Text-Book is professedly designed "for Colleges, Schools, and Private Students." In our last number we took occasion very briefly to direct the attention of our readers to some judicious remarks in the report of the Committee on the Boston Public Schools, on the general subject of education; and it is our present purpose to resume the consideration of this most important question, but in a more restricted point of view, and with immediate reference to an especial object.

It has long been felt and acknowledged, that the years devoted exclusively to study by the youth of our country are fewer than might be wished; but such is the eager, burning desire to commence the active pursuits of life, and to launch upon the "tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune," that little reform in this particular can reasonably be expected. Indeed, the tendency of the day is rather to increasing restlessness, with a corresponding impatience of the delay of preparation, even for the most difficult and onerous occupations of life. It becomes, then, an object of grave importance to guard against the waste of any, even the smallest, portion of the years — sometimes only months — devoted to scholastic instruction. Two points of paramount interest suggest themselves at once for the consideration of all intrusted with the education of youth: — What are the most desirable studies to be pursued, as a general preparation for life, on the part of those whose time or opportunities may be limited? — and Which are the most complete introductory works on the several subjects preferred? An erroneous judgment on either of these questions involves, not merely the sacrifice of valuable time, but, in the latter instance, the danger of inculcating false, or at least crude and insufficient, views of the groundwork of the art or science to be acquired. We have already remarked, that, in the case of the more ordinary studies, there is no great difficulty in ascertaining the comparative value of existing elementary books; since their constant use and examination, by competent instructors, enable them to as-

certain their respective merits; and any decided excellence, whether of matter or mere arrangement, is soon known and acknowledged. But it is far otherwise in the case of works teaching, or professing to teach, the elements of a science but little cultivated or understood; and it is scarcely too much to say, that in these departments even the instructor very rarely, and the student never, knows the intrinsic worth or sufficiency of the text-book selected for his use.

And here we must enter our protest against the not uncommon practice, on the part of scientific men, of giving a sort of general recommendation, often in the shape of a complimentary letter of thanks to the author for a presentation copy of his work, of treatises written on branches of science which they do not themselves profess, and of which they have, it may be, but a very superficial knowledge. We know that these things are done in kindness, and with a perfectly innocent intent; but such courtesies, however well designed, are often productive of serious evil; and many a worthless book has obtained unmerited respect and currency from such commendatory notices. There is, as we have said, a difficulty in the very nature of the case, with which all interested in the inquiry must necessarily contend; and it therefore becomes the especial and conscientious duty of the votaries of science, and the friends of education generally, to guard against increasing this embarrassment by refusing the sanction of their names to any professedly *introductory* work on which they are not prepared to give a well-considered opinion, based on competent knowledge, alike of the subject generally and the particular treatise they undertake to recommend. It would scarcely be credited by those unacquainted with the fact, how large and rapidly increasing is the annual demand for introductory works on the different branches of natural history, and botany equally with others, thus rendering it manifest that something purporting to represent this science is very extensively taught in the higher schools and colleges throughout our widely extending land. The rapid disappearance of successive large editions of works of very questionable scientific value renders it unnecessary to discuss the more important of the two inquiries with which we set out; the question, namely, whether an early acquaintance with the natural sciences is needful or desirable as a preparation for the occupations of life, —

it being clear that such studies, although of secondary importance, are yet too highly valued to be neglected in any scheme of what is generally understood by "a liberal education." The question, therefore, may be regarded as settled in popular estimation; and we shall only offer a few remarks as to the soundness of the view which has obtained; confining them, in the present instance, to the study of botany, though they are equally applicable to the whole range of natural science.

It is, now at least, generally conceded that the end and aim of all education should be the diligent training and preparation of the heart and intellect for the right discharge of the religious, moral, and social duties of life; having especial reference to the pupil's probable future calling, or sphere of usefulness, though this, indeed, can seldom be predicted in a country, where, from the nature of our institutions, few are born to affluence, whilst the paths of profitable and honorable exertion are equally open to all. In view, however, of the restless temperament and roving habits of our people, and the eager curiosity and indomitable energies which they everywhere exhibit, if any thing may be predicated of the rising generation as a whole, it is, that at some period of life, commonly in the outset, they will be found as travellers or adventurers in distant lands, or in the remotest portions of our own. The study of natural history is perhaps better calculated than most others to stimulate a wholesome spirit of inquiry, and to awaken and cherish that constant habit of observation, which, rightly directed in the young and retentive mind, becomes a source of information and knowledge, than which few are more efficacious and more productive of good results. For the residents in cities, therefore, an acquaintance with the leading principles of the several branches of natural history may be regarded as something beyond a merely valuable accomplishment; but to the *traveller*, who would derive the full benefit of his opportunities for observation, such preparatory instruction is of the very highest importance.

> "Divisæ arboribus patriæ; sola India nigrum
> Fert ebenum; solis est thurea virga Sabæis."

And this is equally true of the humbler tribes of vegetables, and the various other natural productions of the earth. Indeed, it is now so commonly acknowledged, that we sel-

dom find an intelligent traveller confining his remarks to the mere physical geography of the countries he visits, without an attempt, more or less successful according to his capacity and attainments, to enumerate and describe their natural products; and where an author is sensible of his deficiency in this respect, we commonly find him regretting his inability to do justice to the beautiful or new and interesting objects with which he has become acquainted.

In this connection we must notice, with a proud satisfaction, the improving character of the official reports of the officers intrusted by our government with the conduct of distant voyages of discovery, and extended geographical surveys. We find, that whilst the main objects of the expeditions are steadily and exactly carried out, there is a constant attention devoted to the natural history of the countries examined, and an intelligent appreciation shown of the new and interesting features which they exhibit. The reports of the late Mr. Nicollet, and more recently of the gallant and energetic Colonel Fremont, bear out our remark, whilst the value of the specimens collected and facts observed (detailed and described at length in the several appendices) can be adequately estimated only by the man of science. It is easy, also, to see that such pursuits are an invaluable resource and relaxation to the intelligent explorer, whose patience is often taxed to the utmost by the perplexities incident to a difficult service. The loneliness of the forlorn bivouac is cheered by the chance appearance of a new plant or fossil; and the solace of the traveller becomes subservient to the most important interests of science. But it is not to the explorer only, that the objects of nature present attractions; and we happen to know that, in several instances, during the late campaign in Mexico, small collections of dried plants have been made by our officers, during their hours of leisure, or even on the battle-field. To say nothing of the humanizing tendencies of such pursuits in the intervals of actual warfare, it is gratifying to observe these evidences of a widely diffused intelligence among the members of a profession whose studies have been so differently directed.

We see, then, that the traveller, the soldier, and the sailor, — and how many of our rising youth will be included in these three classes! — may find it highly for their advantage to have

acquired general and comprehensive views of the laws and operations of nature, without reference to systematic details, for which neither leisure nor opportunity may serve. To the medical student, and especially the country practitioner, a more exact knowledge of botany may be regarded as a necessary part of professional education; and hence it has frequently, and not unnaturally, arisen, that distinguished naturalists, as well with us as in Europe, have been professors of the healing art; but the incidental studies of comparative anatomy and vegetable physiology have occasionally proved so all-absorbing, that, losing sight of their original intention, they have followed the prevailing bias of their minds, and become known to the world as professors of zoölogy or botany.

There is yet another very important class, whose interests and happiness are materially concerned in the consideration of this question, but to whom we can only briefly advert. We allude to the multitudes of the rising generation, of both sexes, who annually leave the older settlements to found new villages and future cities in the midst of the forest. Among these are generally found a few, commonly of the medical profession, who have some little knowledge of natural history; and to their exertions and unaided researches we often owe our first acquaintance with new and interesting natural objects. Were similar information, on a somewhat higher and broader scale, possessed by a larger proportion of the settlers in our vast wilds, how great would be the practical utility to themselves, — to say nothing of the additional interest shed over their laborious career, — and how continually would the cause of science be advanced by their superior opportunities for observation! And, although it may seem somewhat beneath the dignity of the view which we feel entitled to take of so important a subject, we may yet remind the mere economist, who sees little good in what is not immediately convertible into dollars, that there may be, in distant and unexplored lands, plants yielding other and even superior products to any with which we are at present familiar; and these will the sooner become available as sources of wealth, in proportion as the improving science of travellers shall induce them to investigate new objects, of which the recognized qualities or affinities may suggest their probable utility in medicine or the arts.

But there is a higher and far more important view of the

subject, which we cannot better express than in the language of Dr. Gray.

"Plants may be contemplated in respect to their relations to other parts of the creation, leading to a series of interesting inquiries, which variously connect the science of Botany with Chemistry, Geology, Physical Geography, &c. Thus, the relations of vegetables to the mineral kingdom, considered as to their influence upon the soil and the air, — as to what vegetation draws from the soil and what it imparts to it, what it takes from and what it renders to the air we breathe; and again, the relations of the vegetable to the animal kingdom, considered as furnishing sustenance to the latter, and the mutual subservience of plants and animals in the general economy of the world, — all these inquiries belong partly to Chemistry, and partly to Vegetable Physiology; while the practical deductions lay the foundation of scientific agriculture, &c. The relations of plants to the earth, considered in reference to their natural distribution over the surface of the globe, and its causes, so far as dependent upon the actual distribution of those natural agents which chiefly influence vegetation, such as heat, light, water, &c., or, in other words, upon climate, give rise to *Geographical Botany*, a subject which connects Botany with Physical Geography. Under the same general department naturally falls the consideration of the changes which the vegetable kingdom has undergone in times anterior to the present state of things, as studied in their fossil remains, (a contribution which Botany offers to Geology,) as well as of those changes which man has effected in the natural distribution of plants, and the alterations in their properties or products which have been developed by culture." — *Text-Book*, p. 16.

These philosophical observations, taken in connection with what we have already expressed, will at once explain that our advocacy of the study of botany has but little reference to what has hitherto been generally so called, and which we fear still constitutes, for the most part, the elementary instruction given at our schools and colleges. To burden the recollection with a multitude of technical terms, with a long array of *classes*, *orders*, *and genera*, and in addition, it may be, with the Latin names of hundreds or even thousands of species of plants, is productive of no practical utility, nor does such a course of instruction of itself lead to any elevation or expansion of mind. All these things, as necessary means to a required end, must and will be studied understandingly by the professed botanist, to whom a knowledge of the systematic

arrangement of plants is indispensable ; but for the general student, whose mind is to be furnished with needful truth, and not cumbered with the mere mechanism and machinery of science, such teaching is worse than useless, as tending alike to the loss of time, and the necessary distraction of the mind from far more valuable pursuits. Indeed, we believe that in the department of mere systematic botany, little beyond the acquirement of a clear general view of its plan and principles can be expected of the majority of students ; whilst the comparatively few, whose tastes might afterwards lead them to cultivate this branch of science more extensively, will have laid the very best foundation for their future proficiency, by having had their attention directed mainly to the more important considerations connected with structure. We entirely agree with Dr. Gray, that

"Systematic Botany can be studied to any adequate purpose only when grounded upon the principles of Vegetable Organography and Physiology. The latter not only claim the earliest and highest attention of the general student on account of their fundamental nature and their intrinsic importance, but must, indeed, almost monopolize the limited time that can usually be devoted to this department of Natural History in our colleges and academies."

No doubt ; and if the time were less limited, we would rather see it better employed than in learning terminology and details. It is not mere *arrangements*, however technically complete and perfect, but solid *truths* and *facts*, with which we would store the mind and memory of youth. It is as a branch of natural philosophy that we desire to see botany taught ; as an important link in the mighty chain by which the vast fabric of the universe is bound together and sustained. The structure of vegetables, the conditions of their existence, and their dependence upon and mutual relationship and analogy to other parts of the organic and inorganic creation, these form a study worthy of the attention of youth, or the severer investigations of maturer years.

Strongly impressed with the truth of these views, and convinced that there is in our schools and colleges, generally, an absolute necessity for a higher standard of instruction in natural history, and, as a necessary consequence, for the introduction of class-books of a very different character from those commonly in use hitherto, we have anxiously and carefully

examined these elementary works of Dr. Gray, and have no hesitation in saying that they are entirely worthy of his well-established reputation. His subject is botany, but it is evident that he writes and feels as a general naturalist, and this is the point which we wish to have constantly kept in view. The details are minute and ample, and, for the most part, very concisely expressed; but he never loses sight of the great *generalizations* which must ever accompany progressive science. We think Dr. Gray has fairly realized his expressed design, "to furnish classes in our schools and colleges with a suitable text-book, as well as private students with a convenient introductory manual, adapted to the present condition of botanical science, ... and a very concise exponent of the present state of Physiological Botany." It is not enough, in our day, that a book does not teach positive error. Knowledge of all kinds is progressive; the speculation of yesterday is the established fact or the exploded fallacy of to-morrow; and it is incumbent upon us to see that the introductory treatises which we admit into the class-room are the clear and faithful exponents of the latest and soundest views of truth. Did our limits permit, we should like to extract, entire, the admirable chapter on "the food and nutrition of plants"; but we can only direct attention to it as furnishing an appropriate illustration of the position we maintain, — that a vast amount of practically useful and most valuable scientific information may and ought to be taught in direct connection with the science of botany, properly so called.

The Manual "is designed as a compendious Flora of the Northern portion of the United States, arranged according to the Natural System, for the use of students and of practical botanists."

"The wide district which this compendious Flora embraces, although irregular in form, plainly belongs to one and the same botanical region. With the exception of the small patches of alpine vegetation which crown the higher mountains of Northern New England and Northern New York; of the sea-side plants, and of some appropriately Southern forms which not only reach Delaware and New Jersey (especially the Pine barrens) but also straggle northward coastwise, in diminishing numbers, quite to New Hampshire; of a very few which belong to the Great Lakes; and perhaps a larger number of Western prairie plants which ex-

tend into Ohio, Wisconsin, and Michigan, — with these exceptions, the vegetation is remarkably homogeneous for so large a district, and a very great proportion of the species are sporadic over the whole breadth. The peculiar plants, though few as to number of species, suffice to give a marked character to the confines on either side, which, however, soon blends insensibly into the general mass as we advance into the interior. Although I do not formally include Indiana, yet its botany apparently belongs quite as much to our Northern district as to the Western, that of the Upper Mississippi, to which Illinois clearly belongs."

Though this volume is written rather for the practical botanist and collector of plants than for the class-room, yet Dr. Gray has judiciously borne in mind, and provided for, the constantly recurring perplexities of the beginner, who, whilst collecting his plants at a distance, may have no opportunity of referring to his Text-Book.

"In order to render this Manual complete and sufficient in itself for the study of our plants, I have prefixed a concise Introduction to Botany, both Structural and Systematical, which, with the annexed Glossary and Index combined, should serve to convey the requisite elementary knowledge of the science, and to explain all the technical terms usually employed in botanical descriptions. Very many of these terms, however, are not used at all in the body of the work; for I have throughout endeavoured to smooth the beginner's way by discarding many an unnecessary technical word or phrase, and by casting the language somewhat in a vernacular mould, — perhaps at some sacrifice of brevity, but not, I trust, of the precision for which botanical language is distinguished."

This last point is of very great importance, and we are inclined to give Dr. Gray much credit for what he has achieved in this respect. Indeed, having become accustomed to the Anglicized-Latin phraseology, which is but too generally established amongst botanical writers, many of the descriptive phrases in the Manual sounded oddly in our ears, merely because, as we presently found out, the terminology was absolutely English! Precision in the use of terms is certainly a matter of the very highest consequence, and (next to the fact of the universal currency of the language amongst naturalists of all nations) has furnished one of the strongest arguments for the constant employment of Latin in works of a purely scientific character. Long usage has no doubt given

an extremely definite and precise meaning to the phraseology of science in this language; and since it is no longer spoken, these have the further advantage of being little liable to modification or change. But we cannot forego the great and obvious benefits resulting from the use of our vernacular tongue, even for the sake of these, not unimportant, considerations; and we feel assured that a more careful attention devoted to this subject, on the part of English and American naturalists, would, in time, give us a fixed and sufficiently definite native terminology. Surely such words as "setaceous" and "setiform" are well displaced by the "bristly" and "bristle-shaped" substitutes of Dr. Gray; whilst "stalk-like" has all the signification of "stipiform," and "turnip-shaped" of "napiform"; and, besides being English, have the superadded advantage of enabling us to dispense with a constant reference to the glossary. Dr. Gray, we observe, hints at "some sacrifice of brevity," and it is possible that an occasional periphrasis may be found necessary to give the exact and complete force of a long-established Latin term. Or it may now and then be needful to adopt, or even to coin, a technical word for the description of some peculiar character or organ. Thus we see "nutlets," which, so far as our recollection serves, is a species of botanico-philological fruit, first cultivated by Dr. Gray; but to which we do not demur, if required by the precision of scientific description, since it carries its meaning on the shell, and requires no cracking to get at the kernel. We commend this subject to the especial consideration of our naturalists, as one worthy of their combined efforts, and which we trust will result in a recognized standard terminology which shall supersede the jargon now commonly in use. After all that can be effected in the way of simplification, there will still remain to be mastered the ordinary technical terms indispensable to the study of every science; but as these concern almost exclusively the *systematic* botanist, and are in no wise an impediment in the way of the general student of Vegetable Physiology, it may well be conceived that a love for his pursuit will soon enable him to overcome this unavoidable difficulty, which, after all, is commonly much overestimated.

Neither our limits, nor the deference due to the general reader, will permit us to examine in *botanical* detail the contents of Dr. Gray's Manual. It is enough that to the unin-

formed we state our conviction that it is the best book of its kind. The experienced botanist will form his own judgment of its merits ; which, we are well satisfied, must in the main coincide with our own. There is a point, however, on which, we confess, we are not altogether convinced of the propriety of the course adopted by Dr. Gray ; who, finding that the volume had "attained a somewhat unwieldy bulk" (as a pocket *vade-mecum*), "notwithstanding every effort at condensation," determined upon the "exclusion of all synonymy not really essential." On this subject, he says, —

"Perhaps I have been too scrupulous in the latter respect; but it should be considered that all synonymes are useless to the beginner, — whose interests I have particularly kept in view, — while the greater part are needless to the instructed botanist, who has access to more elaborate works in which they are plentifully given. By discarding them, except in case of original or very recent changes in nomenclature, I have been able to avoid troublesome abbreviations and crabbed signs, to give greater fulness to the characters of the species, and especially of the genera (a point in which I conceive most works of this class are deficient), and also to add the derivation of the generic names."

Greatly as we value the matter substituted, we do certainly regret the omission. Nor can we think that the insertion of the principal synonymes would have largely augmented the bulk of the volume ; whilst they would, in many cases, have been very serviceable to the student. They are, it is true, "useless to the beginner"; but they are far otherwise, not exactly, perhaps, to "the instructed botanist, who has access to more elaborate works," but to the practical collector who has not this advantage, and who has heretofore been familiar with many of the plants now enumerated under entirely different names. We throw out this suggestion for the further consideration of Dr. Gray, in view of the proposed "supplementary volume, in a second edition," which would no doubt afford the needful additional space. In the mean time, we may briefly speak of the greatly misunderstood subject of the change of names applied to plants and other natural objects. Complaints on this subject are frequent on the part of those collectors whose studies commenced many years since, when the number of known objects was scarcely half what it now is. It is hard, no doubt, to be required to call our old familiar friend Dick by the name of Harry, unless good reason can be shown

for the change, which we certainly believe to be the case in the present instances. As we shall presently have occasion to define, more at length, the signification of the term *genus*, it is enough for our present purpose to say, in the succinct words of Dr. Gray, that it is "a group of species which present the same particular plan, and whose mutual resemblance is greater than that of any one of them to any other plants." Now all naturalists are well aware that in most of the large genera, as formerly constituted, there were certain species presenting anomalies as to the prevailing type of the group, and yet more like them, as a whole, than any other assemblage. But with our increasing knowledge of the vegetation of other countries, and the remoter portions of our own, we have become acquainted with the counterparts of these previously anomalous forms; and the recognized agreement of the natural characters presented by these co-species has necessarily led to their union under one distinct and separate generic name. This, therefore, is not capricious or wanton innovation, but the unavoidable result of our improved and daily increasing knowledge of natural objects. The specific name, however, is never changed by well-instructed naturalists, unless it is preoccupied, or from some imperative necessity.

The latter half of the Manual, as presenting the most of novelty, will probably be found to possess the greatest share of interest for the botanist; since the *polypetalous orders* and the *Compositæ* have already been arranged and described in the larger work of Drs. Torrey and Gray; but even in these orders we observe many alterations and additions, — the result of improved knowledge, — and which, though we cannot advert to them particularly, will not escape the notice of the botanist. The orders recently elaborated by Dr. Gray comprise much that is new and valuable in a scientific point of view; and were our pages the fit vehicle for such purely scientific details, we should like to call attention to some points of especial interest. As it is, however, we shall merely remark that the important *Grass Family* has been studied to great advantage; and if there be any such thing as arbitrary generic limits between some of these most closely allied natural groups, the diagnostic characters are here very accurately and scientifically drawn. The genus *Carex* (the Sedges), it appears, has been "put out to nurse"; and, as prepared by another hand (Mr. John Carey),

the present arrangement professes to be an attempt at a more natural classification of the species of this formidable group than has heretofore been adopted. Ever since the publication of the monograph of Bishop Goodenough, half a century ago, these plants appear to have been the especial pets (or plagues ?) of botanists ; and much ingenuity and labor have been bestowed upon their scientific description, and orderly classification. But whether it be attributable to the extreme intractability of the species of this vast genus, — of which some six hundred are now known, — or to the natural proneness of most of them to "stick in the mud," it certainly would appear that they are not yet completely extricated, in the judgment of their pains-taking admirers.

The concluding fifty-six pages of the Manual are devoted to the orders *Musci* and *Hepaticæ* (the Mosses and Liverworts), which now appear, for the first time among us, in an English dress. These are from the pen of Mr. Sullivant, who has for a long time made them the subject of special scrutiny. "Through his labors it may be hoped that these beautiful but neglected tribes will become as familiar to botanists as our more conspicuous flowering plants now are."

> "Sed neque quam multæ species, nec nomina quæ sint,
> Est numerus: neque enim numero comprendere refert."

The established reputation of Mr. Sullivant in this department of botany is a sufficient guaranty for the scientific character of his arrangement; as to which we shall only remark, that we should have preferred seeing the tribes or *groups* which he indicates by name — as *Phascaceæ*, *Sphagnaceæ*, &c. — accompanied by a brief diagnostic character, showing wherein the genera comprised within their limits agree *inter se*, and differ from the others. This, however, would have required more space, and, we suspect, would have given no little trouble; but we submit it to Mr. Sullivant as an improvement which may be made in the enlarged second edition.

The *Genera Floræ Americæ Boreali-Orientalis Illustrata*, the first volume of which has just appeared, is a most beautiful contribution of the fine arts to the furtherance of science, while at the same time it is a work of high and strict scientific character.

Its design "is to illustrate the Botany of the United States by

figures, with full analyses, of one or more species of each genus, accompanied by descriptive generic characters and critical observations. The figures in all cases are drawn directly from nature, by Mr. Sprague, and from the living plant, whenever that is practicable. In almost every instance, the whole plant, or a branch or smaller portion, in flower and often also in fruit, is delineated of the natural size; and the microscopical analyses, as numerous as the compass of an octavo page will allow, are so chosen as to display the principal floral characters of the genus, from the æstivation of the flower-bud to the fruit, the seed, and the embryo. When needful, on account of size or of subgeneric diversity, two plates are devoted to the illustration of a single genus. On the other hand, characters which are uniform or nearly so throughout a whole order are not repeated upon every plate. . . . . As to geographical extent, this work is intended to comprise all the genera which have indigenous representatives within the States of the Federal Union as now constituted. It therefore includes Texas, but not the country west of the organized States of Arkansas and Missouri."

Though not required by the naturalist, the general reader may not object to our opening the Text-Book once again, for the complete definition of a *genus*, which is there said to be

"an assemblage of nearly related species, agreeing with one another in general structure and appearance more closely than they accord with any different species. Thus, the wild Swamp Rose, the Sweet-Briar, the Dog Rose, French Rose, Cinnamon Rose, and others, constitute the universally recognized genus Rosa; the various species of Raspberry and Blackberry compose the genus Rubus; the Apple, Pear, &c., the genus called by botanists Pyrus: so the different Oaks, Willows, Poplars, Birches, &c., form as many separate genera. The languages of the most barbarous people show that they have formed such associations. Naturalists merely give to these generalizations a greater degree of precision, and endeavour to indicate what the points of common agreement are. A single species, also, may be deemed to constitute a genus, when its peculiarities are equivalent in degree to those which characterize other genera, — a case which often occurs. If only one species of Oak were known, the Oak genus would have been as explicitly recognized as it is now that the species amount to two hundred; it would have been equally distinguished by its acorn and cup from the Chestnut, Beech, Hazel, &c."

The volume before us contains one hundred plates, devoted to the illustration of eighty-eight of these natural groups, or

genera ; and, whether we regard the finished beauty and freedom of the drawings, or the elaborate and scientific accuracy of the microscopic analyses, we are alike unable to realize that they should be the result of the "botanical knowledge of a self-taught artist," as Dr. Gray informs us. *Poeta nascitur, non fit*, — and if Mr. Sprague has really received no professional instruction, he is not merely a born artist, but a born naturalist also ; and this we say in full view of the great advantage which he has of course derived from the superintendence of Dr. Gray, during the progress of the work. The vigor and spirit with which he has caught and delineated the natural habit of his subjects, and the acute perception and appreciation of minute peculiarities of generic structure which are everywhere manifested in his dissections, sufficiently evince that our "self-taught artist" has the discriminating eye of a naturalist, and that, too, of no inferior order. Were it at all necessary to establish the truth of our remark, otherwise than by inviting the attention of competent judges to the illustrations themselves, we might refer to some interesting discoveries, in recondite points of structure, which are recorded on the early pages of the volume as having been detected by Mr. Sprague, and also to Dr. Gray's general and hearty acknowledgment of his remarkable scientific insight, as well as conscientious accuracy.

As to the text, for which Dr. Gray "is alone responsible," we shall only mention the plan he has adopted, leaving the subject-matter itself to the critical judgment of the botanical world, whose award, we venture to predict, will detract nothing from the reputation of American science in general, nor from that of Dr. Gray in particular. Were we addressing botanists only, we should find much interesting matter of comment in this elaborate and elegant volume ; but in charity to the general reader, who may have accompanied us thus far, we shall only trespass on his forbearance while, as mere botanists, we make the single remark, that, for ourselves, we have long entertained the view suggested by Dr. Gray under the genus *Turritis*, which we are satisfied should "form only a section of *Arabis*" ; and we are, further, far from being convinced that *Cardamine* and *Dentaria* should not also be united, as we believe was long ago suggested by Mr. Brown.

The short, essential character of each order, or family,

is given in Latin, followed by English explanatory notes and critical observations. The several genera comprised in the order are then enumerated, and afterwards separately considered, in connection with the respective plates, and in regular, natural sequence. As in the case of the orders, the brief diagnosis of each genus — or "essential generic character," as it is botanically termed — is given in Latin; but is followed by an ample English descriptive character of the plants comprised in the genus, as well in their general aspect, as in their minutest structural details. Succeeding these descriptions, we have the etymology of the generic appellation, the properties and uses of the species, and, lastly, their geographical distribution, with incidental explanatory or critical notes. We are not acquainted with any work similar to that we are considering, except the *Genera Floræ Germanicæ Iconibus Illustrata*, commenced by the younger Nees von Esenbeck, and, at his decease, continued by Professor Spenner during his lifetime, and at present, we believe, by Endlicher and Putterlich of Vienna. Here, however, the illustrations are given without much regard to order or arrangement. This is a great disadvantage, and materially lessens the value of the German work; which Dr. Gray had probably in mind, when he remarks, that

"The illustrations are not drawn from various orders and classes at random or convenience; but the natural families are taken up in regular sequence, according to the arrangement now most prevalent among botanists (following very nearly, though not implicitly, the order adopted in the *Flora of North America* by Dr. Torrey and myself), and all our genera of each family are published together, in their proper places; thus rendering the volumes systematically complete, as they appear. This plan, which has never been carried out, so far as I am aware, in any extensive publication of the kind, while it should increase the immediate usefulness and value of the work, at the same time renders still more onerous what is at best a formidable undertaking."

We have purposely noticed the general plan of this work somewhat in detail, knowing that our remarks will be read with interest by many to whom, we are perfectly aware, the volumes themselves will not be accessible. Still, we are inclined to hope that they will, at least, be rendered so to every student where the science of botany is professedly

taught. If the pupils cannot purchase it, yet each college and academy might, and ought to, possess a copy, were it only for the ready illustration of class lectures, by furnishing suitable and accurate structural delineations for the black-board. The teacher, no less than the taught, would find his interest in such an arrangement. Very many of our young men employed as tutors and professors of different branches of science derive much of their own knowledge whilst in the very act of giving instruction; nor can we feel surprise that the inadequate remuneration they receive should fail to secure the services of riper scholars. Whilst, therefore, we would forcibly denounce as "unfit to teach, who yet have much to learn," the questionably conscientious manufacturers of elementary works with which the youth of our country have heretofore been so commonly crammed, we would by no means apply the axiom, with equal rigor, to the half-instructed teacher, who avails himself of the pittance that is tendered to him, in the laudable endeavour to increase his own knowledge by imparting to others, less advanced than himself, the measure of information he has already obtained. For these we would wish to secure the advantage of accurate elementary guides, that their teachings may be sound and useful, at least to the extent to which they may be enabled to carry them.

It is with a mingled feeling, and not altogether without reluctance, that we make a closing extract from our author's Preface.

"The plan and nature of this publication are obviously such as to preclude all expectation of emolument. It is our determination, however, to carry on the work to its completion (in about ten volumes like the present), if the patronage received shall warrant the hope of a moderate remuneration to the artist. The ample and rapidly accumulating materials at my disposal, both of specimens in the Herbarium, and of living North American plants in the Botanic Garden under my charge, and the prompt assistance offered by a large number of zealous correspondents, while they afford unusual advantages for the purpose, render me increasingly desirous to turn them to useful account by prosecuting an undertaking which may serve to facilitate the more thorough study of Botany in this country, and perhaps contribute in some degree to the general advancement of the science."

On this last point we have no doubt, — indeed, it could

not be otherwise ; but we are not disposed to echo the half-hinted fear that the demand for the work may fail to secure "a moderate remuneration to the artist," even though Dr. Gray is willing to contribute gratuitously his own important labors and talents, as an offering on the altar of science. We are well aware of the cost attendant upon the publication of so elegant and elaborate a work, and which at best will bear but a small edition ; and our only wonder is that it can be published at so moderate a price. Still, if such can be produced and sustained in Europe, we will not believe that it will prove otherwise here. Men of science are very rarely wealthy, and, as a whole, are no better provided for in Europe than with us. If it be said that the community on which they depend is much larger, we reply, that so also are the claims of literature and science far more extensive. The old world has many, very many, scientific works of great cost and elaborate finish to sustain ; whilst, so far as we know, the one of which we speak is absolutely *unique*, of its kind, in the United States. We will not, for the honor of our country, stoop to ask patronage of the merely affluent for such an undertaking. It is evident that wealth with us, as elsewhere, brings in its train the tastes and refinement incident to the possession of leisure and abundant means. It is sufficient to point to the drawing-room and the boudoir, — so profusely strewed with "Books of Beauty," and the imported and costly works of foreign artists. We rejoice that it is so, and are far from the meanness of harbouring a jealous thought. Talent is of no country, and is to be fostered wherever it is found. But still we say, let us not, in eagerly stretching forth our hand to cull the exotic flower, trample under foot, from mere inadvertence, the no less beautiful and useful indigenous growth. Here is the first of a series of volumes which need neither be "far-fetched nor dear-bought," — a work which promises to do honor to the arts and science of our country, — and it must not, and we are persuaded will not, be permitted to be discontinued, for want of adequate support ; and although Dr. Gray may be willing to devote his valuable time and talents to the cause of science unrewarded, it is neither right nor fitting that a large and wealthy community, advanced in literature and the arts, should receive the sole benefit of such labors of love.

We will, therefore, entertain no fear as to the result,

but hope to see the ten projected volumes appear in rapid succession, and — since we are so taught to expect — of yet "higher character," and manifesting "further improvement." Nor will we restrict our agreeable anticipations to the bare completion of the proposed plan, but trust that, when that is accomplished, Dr. Gray and his able coadjutor will continue to wield their effective pen and pencil, until they shall have achieved "the entire annexation" of broad regions farther south and west, of exuberant fertility to the botanist at all events, and to the incorporation of which, for all scientific purposes, we cordially assent in advance.

We have left ourselves no room for considering the only other work on our list, The Flora of North America, prepared by Dr. Gray in conjunction with Dr. Torrey. This work has been so long before the botanical public, that it is too late to open its pages with any prospect of novelty or interest. But we cannot refrain from expressing our regret that its continued publication should have been so long delayed, that we have nothing more recent before us to which we might direct attention. It is, however, gratifying to be enabled to affirm, that, so far as it has hitherto gone, it is universally admitted to be the standard work on the botany of our country; and it is constantly cited, as such, throughout the scientific world. Unquestionably, mere bookmakers, with the aid of scissors and paste, may advance much faster than those who conscientiously take the trouble to *write*; and it is equally certain that much time is required for the elaborate examination and study which are everywhere discernible in the work upon which we are commenting. But with all necessary allowance on this score, we are now anxious that The Flora of North America — an important and really national work — should, after so long a period of quiescence, give evidence of renewed vitality, by the speedy and vigorous development of another branch of its subject. We therefore say to its distinguished authors, as our parting exhortation, — "*Nunc, nunc insurgite remis.*"

ART. VII. — 1. *The History of Ten Years*, 1830 – 1840, *or France under Louis Philippe.* By LOUIS BLANC. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1848. 2 vols. 12mo.

2. *The Three Days of February*, 1848, *with Sketches of Lamartine, Guizot, etc.* By PERCY B. ST. JOHN, an Eyewitness of the whole Revolution. New York: George P. Putnam. 1848. 16mo. pp. 246.

3. *The Organization of Labor.* By LOUIS BLANC. Translated from the French. London: H. G. Clarke & Co. 1848. 18mo. pp. 122.

4. *France and England, a Vision of the Future.* By M. DE LAMARTINE. [First published in 1843.] Translated from the French. Fifth Edition. London: H. G. Clarke & Co. 1848. 18mo. pp. 155.

THE history of the last six months in Europe is crowded with events of startling interest and significance. The peace of the Continent, which had remained undisturbed for more than sixteen years, was broken by the roar of another revolution in Paris, and the sound had hardly reached the great cities of Italy and Germany before they too broke out in insurrection, and the people everywhere triumphed over their rulers. The oldest thrones have toppled down, empires have been dismembered, kings have surrendered their dearest prerogatives almost without a struggle, and the will of the people in its broadest sense is now the dominant power in Europe. The right arm of despotism is broken, and the freedom of nations is established from the Baltic to the Mediterranean, and from the confines of Russia and Turkey to the Atlantic. If hereditary rule continues to exist, it is only by the sufferance of the governed, who have either a lingering attachment for time-honored names and ancient institutions, or are fearful of the consequences of sweeping political experiments. The revolutionary storm has been so sudden and violent, and the excitement so great, that the people have had no opportunity to calculate their movements, or to decide on the magnitude of the changes which they wished to effect. They need now to pause and consider whither the pressure of events and the agitation of the moment are hurrying them. Enough has been done to give them full security of power to accomplish more, whenever

they shall deem it expedient. France is already a republic, Louis Philippe and his family are in exile, Lombardy and Sicily are independent, Metternich, the high-priest of despotism, is a fugitive, and every monarch in Italy and Germany has yielded all that his subjects asked, and confessed in fact that he holds his throne only by their permission.

But liberty has not been bought without its price. Few lives, however, have been sacrificed; one of the most extraordinary features in the history of these wonderful revolutions is, that they have been accomplished with so little violence and bloodshed. There was a number of petty conflicts in the streets of Paris between the lowest portion of the populace and the Municipal Guards; but the troops of the line and the National Guard, on the one hand, and the great body of the people on the other, appear to have been passive spectators of the struggle. Not a single person of note, not an officer of any rank, fell in the several encounters; and the whole number of killed and wounded was less than half as large as in the Revolution of 1830. In Berlin, the conflict was more general and bloody; but it lasted only one day, and the number of victims does not seem to have exceeded one or two hundred; while in Vienna, the emperor yielded almost at the first show of revolt. Only at Milan and in Sicily, where foreign troops fought against the native population, was the loss of life considerable. Everywhere else, the triumph of the people was almost bloodless; the troops either refused to act against them, or were believed not to be trustworthy. Here is the great gain which has been made by the popular cause; despots in future can place little confidence in their armies. A military conqueror, who has gained the implicit affection of his soldiers by often leading them to victory, and by sharing their perils, is now alone to be dreaded.

Still, in the loss of public credit and the depression of the funds, in commercial failures, the check given to manufacturing industry, and the consequent loss of employment by large classes of the population, in the distrust and anxiety which prevail, in the uncertainty as to the course and tendency of the popular governments, and in the dread of a general war, the people have been made to pay a high price for their freedom. In former times, such consequences as these would not have been widely felt; individuals might

suffer, but the bulk of the community wholly escaped the disaster. But in these days, the social interests of nations are knit together in one vast web by the ramifications of commerce, and the whole fabric is maintained only by public credit and the confidence which every man reposes in his neighbour. Withdraw these frail and delicate supports, and the whole structure tumbles to the ground, in a ruin which every member of society has sufficient reason to lament. This time, France has been the greatest sufferer ; she appears destined, as on many former occasions, to teach political wisdom to other nations through her own woful experience. Never, since the failure of Law's famous Mississippi scheme in the early part of the last century, have commercial disaster and bankruptcy been so prevalent. From this cause alone, the high-wrought hopes of the common people, who looked to find their social condition ameliorated by their political emancipation, are probably doomed to a bitter disappointment. Political changes gratify only the wills and passions of men ; measures which tend to the general improvement of the social state, and to the elevation of the laboring classes, are very slow in their operation, and will not work at all except in times of peace and tranquillity ; a revolutionary period is always one of suffering.

But the evil most to be feared is the breaking out of a general war in Europe, which will be all the more obstinate and destructive because inflamed by popular passion, and waged in fact by the people themselves, and not merely by their rulers. Already the contest has begun in Lombardy and Holstein, and the powers which are nearest to the scene are uneasy spectators of the fray. Before these lines are published, half of the continent may be parties to the strife. Republican France has already largely increased her armies, and directed a portion of them towards her frontiers. Russia stands, armed to the teeth, over prostrate and exhausted Poland, and threatens to strike the moment that an arm is extended to raise her suffering vassal. Proud of her semi-barbarous but gigantic strength, relieved from all dread of intestine commotions, as it is part of the national religion to reverence the Czar, and prosperous in her finances, she looks without fear upon the convulsive efforts of republicanism beyond her borders, and rather courts than shuns attack. The struggle must soon come, unless averted

by the offices of England, whose situation enables her to mediate effectually for all Europe, while her welfare, if not her safety, depends on the preservation of peace. Staggering under the burden of her present debt and enormous taxes, the scale of war expenditure would be her ruin; it would either lead to national bankruptcy, or would give vent to the mutinous spirit which even now stirs the immense mass of her proletary population. France, on the other hand, may think that her safety consists in turning the effervescence of the popular mind against a foreign rather than a domestic foe. The republican spirit is essentially warlike and aggressive, — a truth which is sadly proved by the past history and present attitude of our own government. National prejudices and animosities are readily called forth and exasperated in the unrestrained license of public discussion. Patriotism is a convenient substitute for all other political virtues, and a demagogue can furnish no easier proof of it than by uttering constant invectives against a rival government. And when, as in France, the spirit of nationality is ardent and universal, and the passion for military glory, naturally intense, has been fostered within the present century by a long train of the most brilliant exploits in war that the world has ever witnessed, though these were followed by reverses equally signal, the outbreak of hostilities, now that the popular will has thrown off all restraint, seems almost inevitable. The present generation is fiercely emulous of the glories of Marengo and Austerlitz, and frantic in its desire to wipe out the stains of Waterloo.

These are but the most obvious of the reflections suggested by the present excited state of Europe; but they are enough to qualify very seriously the exultation we might otherwise feel in the triumph of republican principles. The worst evil of despotism is, that the passage from it to rational freedom is so long, rugged, and dangerous. Through financial disaster, anarchy, and bloodshed, through popular tumults and the terrors of military domination, through the ruin of the wealthier classes and the more bitter and protracted sufferings of the poor, lies the only practical road from political servitude to universal emancipation. After the first insensate shout of joy had been uttered on the reception of the news from France, there was hardly a reflecting person in this country who did not feel his spirit sink within him, as he

waited with anxiety, and almost with consternation, for further intelligence from Europe. The revolution of 1789 had left its terrible mark on the memory of nations; the horrors of the five succeeding years, the reign of terror at Paris, the sanguinary wars and political agitations, from which even the intervention of the Atlantic did not preserve our distant land, were not easy to be forgotten. We remembered, also, that the six years which followed the final recognition by Great Britain of our own independence were years of confusion, uncertainty, and distress, of jealousy and dissension between the States and commotions among the people, which were so harassing and long continued, that many of the firmest patriots began to look back with regret on the earlier and more quiet period of our colonial vassalage. The establishment of our Federal Constitution brought order and prosperity out of this chaos; but as the adoption of this instrument by each State was in fact a yielding up to an external government of that unlimited freedom which it had vindicated against the mother country, and in so far was a surrender of a portion of our liberties for the greater security of the remainder, the Constitution was everywhere violently opposed, and could not probably have gone into effect, if the austere virtues and surpassing personal influence of Washington had not reconciled the people to this great sacrifice. Will the republicans of Europe have moral firmness enough thus to tie their own hands, to set bounds and limits to their new possession of freedom, and to render to law and justice that authority which they have wrested from hereditary monarchs? Are they more likely to find a Washington or a Bonaparte at the head of their armies?

It would be idle to speculate upon the future, as history affords no parallel to this grand upheaval of the nations, this rupture of all the political ties which have hitherto held the civilized portion of Europe together; there is no experiment on record the results of which can guide our judgment. The fountains of the great deep are broken up, and no one can tell where the waves of the inundation will be stayed. But we cannot bring ourselves to augur ill from the movement in Italy and Germany. We cannot deplore a revolution which has opened the dungeons of the Spielberg, has swept away the last foul traces of the Holy Alliance, has given once more a voice to freedom at the Roman forum, and has

annihilated the mean and hateful tyranny of that imbecile branch of the Bourbons which has so long misgoverned Naples. The breaking up of the Austrian empire, that conglomerate of dissimilar races which had no principle of unity but despotism, and was held together only by the iron bands of military restraint, affords as little cause for sorrow as any lover of humanity and freedom would find in the expulsion of the Turks from the shores of the Bosphorus and the reëstablishment of the cross on the domes of St. Sophia. What affinity has Hungary with Lombardy, or Bohemia with the Tyrol, or Galicia with Styria, or what right, save that of the strongest, had Austria to govern either of these provinces, and to carry her odious police, censorship, and restriction of personal liberty into them all? The evils of despotism in these countries were of such crying magnitude, that any trials and sufferings which liberty may bring with it will seem easy to bear in comparison.

And there are elements of hope which lighten the horizon of freedom in Italy and central Europe. A strong tendency has already shown itself towards the formation of two great federative empires or republics, the one embracing all of Italian, the other all of German descent. The regeneration of Poland might add a third, a Sclavonic union, which would take in the eastern provinces of Austria, and thus be strong enough to hold even the colossal power of Russia in check. The examples of Switzerland and the United States are enough to prove, that the reconciliation of liberty with peace and law can be more easily effected in a federation than in any centralized government. The elements of discord between the constituent states are repressed by the common desire for the preservation of tranquillity, and the innovating or turbulent disposition of any one is kept down by the opposing interests of the majority. Party spirit loses much of its distracting and disturbing power, when scattered among many centres of action, instead of coming to a focus at one point. The several states are checks upon each other, and the federal government has a moderate control over all, not sufficient to excite jealousy or to serve as a means of oppression, but strong enough to hold the balance even between them. The limited grant of power to this federal head also renders it less an object of ambition or attack, and political agitation expends its force in the limbs before reach-

ing the heart of the system. The state of political dependence or tutelage, moreover, in which most of the provinces and smaller kingdoms of Italy and Germany have long been held, favors the introduction of such a federal union, as it has prepared the minds of all for acting in concert, and for surrendering to a central government that portion of authority which is needed for the common defence and the preservation of the general welfare. The Customs-Union has paved the way for the success of such a system in Germany, and the restoration of her ancient unity and independence to the Italian peninsula has long been a favorite idea of the Italian patriots. Austria alone would be likely to oppose this distribution of power, since Prussia would certainly be preferred to her as the head of the German confederation; but when stripped of the provinces that have been joined to her only by compulsion, Austria would become only a fourth-rate power, and could offer no effectual resistance.

It may appear fanciful to some, this idea of the formation of three great confederacies occupying the centre and the south of Europe, each enjoying the largest measure of political freedom and social equality that is consistent with the preservation of property and law, and strong enough to hold both France and Russia in check, and to prevent a collision between them. But when the ancient landmarks are removed, and the old political arrangements are whelmed beneath the waters of revolution, community of race, natural boundaries, national spirit, and the desire for preserving the balance of power and the largest means of internal and foreign communication, would be strong inducements for the creation of such a system as we have indicated. Either Germany or Italy, perhaps both, if disunited and weakened by internal commotions, would fall a prey to the martial prowess of France, and to her insatiable thirst for foreign conquest and dominion. If hurried into long and devastating wars before the elements of civil liberty are consolidated at home, the power which has just been wrested from their hereditary rulers will gradually steal back into the same hands, or be clutched in the stern gripe of some military adventurer. Or if this danger be avoided, a still greater one is in prospect, — that of being governed, or rather kept in constant anarchy, by the populace of the great cities, which is in fact to fall a prey to the despotism of a mob.

The common people of Germany, especially in the north, are educated and intelligent, and so far better fitted for freedom than the working classes either of France or England; but while quite ready to vindicate their own political rights, their respect for those of other people is wholly subservient to their desire for national aggrandizement. Thus the Prussians are now free, but they fight desperately to keep their share of unhappy Poland in subjection. Austria has shaken off her chains, but Austrian troops are still disputing every inch of ground in Lombardy. The mere populace of Berlin and Vienna have but to say the word, and the troops would instantly be withdrawn from Posen and the Venetian territory, leaving to the native population of those places the privilege of selecting their own government. So it will ever be; kings alone are not to be reproached for mad ambition and the inconsistency of their professions.

But leaving these rather uncertain speculations, let us look more particularly at France, or rather at Paris, the hot-bed of revolutions, whence this mighty impulse came that has shaken the civilized world to its centre, and threatens still to hoist the republican flag in almost every city in Europe. In one respect, certainly, the overthrow of the late French government affords no cause for regret. We have little sympathy for the misfortunes of Louis Philippe, though they have thickened upon him suddenly in his old age, and though his fall was instantaneous from a state of almost imperial grandeur to one of abject weakness and humiliation. He deserved them all by his life of cold and undeviating selfishness. His administration was one long intrigue for the advancement of his family and himself; and sometimes, as in the case of the Spanish marriages, the trickery was so mean and gross, and the breach of faith so obvious, that his majesty appeared much like a crafty old swindler. He had the usual luck of a cunning person, as it is now obvious enough that in this operation he overreached himself; he forfeited the good-will of England and the respect of his own subjects, and thus weakened the moral basis of his dynasty without at all increasing its material supports. During a reign of seventeen years, in which, in spite of constitutional restrictions, his real authority and influence were immense, he did little for his country, little for the moral and intellectual elevation of his people, and nothing for the gradual improvement of the political institu-

tions of the kingdom, because his time and attention were absorbed in seeking splendid foreign alliances for his children, and in manœuvring to maintain a supple majority in the Chambers, and to keep those ministers at the head of affairs who would second most heartily his private designs. In his favor it may be said, that he was unwilling to shed blood even for the gravest political crimes, and that he was sincerely desirous of maintaining the peace of Europe; we are unwilling to deny him any credit for these virtues, though both tended to the security of his throne. Some allowance should also be made for a monarch who had escaped as if by a miracle from repeated attempts at assassination, and who could not go ten steps from his palace in safety except under an immense guard and with horses at full speed. He had gained some reputation for personal courage by the coolness he had shown on all occasions when his life was aimed at, but lost it all by his lamentable vacillation and pusillanimity on the last three days of his reign. The throne which he had gained without any merit of his own, and held for so long a time without conferring one substantial benefit upon his people, was finally lost by an utter lack of energy and manliness. His ignoble flight from France, showing extreme terror when no man pursued him, was the fit termination of his political career.

It may seem that we have spoken of Louis Philippe's character with undue severity, considering his present humiliation and the bitterness of his misfortunes. It might be so, if these misfortunes were such as too often come upon fallen monarchs. But not a hair of his head has been injured, every member of his family is safe, one of them still occupies a throne, and he is himself living at ease in a private palace, suffering nothing but mortification for the loss of a throne and a fortune which he had not earned, but had long enjoyed and abused. We see nothing in such a position to deter one from pointing out the moral of his story, — and it is full of meaning for sovereigns, — without any mixture of sentimental regret. If he had been a bigot, like Charles X., or a simpleton, like some of his royal ancestors, his case might justly have claimed more sympathy. But his eyes were neither blinded by passion, nor obscured by ignorance or prejudice; his faults proceeded not from a bad head, but from a cold heart, and as such, they have the least right to be considered with leniency.

But it concerns the honor of France to restore their private fortunes to him and his family. Whatever may be said of the Orleans possessions as once the property of the state, we see not what pretence there is for confiscating the fortune bequeathed to D'Aumale by the Duc de Bourbon, and it is not seemly that the old age of one who has so long occupied the throne should be passed in penury, or made dependent on the bounty of England.

But the personal character of a constitutional sovereign does not wholly determine the nature of the government, and it remains to be considered whether the late revolution in France was either politic or just, whether it was needed or called for by the vast majority of the people, and whether it is likely to elevate the character or promote the welfare of the whole nation. A wide distinction is to be made between the case of the French and that of every other people in Europe who have recently revolted against their monarchs. Throughout Italy and Germany, the popular movement was directed against royal authority which was nearly or quite despotic, and which in most instances had been shamefully abused. The kings had bound heavy burdens, and grievous to be borne, upon the necks of their subjects, and the people rose to vindicate the natural rights of humanity against arbitrary and irresponsible power. The freedom of the press and of public discussion was denied to them; they had no voice in determining the amount of taxes which they were obliged to pay, or the purposes to which the funds thus raised should be applied; they were forced to maintain the troops and the police, who were kept up for no other purpose than that of retaining the people themselves in subjection; and if they had not in every case to complain of immediate oppression more galling still, at least they had no security against it for the future.

But not one of these grievances existed in France. For seventeen years, if not ever since the fall of Napoleon, the personal freedom of the French people had been secured by just and moderate laws, and equitable tribunals, of whose decisions there was no complaint, and they had enjoyed as large a measure of political privileges as was compatible with the existence of a monarchy. We say nothing of the extension of the right of suffrage, because the evidence makes it very doubtful whether the majority of the people desired it, or

spent any thought upon the matter ; and because, at any rate, this ostensible purpose of the insurgents was fully secured the day before the revolution actually took place. The government which the populace of Paris has just overthrown was one which they had themselves constituted but a few years before, after a revolution had placed the whole power in their hands, and when they imposed every restriction upon the authority of the monarch chosen by themselves, and took every security for their future liberties, which they considered necessary. The right to print and publish their opinions, of whatever nature, without previous examination or approval, was fully secured to them by the charter, and there is no pretence that it was ever violated ; how fully it was exercised one may learn from the files of such newspapers at Paris as *La Réforme*, *Le National*, and *Le Bon Sens*, the columns of which have been filled for years with the most vehement and scurrilous attacks upon the king and the government, with direct advocacy of republican institutions, and with scarcely veiled incentives to sedition and revolt. The tone of political discussions in the newspapers, either in England or this country, is not remarkable for moderation or decency ; but we have never seen any thing in the English language to match the malignity, the concentrated bitterness and hate, with which these Parisian journals kept up their warfare upon the government. Occasionally the patience of the ministers gave way, and they caused the editors to be prosecuted for sedition and libel ; but the slight punishments inflicted did nothing to lessen the evil, and of late years prosecutions have been but seldom instituted. So tolerant was the administration, that professors at the colleges, like Michelet and Quinet, were allowed to turn their public lectures into mere popular harangues in favor of republicanism, seasoned with constant insinuations and invectives against the government ; and still they held their offices and received their salaries from the state.

But we need no other proof of the forbearance of the French government than is afforded by the free publication, with the author's name attached, of Louis Blanc's famous *Histoire de Dix Ans*, of which a well-executed translation is now before us. It is a bitter political pamphlet under the guise of a history, written with amazing spirit and talent, but with so much ferocity of purpose and unfairness of statement, boldly advo-

cating the most atrocious opinions in politics, morals, and social economy, and making such gross and calumnious charges against the character of Louis Philippe and every minister who has held office under him, that the writing of it might well be considered an outrage upon public decency, and punished as such with the utmost severity of the law. That mysterious affair of the old Duc de Bourbon's suicide, in August, 1830, is detailed with great minuteness, the facts being exaggerated or suppressed with malignant skill, and dark insinuations thrown in, so as to cast upon the king, against all the medical and legal authorities who examined the case, the horrid suspicion of having caused his aged relative to be murdered in order to secure a vast inheritance for his son. Every rebellion which took place in Paris and Lyons during these ten years, if we may believe Louis Blanc, was caused by the police, acting under the order of the ministers, who secretly instigated and got up the revolt, that they might crush the republican party at a blow ; and yet, with blind inconsistency, he details all the movements, projects, and hopes of the conspirators, so as to demonstrate that the insurrection was solely their work. That the author of such a book was not even prosecuted affords pretty good proof that the government respected the liberty of the press. Any jury in this country would convict its writer of libel without leaving their seats.

But it is idle to dwell upon the point, that there was nothing like immediate oppression, or the direct exercise of tyrannical power, by the late government of France. There may have been corruption, servility, and baseness in the administration ; the conduct of the ministers may have been fluctuating and unwise in the direction of foreign affairs, improvident and wasteful in the management of the finances. These are faults which the opposition always lays to the charge of the party in power, be it in a monarchy or a republic. The remedy for them is to turn out the corrupt and incapable ministry, and put in a virtuous and able one ; not to get up a rebellion, and overthrow the constitution, which dates only from yesterday, and was itself the fruit of a former revolution, and the work of the people themselves. Under the charter of 1830, every Frenchman was secure in the enjoyment of his life and property, and free in the management of his concerns ; all were equal before the law ; and toleration of opinion, whether

in politics or religion, was complete. Though the populace now rule in Paris, the late ministers of France, we believe, might safely return thither without danger even of arrest; no man has aught to allege against them, in respect either to the arbitrary exercise of their power, or to their violation of law. The king himself was contemptuously dismissed, not an arm being raised against his person; he had not attacked the lives or property of his subjects, or broken the charter, but had often mitigated the rigor of the law, and saved those whom the tribunals had adjudged to death.

But we go much farther; France was eminently prosperous under Louis Philippe, and the condition of all classes of her people was steadily improving. She was at peace with the civilized world, her commerce and manufactures were flourishing, her peasantry easy and contented in their circumstances, order reigned in her cities, and though the professed politicians were angry and turbulent, and the newspapers held violent and exciting language, the mass of the people paid no heed to them, but quietly attended to their own concerns. Taxation was heavy, but it was equally distributed, no classes being exempted from its pressure, but all sharing the burden alike.

As to the great increase, during the late reign, of the annual expenditure and the national debt, of which so much has been said, there was an obvious reason for it, which puts the whole responsibility, not on the government, but the people. The support of the colony in Algeria, and the interminable war with Abd-el-Kader, were a constant and immense drain upon the finances, and a mere sacrifice to the popular appetite for military glory and foreign possessions. That the Mediterranean was to become a French lake was the glittering pretension with which the popularity-hunting politicians of the day, especially the republicans and radicals, tickled the ears of the populace. The assertion was often made, and we have no doubt of its truth, that the king and the ministry would gladly have abandoned this costly and unprofitable possession to the Arabs, who were its rightful owners, or at most have retained the city of Algiers as a mere military post, just as the English hold Gibraltar. But they dared not do it, the people would not hear of it; and so an army of a hundred thousand men was maintained there, to wage an inglorious war with a few Arabs, and make bootless expeditions into

the desert, the whole expense of the colony and the war, which was immense, being as much a sacrifice to the national vanity as if it had been wasted on the funeral of Napoleon, or some other popular clap-trap. The Algerian war was the peculiar misfortune of Louis Philippe's finances, for as the conquest was achieved just as he came to the throne, and the war was ended by the capture of Abd-el-Kader just as he was driven from it, its cost was a burden on his administration alone.

Still, admitting all that can be said for the generally liberal and equitable character of the late government, and the freedom and prosperity which the people enjoyed under it, it may be asked if we deny the right of that people to substitute a republic for a monarchy, if they see fit, and to accomplish that object even by violence, if resistance should be offered, however doubtful may be the result of the experiment. Certainly not; we are stout adherents of the broad republican doctrine, that society exists only for the public good, and of course, that all its institutions, government included, are subservient to that end, and are to be moulded according to the ascertained will of a majority of the people, who alone are able to determine in what that good consists. If they should decide in favor of a republic, a limited monarchy, or a despotism, — the Russians would unquestionably choose the last, — their will is to be carried into effect. A republic is not so desirable *per se*, that it ought to be imposed upon a nation contrary to its wishes, and in spite of its resistance; to force it upon them by violence would be tyranny, and an infraction of the first principle of republicanism, which is, that the majority of the whole people, or their duly accredited representatives, must always govern. And as the whole community, or the major part of it, — which, in case of a difference of opinion, is the nearest possible approach to the whole, — can institute, so it has also a right to change, the form of government, whenever the lapse of time or the progress of events shall make an alteration desirable.

But the measure of sympathy and respect to which the authors of a revolution are entitled from the lovers of freedom throughout the world will depend on the character of their motives for making the change, on the magnitude of the exigency which called for it, on the courage, wisdom, and fortitude which they displayed in the movement, and on the comparative merits of the system which they pulled down,

and of that which they established in its place. With our whole hearts we admire and applaud those who, under a fearful risk and with great personal sacrifices, have striven to shake off the yoke of oppression, to lift up the downtrodden and helpless, and to give a voice to freedom throughout the land. If they succeed, they are founders of liberty; if they fail, they are martyrs to it; and in either case, their names shall be remembered with honor throughout future generations. But the practised adepts in revolution, whose fickle and restless natures find no delight but in constant change, who rebel when there is no oppression and vapor when there is no danger, who are for ever tampering with the foundations of society, and give industry, peace, and religion no opportunity to do their appropriate work, who treat government as if it were a castle of cards, and play with constitutions as dirty children do with mimic fortifications in a mud-puddle, must not be permitted to steal the glory which waits on the true lovers of freedom and the real benefactors of their countrymen and their race. "The all-atoning name of Liberty" cannot hide their recklessness and folly, nor long avert their downfall and their shame.

"Those who know what virtuous liberty is cannot bear to see it disgraced by incapable heads, on account of their having high-sounding words in their mouths. Grand, swelling sentiments of liberty I am sure I do not despise. They warm the heart; they enlarge and liberalize our minds; they animate our courage in a time of conflict. Old as I am, I read the fine raptures of Lucan and Corneille with pleasure. Neither do I wholly condemn the little arts and devices of popularity. They facilitate the carrying of many points of moment; they keep the people together; they refresh the mind in its exertions; and they diffuse occasional gayety over the severe brow of moral freedom. Every politician ought to sacrifice to the graces, and to join compliance with reason. But in such an undertaking as that in France, all these subsidiary sentiments and artifices are of little avail. To make a government requires no great prudence. Settle the seat of power, teach obedience, and the work is done. To give freedom is still more easy. It is not necessary to guide; it only requires to let go the rein. But to form a *free government*, that is, to temper together these opposite elements of liberty and restraint in one consistent work, requires much thought, deep reflection, a sagacious, powerful, and combining mind. This I do not find in those who take the lead in the National Assembly. Per-

haps they are not so miserably deficient as they appear. I rather believe it. It would put them below the common level of human understanding. But when the leaders choose to make themselves bidders at an auction of popularity, their talents in the construction of the state will be of no service. They will become flatterers instead of legislators; the instruments, not the guides, of the people." — Burke's *Reflections on the Revolution.*

Our only point is, that the mere expulsion of the former government, and the establishment of a republic in France, through a sudden outbreak of the populace in Paris, when considered in itself alone, affords no cause of rejoicing to the lovers of free institutions. As yet, it is a mere experiment, which may turn out well or ill, according as the people show more or less wisdom in the future exercise of that power which they have taken into their own hands. As yet, it has redressed no evil, righted no injustice, and furnished no new element of national prosperity. The leaders of the movement were not actuated by a hatred of tyranny, or by a regard for the sufferings of the people, for the country was never more free or prosperous than when they began their revolt; they incurred little or no risk, as the event has shown, except from the consequences of their own success. They had no dungeon-doors to open, there was not one prisoner of state to be set free. They have recently banished all the members of the late royal family, but there was no person for them to recall from banishment. Instead of lightening the burden of taxation, one of their first measures was to decree an additional impost of 45 *per cent.* The only attempt made during the last year, in Paris, to destroy a newspaper press and punish an editor for the free expression of his opinions, was one in which the populace were themselves engaged, several weeks after the revolution took place; and the destined victim of this outrage was the very man who presented the act of abdication to Louis Philippe, and persuaded him to sign it. Every writer and orator in France has been free for many years to advocate republicanism as much as he saw fit; but since the 24th of February, it is only "with whispered breath and bated humbleness" that a few presses attached to the late government venture to hint their distrust or dislike of the change. Compare the tone of the *Journal des Debats* now with that which the *National* assumed during the last ten years under the late king, and then judge whether the Revo-

lution has promoted the liberty of discussion and the freedom of the press.

The truth is, as Louis Blanc himself confesses, that the republican party in France, ever since the revolution of 1830, has been in "a decided minority." They had nothing to rely upon but the unpopularity of the king, the timorous character of the *bourgeoisie*, or middling classes, who form the bulk of the population, and their own audacity. They seem to have no strength among the small proprietors in the country, most of whom cultivate their own lands, and deprecate any change which may disturb the public tranquillity. In the cities they have brought the working people to their aid, not by offering them a republic, which had no attractions for such persons, but by promising them a social revolution, a new organization of labor, fewer hours of work, and higher pay. Still, after these deceptive promises had filled their ranks with those who had nothing to lose but their lives, and who had little to fear even in this respect, through the oft-tried clemency or timidity of the government, they found themselves outnumbered by the shopkeepers and the multitude of small capitalists whom the democratic law for dividing inheritances had called into being, and who were arrayed against them through fear of the very measures which they had held out as incitements for the laborers to join their party. Property is now so equally divided in France, that to menace the holders of it is to create more enemies than friends. The republicans found out this to their cost in the long conspiracy which they kept up during the whole reign of Louis Philippe, and in the several insurrections that they attempted, all of which were put down with the consent, if not the aid, of the National Guard, the armed force of the *bourgeoisie*. Armand Carrel, the first and far the ablest leader of these speculative and daring agitators, the true children of the *Montagnards* of the last century, perished in a duel in 1836, after his spirit had been entirely broken by repeated failures, and he had already begun in good sooth "to despair of the republic." No one appeared to fill his place, though a crowd of journalists and *avocats* have been ambitious of it, among the most conspicuous of whom is Louis Blanc, a writer of singular vigor and eloquence, daring and decisive from mere lack of foresight, but of no judgment or capacity in action. His History of the Ten Years from 1830 to 1840

might be called The Confessions of the Republican Party in France ; it unveils their weakness and fanaticism, their recklessness of human life and their insane passion for the military glory of their country, their hatred of the middling classes much more than of the feeble remains of the aristocracy, and their frantic desire to revive that old Jacobin party, whose deeds, little more than half a century ago, astonished and terrified Europe. This work, with Lamartine's recent History of the Girondists, forms the literature of the last revolution, both having powerfully contributed to its success.

Too feeble in numbers to make any direct attempt against the government, the republicans have acted of late years in concert with the dynastic opposition, as it is called, but have retained their distinct organization and purposes, and "bided their time," in the hope, which has at last been fulfilled, that the agitating movements of this party would bring about a crisis which their own superior daring and energy might turn to account even to the total overthrow of the monarchy. These were the tactics of a small but resolute party, who looked to the accomplishment of their own ends without reference to the wishes of the country. In France alone could such a scheme have any chance of success ; for Paris is France, and a revolution in the capital left no power of resistance in the provinces ; the dynasty here depended on the success or failure of the outbreak of a mob, — but of a mob as well trained in all the manœuvres of street-fighting and barricades as regular armies are to the siege of fortresses. The opposition, led by such men as Thiers and Odillon Barrot, both of whom had been in the ministry under the late king, were desirous of reform, but not of revolution ; for, indeed, a direct attack upon the monarchy would have perilled their own seats in the Chamber. But desire of office was probably their ruling motive, for it is difficult to credit the sincerity of men who are constantly changing their alleged causes of complaint, and adopting with every new year a new watchward or note on which to sound the alarm to the people.

At first, they declaimed against the construction of railroads by private companies, though this was the practice both in Great Britain and the United States ; they desired that the state should monopolize all public works. Then they

attempted to drive France into a war with England on the question about the settlement of the East; and the agitation which they excited on this popular topic was so great, that for a time war seemed inevitable, and preparations for it were made at immense cost. The prudent or wily policy of the king averted this disaster. The questions about the *dotation* of the Duc de Nemours, and the fortifications of Paris, furnished successive themes of attack upon the ministry, but soon passed away, or the opposition changed sides respecting them, or were silenced by acquiescence in their demands. Not till 1846 was the great matter of electoral reform seriously taken up, and made the *cheval de bataille* of all parties opposed to the court. If the great body of the people had cared any thing about this measure, is it possible that the discussion of it should have been so long delayed? Parliamentary reform was the unceasing demand of the English opposition for forty years before it was granted.

But vacillating as was the policy of the dynastic opposition, they hesitated long before forming a coalition with the republicans, so completely had this small party discredited themselves with the country at large through their violent proceedings. Thiers had forced himself into the ministry during short periods, — we speak now only of the years subsequent to 1837, — and did not wish to break entirely with the king. Odillon Barrot openly avowed his determination not to act with a party which relied only on physical force, and wished to destroy instead of reforming the monarchy. Louis Blanc speaks thus of the radicals at the close of 1837.

"For a long while, as we have seen, the course of the democratic party had been governed by impulses of generous self-devotedness, of impatient hatred, or of a recklessly venturous spirit; but its passions, even the most generous of them, had done it hurt. Of all the swords drawn in days of wrath, not one but was turned against it, not one but lacerated it. At last, then, the party were forced to own, that, under the dominion of the *bourgeoisie*, the chances were not all on the side of daring, and that fortune was hardly to be won by force. Nevertheless, it was not disheartened; but, rising superior to its disasters, by virtue of its unconquerable will, it resolved to be calm and patient in its attacks, and to vanquish solely with the weapons of the law, solely by intellectual efforts." — *History of Ten Years*, Vol. II. p. 522.

The first coalition between the republicans and the dynastic opposition was formed in the autumn of 1837, when a joint central committee was established by them in Paris, "for the purpose of attending to the elections." This step led to the overthrow of the Molé ministry in March, 1839, though many of the opposition repudiated the alliance with the radicals. Odillon Barrot published a note declaring that he could not act with a committee into which the republican party had entered with colors flying. Royer Collard, respected by all parties, formally condemned the coalition; Lamartine harangued against it from the tribune in the Chamber of Deputies, and defended the ministry. "What is the worst you have to apprehend from royalty?" he exclaimed. "A *coup d'état*, that is to say, a crime. You know whether such a crime remains more than three days unpunished." Guizot, to his eternal disgrace, entered into the alliance, and even advocated a warlike policy, which is always popular in France, while the court was firm in maintaining peaceful relations with all Europe; but he failed to profit by the success of the coalition, and it was only after he had returned to his old friends of the *Centre*, that he was again carried into the ministry. By his ultimate triumph over the coalesced parties, and by his long continuance in office, he drove Thiers, Barrot, and their adherents into a closer union with the republicans, and thus paved the way for the revolution of 1848. The dynastic opposition would never have coöperated heartily with a party so feeble in numbers and consideration as the avowed enemies of a monarchy then were, had it not been for their impatience at seeing him established apparently as perpetual minister.

A crisis, like that of which the republicans availed themselves so adroitly in February last, would probably have occurred earlier, had it not been for their feeble and impolitic attempt at an insurrection in May, 1839. Paris at this time was agitated by a sort of *interregnum* in the ministry, as parties were so numerous and hostile to each other, that no one of them was strong enough to form and uphold a cabinet. The most daring of the radicals thought that an insurrection under these circumstances might throw the capital into such confusion and terror, that the monarchy would be overthrown before the feebleness of the party assailing it was discovered. They had formed, some years before,

a secret society, exclusively military in character, and so constituted, that the members themselves were not to know who their officers were till the hour for action arrived. If we had not Louis Blanc's account of the matter, it would be incredible that so daring a scheme should have been entertained by a force so insignificant.

"In 1839, the association had a thousand men enrolled, and possessed twelve thousand cartridges; its leaders, unknown to itself, were Armand Barbès, a man of brilliant mind, a chivalric and heroic soul; Martin Bernard, a powerful thinker, with the courage of a Spartan; Blanqui, a conspirator born; Guignot Nétré, and Meillard, generous and ardent spirits. We have described the frightful state of confusion under which the political world then labored. The conspirators were seized with a fatal restlessness and impatience; they longed to fight, and declared that they would separate, if the word were not given them to take up arms. Here let us pause, to remark what melancholy liabilities those men condemn themselves to, who, having more faith in the victories of physical force than in the peaceful and inevitable conquests of intellect, make the progress of humanity a thing to be achieved by a *coup de main*. The members of the committee felt themselves fatally entangled by circumstances. Their army was lost to them, if it did not hurry them along with it, and an iron hand drove them down a declivity, up which there is no returning after a first rash step. Here is an example which cannot be too much meditated on in our days, by so many noble young men who are the dupes of their own patriotism; for political faith has its intoxication, and devotedness its illusions." — *Ibid.*, Vol. II. pp. 588, 589.

The attempt, as might have been expected, was a wretched failure, which would have been ludicrous, if it had not cost several valuable lives. Among others, a young officer named Drouineau was shot by the insurgents under circumstances which made his death appear like an act of assassination. "The people had manifested surprise and curiosity, and that was all. The few pedestrians in the street made way for the insurgents, and gazed after them with astonishment and dread." The government showed its usual clemency or weakness, on the trial of the prisoners. Only the two leaders, Barbès and Blanqui, were condemned to death, and their sentence was subsequently commuted by the king himself, in opposition, as it was said, to the advice of his ministers, to transportation; about forty of their companions

were sentenced to imprisonment for different terms of years. This rash attempt was so generally reprobated, that the party was compelled to remain in obscurity and inaction for several years; yet the leaders of it gained so great popularity among the ardent republicans, that they have wielded great power in Paris since the revolution of February, and came very near breaking up the executive government, and dispersing the National Assembly. The republic itself was obliged to proceed severely against those men to whom, more than to any others, it owed its being; at the last accounts, they were prisoners of state at Vincennes. To this French republic, then, as well as to its predecessor of 1792, may be applied Vergniaud's celebrated remark, that "the Revolution, like Saturn, has begun to devour its own children."

We have briefly adverted to these details only to show how insignificant and powerless was the republican party during the whole reign of Louis Philippe, and that the great body of the French people, however they might dislike the personal character of the king, or have cause to complain of the conduct of the administration, were perfectly satisfied with their form of government, and, far from wishing, were even in dread of any change. The party manœuvres of the dynastic opposition, exasperated by the long continuance of M. Guizot in power, and therefore disposed to seek for aid wherever it might be found, all parliamentary attacks upon the ministry being found unavailing, brought this handful of desperate men again into notice, and eventually, though by accident, gave them the means of prostrating the monarchy. Barrot, Duvergier de Hauranne, Crémieux, and, though more cautiously, Thiers himself, resolved to agitate the country on the question of electoral reform. In the session of 1846, when allusion was made to this topic, Guizot had tauntingly told them that the people did not desire such a reform, as no petitions for it had been presented. As direct political meetings were prohibited because they had been so often made a cloak for insurrections, they prepared to hold a series of banquets in different parts of the country, at which the toasts and speeches should bear entirely on the matter of the representation in the Chamber. This scheme was carried into effect, the *banquets* being very much after the model of the *monster meetings* in Ireland, though

they were by no means so well attended, the number of guests being usually from five to twelve hundred. Still, the opposition found it difficult to act harmoniously with their republican allies. In the banquet at Lille, in November, 1847, a majority of the committee were found to be declared republicans, and when a toast pledging them to support the institutions founded in 1830 was rejected, Barrot, Crémieux, and other members of the Chamber, retired in disgust. The banquet at Dijon was still more radical, and was therefore as severely blamed by the opposition as by the conservatives. These men did not understand that they were calling up a spirit which they would have no power to exorcise; on occasions of popular agitation, the most violent and daring always take the lead, and soon obtain the entire control.

The severe allusion to these banquets in the king's speech, on the opening of the Chambers in December, 1847, and the great majority which supported the address that echoed this condemnation of them, increased the fury of the opposition, as it was clear that the ministry were firm, and that there was no chance of unseating them by parliamentary weapons alone. They resolved, therefore, though with hesitation and many misgivings, to agitate the people still further. Hitherto, the banquets had been held only in the provinces, and after all the inflammatory speeches that had been made at them, not more than 200,000 persons, out of a population of more than thirty-four millions, had been induced to petition for reform. But the Parisians were more excitable and dangerous, and so it was determined to hold a monster banquet in the capital, to be preceded by a grand procession, — a measure which was almost sure to bring the republicans into open revolt. It was remembered that the insurrection of 1832 had grown out of the immense funeral *cortége* of General Lamarque, and the more terrible rebellion at Lyons, two years afterwards, out of a grand banquet given to the elder Garnier Pagès. The mere announcement of a great popular demonstration was enough to cause the desperate republicans to furbish up their arms, and concert all the measures necessary for the overthrow of the monarchy. The ministers, if they wished to prevent a frightful effusion of blood, had no choice left but to prohibit the meeting, which they did, in virtue of a law passed in 1791. This step made the opposition furious, and they declared their

intention to join the procession in a body, and thus sanction the meeting by the presence of many deputies and a few peers, in spite of the ministerial prohibition, which they assumed to be illegal. Here a question of law was presented, and as the courage of Barrot and his party began to waver before the appointed day, since a great majority of them did not desire a revolution, it enabled them to hit upon a compromise with the ministers. It was agreed that the procession should be given up, but that the banquet might be held without forcible interference, though the guests should be formally warned, at the time, of its illegality, so that the question might subsequently be tried at the legal tribunals.

If this course had been persisted in, the affair might have ended without creating any public disturbance. But the republicans, who, by acting hitherto in concert with the opposition, had now to some extent the direction of the matter, were determined that it should not go off so quietly. Without consulting their allies, the day before the banquet was to take place they issued an announcement, — written, it is said, by Marrast, the editor of the *National*, who probably acted in concert with Lamartine, Crémieux, Ledru-Rollin, and a very few other republican deputies, — not only that a procession would be formed, but inviting the National Guards and the students of the colleges to take their places in it, and marshalling them so that the Guards, though without arms, should appear to surround and escort the other portions of the assemblage. The plan was a very skilful one, for the government dared not provoke any collision of the troops of the line with the National Guards, who were in fact the chief support of the monarchy ; and though but a small portion of this civic militia would probably obey such an irregular summons, a few of them skilfully distributed round the procession would effectually shield it from an attack by the regular soldiery. The superior officers of the Guards who might join them were to form the front rank of the *cortége*. But the whole proceeding was in direct contravention of law, as the National Guards could not be called out but by the proper authorities. The ministers consequently issued a proclamation, prohibiting the meeting and the banquet altogether ; and when they communicated this fact to the Chamber, Odillon Barrot disavowed, for him-

self and his associates, the language used in Marrast's announcement, and intimated their intent to obey the proclamation, though he protested generally against the policy of the ministers.

Out of doors, when these facts became known, great agitation ensued. The opposition met on Monday evening at Barrot's house, and had a stormy discussion; Lamartine, Ledru-Rollin, and others, persisted in their determination to join the procession and the banquet, and to set the government and the laws at defiance. The minds of the republicans were made up; judging that the populace was now sufficiently excited, they were resolved to try the chances of a conflict in the streets, the issue of which should determine the fate of royalty in France. But the moderate party, led by Barrot, prevailed by a great majority, and they decided to give up the banquet, but on the morrow to impeach the ministers, — a step which it was known could lead to no effectual result, and which was adopted only to cover their retreat. The *National* of the next morning was furious: — "The dynastic opposition retreats; it retreats after having proclaimed the right, after entering into a solemn engagement to defend it, after publishing the announcement of its resolution, after having incited the people to join in a manifestation which should be equally glorious and efficacious." The republicans had no thought of retreating.

We need not enter into any detail of the events of the three days. On Tuesday, the excitement was not at all general, and the National Guard was not called out till late in the afternoon; mobs had collected in several of the streets, and some barricades were erected, but the troops met with little opposition in dispersing the one and removing the other. The soldiers and the populace showed great forbearance, and but little blood was shed. On the morning of Wednesday, affairs looked more serious. The streets had been guarded by strong patrols during the night, but some barricades were yet standing, with a show of more obstinate defence; organized bands of insurgents appeared, and some bloody collisions took place between them and the Municipal Guards, a sort of police force, which was an object of great dislike to the people. The National Guard seem to have taken no active part on either side, though some of the battalions had a mutinous aspect, many uttered the popular watchword for reform, and

deputations came from one or two of the legions to ask for the removal of the ministers. The king's heart failed him, and early in the afternoon he announced to M. Guizot that the ministry must be changed, and that M. Molé should be his successor. Under the circumstances, of course, this was a pledge that the desired reform should be granted ; and it was so understood, both in the Chamber, where the conservative majority showed great indignation at the dismissal of Guizot, and in Paris, where the news caused general rejoicing. The fighting instantly ceased at all points to which information of the change was brought, save at a few barricades which were guarded by the republican faction in the streets where the strength of this party lay ; these refused to put aside their arms, though no one attacked them. The funds rose, the city was illuminated as soon as evening came on, the popular combatants dismissed the prisoners they had made, and rejoicing crowds once more thronged the Boulevards in search of amusement, or to congratulate each other on the events of the day. Every thing announced that the contest had ended, and that the government and the people were again moving in harmony together.

The republicans were dismayed that the affair had terminated so easily ; but they resolved to make one more effort to provoke a contest between the soldiers and the populace. About ten o'clock in the evening, a strong column, composed chiefly of workmen from the Faubourgs, moved in regular order down the Boulevards, and after turning aside for a few minutes to the office of the *National*, whence they were harangued from a window by M. Marrast, they proceeded to the Hotel of Foreign Affairs. This was guarded by a strong detachment of soldiers, and as the insurgent column approached, before any parley could take place, a shot was fired by one of the mob, which wounded the horse of the officer who commanded the troops, and killed a soldier who was near him. Following the impulse of the moment, the officer rashly gave the word to fire, and a general volley swept the street. As the ranks of the military extended across the whole breadth of the Boulevards, and the soldiers, indignant at such an unprovoked attack, probably took good aim, the discharge was very fatal. More than sixty fell, either killed or wounded, and the insurgents instantly dispersed. But they had attained their object.

In less than an hour, seventeen of the corpses were collected, and being arranged in a cart, were carried through the principal streets, followed by a large body of republican workmen clamoring for vengeance. The procession stopped, as before, at the office of the *National*, and at that of the *Réforme*, to hear exciting speeches from Marrast, Flocon, and Garnier Pagès. Then, the multitude increasing at every step, the ghastly spectacle was carried on. The effect of this well-managed scene, which shows the cool deliberation and determined purpose of its contrivers, was great and immediate. The Parisian populace, the most excitable of any in the world, were urged to desperation by it, while the better classes, who were numerous enough still to have prevented the matter from coming to extremities, if they had retained their courage, were overwhelmed with terror. More than two thousand barricades were erected in the course of the night, and all preparations were made for a desperate struggle on the morning of Thursday. But the vacillation of the aged king and the cowardice of his sons prevented any considerable effusion of blood. The fierce leaders of the republican party could be overcome only by measures as resolute and daring as their own. The troops of the line seem to have remained faithful to the last, as there is no evidence that a single company of them actually joined the insurgents, while the garrison of the Château d'Eau, composed of one hundred and fifty soldiers, maintained their post with unflinching gallantry, till they were butchered to a man. Even the National Guards, where they were drawn up under their officers, either waited for orders or remained neutral, though a number of them, as individuals, joined the revolt. But the king and his sons remained passive in the Tuileries, hearing the exaggerated reports that were brought to them of the force of the insurrection, and thinking only of conciliation when the hour called for arms. Thiers and Barrot were appointed ministers, as the last hope of saving the dynasty; but their measures only precipitated its fall. General Bugeaud was ordered to give up the command of the troops, which he had retained up to this moment, waiting only for the order to act, and the monarchy grounded arms before the people.

Still, if the choice had remained to the Deputies, the National Guard, or even to the general will of the people, the house of Orleans might have continued on the throne. But

the armed and triumphant republicans gave neither of these bodies any time to deliberate or opportunity to manifest their wishes. Having concerted all their measures beforehand, the leaders of the revolt sent one strong detachment of their irregular forces to get possession of the Chamber of Deputies, another to seize the Hôtel de Ville, and a third, the most disorderly and violent of all, to frighten the royal family out of the Tuileries. At each of these points, the affair was decided by their threats and vociferations. At the Chamber, only Ledru-Rollin and Lamartine were allowed to speak, and they read a list — previously prepared, of course — nominating themselves with five other Deputies as members of a Provisional Government, the shouts of a mob confirming the appointment. From the office of the *Réforme* newspaper, another list was sent out, including only four of those Deputies who were nominated in the Chamber, and adding to them five others, three of whom were — editors of republican newspapers. This list was signed by that Caussidière who has been recently expelled from office as a conspirator against the National Assembly, and it modestly announced that it was the will of the people that the persons named in it should constitute the Provisional Government. When these self-appointed governors met to deliberate at the Hôtel de Ville, a compromise was made between the two parties, at first by choosing four of the newspaper set to be secretaries to the other body, but a few days afterwards by admitting these four to full membership, the decrees being signed by the whole number without distinction. Here, also, after a mock deliberation of a few hours, under the menaces and shouts of a vast mob which filled the Place, these eleven men issued a proclamation, "in the name of the French people," declaring that royalty was abolished, and a republic instituted in its place.

It is impossible to read even this brief summary of the events of the revolution without perceiving that it did not proceed from the people of France, taken as a whole, or from any considerable portion of them, that it was not sanctioned even by a majority of the population of Paris, but was the result of a contest between three political parties, neither of them very considerable in numbers, — the ministerialists, the dynastic opposition, and the republicans. In this contest, the party which was least numerous and least respectable obtained, by

its superior tactics and greater energy and daring, a signal triumph. It borrowed the weapons of the opposition only to beat that party down with them, and to involve the government and the monarchy in their ruin. One cannot help pitying MM. Thiers and Barrot, in their vain attempt, on Thursday, to form a ministry and pacify the insurgents, or, at a later hour, to have the Duchess of Orleans acknowledged as regent, and themselves, of course, as her advisers and principal agents. They had attempted to play with the edged tools of republicanism, and found that they had only cut their own fingers with them. The victors did right scornfully to refuse their aid or coöperation after the battle was won. Even such journalists as Marrast and Flocon might reject them as associates, after they had "backed out" of the affair of the banquet, and refused to second the manlier policy of Ledru-Rollin and Lamartine.

If the members of the self-appointed government had had any confidence in the general desire of the people for a republic, they would have limited their duties to the mere routine of office, doing just enough to keep the wheels of government in motion and preserve the public tranquillity, but leaving all important projects and reformations untried till the will of the nation could be ascertained, and the new institutions of state organized by those to whom power had been formally delegated for that end. But audacity and recklessness had been their only principles of action, the alpha and omega of their political creed. They knew well enough that they had overthrown the monarchy, and gathered the reins of government into their own hands, only by stratagem and surprise, which were fearlessly executed under their direction by desperate men who had nothing to lose but their lives. Their first care, therefore, was to burn the bridge behind the people, — to commit both the capital and the country so deeply to a republican policy, that a retreat should be impossible. One of their announcements, on the first day of their existence, was, "The Provisional Government has taken all the necessary measures to render impossible the return of the ancient dynasty, or the advent of a new one"; and though they had done nothing then to justify this boast, they proceeded rapidly to make the promise good.

They dared not trust the National Guard, the best institution that France had inherited from the former republic, as it

was composed exclusively of the middle classes, and had now enrolled in it nearly 60,000 of the most reputable citizens, all of whom had property and intelligence enough to make them strongly interested in the preservation of order. But this civic militia had remained almost entirely neutral in the contest, and would be likely to offer a strenuous opposition to any measures tending to break up the usual course of manufactures and trade, and to render the laboring classes entirely dependent on the state for support. The new government, consequently, though they endeavoured to wheedle and flatter this powerful corps, so as to induce them to accede to the revolution, sought to deprive them at once of all power of separate and efficient action by amalgamating with them large masses of the populace, who were armed at the public expense. To the citizens of Paris they said, "Organize yourselves, form patrols, mingle with the National Guard"; to the Guard themselves, — we still quote from their proclamations of the first day, — they announced, "At the present hour, all the citizens form part" of your body. To make these general invitations effective, they soon organized what they called the *Garde Mobile*, greatly exceeding the National Guard in number, and in which the latter body was soon merged, the united corps counting over 200,000 men, the additions being from the lowest ranks of the populace. If they had really desired the peace and tranquillity of the capital, — and they avowed no other purpose, — was this the mode to gain their end, to arm the most ignorant, factious, and turbulent classes against the sedate citizens, the shopkeepers and others possessing a small capital, who had no political objects to obtain, and wished for nothing but quiet and liberty to pursue their usual avocations? Or could they accuse the *bourgeois* National Guard of aristocratic prejudices, or of oppressive conduct towards the poor, when the only test for admission into this body, besides the proper age and residence, was the ability of a person to furnish himself with arms and a uniform?

The next step of the Provisional Government, still in their first day of office, was to take all possible security for their own lives amid the awful surges of the revolution which they had themselves excited, by abolishing the punishment of death for political offences. This in appearance was an act of clemency, and if it had come from a regularly constituted government, holding its post either by prescriptive right or

popular election, it would have merited praise. But the measure was properly legislative, not executive, in character, and these self-appointed rulers had no more right to enact, than any of the hundred popular clubs which instantly sprang up in Paris had to annul it. Besides, this was no time to relax, but to tighten, the bonds and guaranties of order, when those who were turbulently disposed had arms in their hands, were in the first flush of their newly won success, and had nothing but an improvised and illegal government to control them. The violent and riotous had no stake in the commonwealth, and risked nothing but their heads by any outbreak; to promise them immunity in this respect was almost to offer a bounty for insurrection. And so it has proved; for during the two months and a half of the reign of these eleven men, one revolt followed another in quick succession at Paris, each time bringing the self-appointed authorities within a hair's breadth of destruction; now, they were obliged to call out the armed populace to defend them against the National Guard, who resented that amalgamation of another force with themselves which deprived them of their power to protect the peace of the city; and almost the next day, they had to beat the *rappel* for the Guard to save them from the people of the Faubourgs. Who can wonder that under these circumstances general consternation seized upon the capital, that the foreigners who were wont to contribute so largely to its wealth departed, the wealthy citizens fled, trade and manufactures were paralyzed, and the laborers who were thrown out of employ clamored for the government to redeem its magnificent promises to them, and to save them from the consequences of their own victory? It reminds one of the extravagance and fanaticism of the old Jacobin times, to find the radical newspapers expressing great offence at this desertion of the city by the rich, and striving to exasperate the populace against them by imputing it to a conspiracy against the revolution. It is lucky that there are no noble and privileged classes now, against whom the blame may be directed.

We have spoken of the *reign* of the Provisional Government, though, with reference to the whole body of the French people, it might more properly be called a despotism; for it was instituted over them by stratagem and violence, against the will of a majority even of the citizens of Paris, and instead of contenting itself with mere executive functions, and

calling an assembly to ascertain the wishes of the nation, it arrogated to itself all powers, administrative, legislative, and judicial. It exercised this usurped authority with the widest license, often issuing a dozen decrees at a session, some of which went to change the fundamental laws of the state and to loosen the very foundations of society, while others directed the order of some trumpery shows at a festival got up to amuse the populace, and others again decided the color of a flag or prescribed the fashion of a waistcoat. Nothing can exceed the presumption of ignorance, or the elation of theorists who find themselves suddenly lifted from obscurity to the temporary control of the fortunes of a great empire, and endued with absolute power to reduce their fine-spun speculatious to practice. The only merit to which they aspired was that of carrying forward the revolution and making a reaction impossible, and of making the influence of the new ideas in politics which had originated at Paris felt in other lands; though for the magnitude of this last effect the Provisional Government can take no other kind of credit to itself than a mischievous child does, who, by meddling with a steam-engine at work, has caused a frightful explosion. Paris almost casually fired a train which communicated with a powder-magazine in nearly every city in Europe.

We need not follow in detail all the measures of these new governors, by which they sought to bind for ever to their own support the rabble whom they had armed against the *bourgeoisie*, to anticipate the labors of the duly appointed founders of the constitution, and to render the maintenance of a republic, *as they understood it*, a matter of necessity instead of choice to the French people. Most of those which were not required by any immediate exigency were of such a nature, that they could not be repealed or modified, or even remain as they were, not carried out by similar steps or supported by subsequent measures pointing the same way, without occasioning boundless irritation. They forestalled all the great questions of government, and left the assembly which they called nothing to do but to finish their work. They pledged it irrevocably, not only to the organization and support of a republic and the propagandism of democratic opinions, but to a social revolution. Though professing a great regard for the peace of Europe, they declared that the treaties of 1814 and 1815 were abrogated and no longer binding

upon the nation, so that France was free at any moment to reclaim those provinces of which she had been deprived at the fall of Napoleon. This might be understood, either as a significant hint of the nature of the pretensions which they should make in case of war, or as an incitement to the people to put forth an immediate claim for the possession of their former boundaries.

Acting as consuls to whom unlimited power had been granted in order that they might provide for the safety of the republic, they proceeded to carry their own theories into effect, and to organize society on a new basis. In one decree, they destroyed the independence of the judiciary, saying that it was not democratic for persons to hold office on any other tenure than the pleasure of the people; and in another they declared their intention to confiscate all the railroads in France, and actually seized upon one of them, on the plea that the directors of a private company were not competent for its management. They converted the Tuileries into a hospital where invalid artisans and laborers should be supported at the public expense, and ordered that all goods left at the pawnbroking establishments for the loan of small sums should be returned to their owners, the government paying the amount for which they were pledged. They abolished all titles and nobility, and ordered the release of all prisoners who were confined for debt. They determined the number of hours which should constitute a day's work, giving an advantage of one hour to the laborers in Paris over those in the provinces. Though the finances were in the utmost disorder, they abrogated the stamps on newspapers and the salt duties, two of the most productive branches of revenue, and ordered discount banks to be established in the principal cities for the purpose of lending small sums on nominal security. They decreed the abolition of slavery in all the colonies of France, cutting short all debate about apprenticeship as a preparation for freedom, and leaving the matter of compensation to the owners to be settled by the future assembly. They opened national workshops for laborers who were out of employment, and established public schools, on the model of the École Polytechnique, for teaching administrative politics to the people. They confiscated the whole property of the Orleans family, and ordered the crown jewels and royal forests to be sold to defray the ex-

penses of the state. Commissioners of government, like the Jacobin proconsuls of 1792, were sent into the various departments, *with unlimited powers*, all the military being put at their disposition, to change the prefects and sub-prefects, and to dismiss the mayors, adjuncts, and municipal councils whom they might find, or choose to imagine, hostile to the republic; and they were particularly charged to attend to the coming elections, and take care that only proper persons were returned to the assembly. One of these republican proconsuls distinguished himself at Lyons by decreeing that no person should be permitted to leave the city with more than 500 francs in specie in his pocket; and his conduct in other respects was so outrageous, that, after once or twice rebelling against his authority, the inhabitants succeeded in expelling him from the city.

A few of these measures, perhaps, were wise and humane, though we doubt if one of them could have passed in the most popular legislative assembly that was ever collected in France without much opposition and debate. Certainly, not one of them was of that urgent and immediate necessity which required it to be passed before the deliberate will of the nation could be made known through its duly accredited representatives. All of them had it for their evident object to establish the self-appointed government in unbounded popularity with the lowest orders of the people, and to render it impossible for the assembly, when it came together, to take a single retrograde step, or disavow one of their proceedings, without incurring imminent peril. We say nothing of the decree constituting the National Assembly in a single chamber, composed of nine hundred representatives, elected by universal suffrage, and paid at the rate of twenty-five francs a day to each member; though the policy of placing the legislature on a footing so extravagantly democratic, in the present excited condition of France and of all Europe, could not be defended for a moment. It was necessary to call an assembly of one kind or another, to determine the number of representatives and the mode in which they should be chosen; and we are not now blaming the Provisional Government for what they were obliged to do, although they did it very ill. Even the manner of their own appointment may escape censure, though they certainly forestalled the action of the insurgents by nominating them-

selves, and asking the mob to ratify, not to make, the choice. This was a usurpation, but in some sort a necessary one, as all legitimate authority had been scattered to the winds. But for a government resting on so flimsy a basis to proceed at once, and almost at random, to alter all the institutions of state, to legislate, not only for France, but for the East and West Indies, to impose and repeal taxes, to confiscate vast amounts of private property, to destroy the very foundation of the judiciary, to impose upon the nation at large the burden of giving a free maintenance to one large class of the population, and by all these means to bind for ever to their own support the populace of one great city, putting arms into their hands, at the public expense, to make that support effectual, is a more flagrant instance of the usurpation and abuse of despotic authority than can be found in all history. If this is republicanism, we pray heartily that mankind may be delivered from it for ever.

The great mistake of these men and their republican adherents has arisen from their inability to see the difference between 1791 and 1848 in the situation of France and the condition of her people. They have played off all the airs of the former revolution in a manner which would be ludicrous, if it were not dangerous and criminal. They have endeavoured to imitate the despotic rule, the terrible energy and audacity, of the Jacobins, and have only succeeded in caricaturing them. At the former period, an intolerable load of oppression and abuse was to be shaken off, the wrongs of centuries were to be redressed, a great foreign invasion was to be resisted, and the bulk of the people were to be raised out of an abyss of suffering and degradation. The greatness of the occasion showed itself alike in the almost superhuman exertions and the monstrous crimes which it provoked. Feudalism and aristocracy were beaten down and crushed, never to rise again in France. The throne, indeed, was restored, but only to be surrounded by democratic institutions. A new generation has grown up in the largest enjoyment of political privileges, of entire toleration of opinion, and of all the means of social welfare.

Property is distributed among them with a closer approach to absolute equality than in any country in the world, and cannot be reduced still nearer to a level without destroying the institution itself. The statistics given in a preceding arti-

cle show that two thirds of the whole French people are proprietors of land, most of them cultivating their own small farms ; and one half of the remaining third own stock in trade, or other capital, so that but one sixth of the total population are dependent entirely on wages. A single comparison, which we find in a recent work on institutions of beneficence in Paris, shows what an immense improvement has taken place in the condition of the laboring classes in the capital. In the seventh year of the former republic, the number of indigent persons in the city exceeded 124,000 ; in 1844, it was but 66,000, though meanwhile the whole population of Paris has more than doubled. Yet Louis Blanc and his disciples, among whom, we are sorry to perceive from his later writings, is Lamartine himself, preach about the necessity of a new organization of labor, and of a grand effort on the part of the state to relieve the artisans and laborers from the hardness and misery of their condition ! It seems that the French operatives themselves are beginning to understand and deride this silly and expensive project ; one of them, who is a member of the new assembly, lately ridiculed it there with great effect. Were it introduced into England and Ireland, indeed, the world would have nothing to say against the experiment ; it is from the appalling accounts of the destitution and numbers of the English and Irish poor that these French politicians have borrowed all their facts and their rhetoric.

The Provisional Government, then, have greatly deceived themselves in their estimate of the comparative numbers of the *bourgeoisie* and the working classes. They have caused the revolution to depend entirely upon the latter for support, and to take a hostile attitude towards the former, and they find to their astonishment that they are in a small minority. The National Assembly has come together, with its 900 members chosen from all France by universal suffrage, and in spite of all the efforts of Ledru-Rollin's proconsuls, it turns out, to the consternation of the radicals, that a large majority of them are conservatives. The *Réforme*, and the *Courier Français*, which is said to be the especial organ of the former minister of the interior, are furious at this disappointment ; the latter exclaimed, on the 1st of May, — " Conservatives, favorers of the former dynasty, and legitimists will compose a majority of the Assembly ; this is an insult to the

Revolution. [It is the fashion to personify revolutions in France; that of 1791 was even canonized long ago by the republican party.] The toleration, the extreme weakness, of the government which grew out of the barricades has favored the projects of the enemies of the people and of justice. [Lamartine and his colleagues would not always go as fast or as far as Ledru-Rollin and Louis Blanc wished.] Those who wish for privileges, who would recall dynasties, are to crowd the legislative halls, and will dare, perhaps, to raise their banners there, in the hope of crushing by their numbers the too few representatives of the democracy."

Well, — why should they not, if all France, whose representatives they certainly are, so wills it? The true republican doctrine, as we in this country understand it, requires implicit submission, in all matters of government, to the will of the greatest number. The policy of the republican party in France for the last eighteen years has been to create dissension and hostility between the *bourgeoisie* and the classes who subsist entirely on wages, the latter being honored by them with the exclusive appellation of "the people." These were expected to do all the fighting in a revolution; their recklessness and love of change, their excitable and daring temperament, being supposed to compensate their inferiority of numbers. But the politicians did not make allowance enough for the rapid diminution of this class during the present century, and for the change effected in them by the increase of their wages, and the greater ease and comfort of their social position. Many desperate men are still to be found among them; but they are no longer formidable from their immense multitude. Thus, in the outbreak of the 15th of May, when the radicals attempted to disperse the new National Assembly, and give to the mob of Paris again the exclusive control of the nation for months, if not for years, they looked to see the armed populace of the Faubourgs appear by tens of thousands, as in 1791, when suffering and famine had made them fierce and invincible. But the conspirators could bring together only a contemptible mob, counted by hundreds rather than thousands, who dispersed at the first appearance of the *bourgeoisie* in arms. Nothing but the feebleness and timidity of the executive government, and the treachery of several of its officers, if not of its members, gave the insurgents a chance of success.

The republican leaders have all along complained, that the revolution of July, 1830, was really effected by "the people," who bore the brunt of the contest, and sacrificed their lives, while the middle classes, who had remained quiet in the hour of danger, came forward when the victory was obtained, and stole from the real combatants all the fruits of success. "The people" were pacified by fair words, and Louis Philippe was placed on the throne by a political juggle. The monarchy of July, says Louis Blanc, "properly speaking, has been but the reign of the *bourgeoisie*." Admitting all this, as it is certainly a near approach to the truth, we still ask, — What then? The army which fought the battles of the American Revolution was not permitted to determine the future form of government for the country, or to elect its rulers. Constitutions were adopted, legislators and executive officers were chosen, by the whole body of the population; any other mode of effecting these ends being wholly inconsistent with republicanism. According to Louis Blanc, and his late associates in the Provisional Government, "the people" is a phrase which means nothing but the lowest populace of Paris and the other large cities of France. We will borrow his own definitions of the two classes who have been contending with each other during the last eighteen years for the control of the state.

"The *bourgeoisie* is the whole body of those citizens who, possessing instruments of labor or a capital, can develop their powers and resources without incurring servitude, and are dependent on others only to a certain extent.

"The *people* is the whole body of citizens who, not possessing the instruments of labor, do not find in themselves the means of their development, and are dependent on others in what regards the prime necessaries of life."

The humble artisan, therefore, who by toil and economy has saved enough to purchase a set of tools, and set up for himself, is no longer one of "the people," but becomes a member of that hated *bourgeoisie*, — the shopkeepers, traders, master mechanics, and small capitalists, — who, in the revolution of 1848, occupy the place which kings, nobles, and other privileged classes did in that of 1789! These are the tyrants, the oppressors, who have been put down by "the three glorious days of February," and over whom is established "the reign of the people," consisting exclusively

of the proletaries of Paris, who have nothing but stout arms, furious passions, reckless bravery, and an inclination to get up a new revolution once a month, and to be supported in national workshops at the expense of the state. If they succeed in an outbreak, they are rewarded by a series of popular *fêtes*, by the eloquent thanks of republican orators and statesmen, and by medals and pensions; if they fail, according to the late law they cannot lose their heads, and they have nothing else to lose; imprisonment is nothing to them, as in a few weeks another revolution may open their prison-doors, and then they will be the martyrs of liberty, and enjoy the same honors with Barbès, Blanqui, Cabet, and others, who have thrice distinguished themselves in this way within a short period. What a caricature of "a people fighting for their freedom" is this! What a bitter satire on the cause of republican institutions, as compared with the government of nobles and kings!

It is evident that the two definitions given apply to the civic population alone, and thus the author, with his republican brethren, wholly ignores the existence of twenty-four millions of persons, or more than two thirds of the whole nation, who are engaged in agriculture. There are but six cities in France, each of which contains upwards of a hundred thousand inhabitants; their aggregate population does not amount to two millions, of which number Paris contains nearly one half. "The people," according to Louis Blanc's definition, are surely a small minority even in Paris, the *bourgeoisie* and upper classes taken together outnumbering them by at least seven to one. To these add the vast number of small landed proprietors and cultivators, whose interests and political inclinations certainly coincide with those of the *bourgeoisie*, and we see a very evident reason why the latter class have in fact governed France under Louis Philippe, and are even now struggling to throw off the intolerable yoke of despotism and terror which has been fastened upon them by the lowest populace of Paris and Lyons through the late revolution. The recent elections to the Assembly, if other proof were wanting, have demonstrated the immense numerical superiority of this conservative portion of the population. In spite of the prevalence of excitement and alarm, and the violent measures of Ledru-Rollin's commissioners, conservative delegates have been

chosen all over the country by overwhelming majorities. Those from La Vendée, it is said, are royalist to a man, while full two hundred are returned who were members of the former Chamber of Deputies, the body which was declared not to represent the feelings and interests of France, and in which, certainly, the republican party did not exceed forty. And all this, be it remembered, is the result of an election by universal suffrage. If France could be fairly polled, there can be no doubt that a great majority of the nation would vote for the instant restoration of the monarchy.

Unfortunately, the proper *bourgeoisie* are timid even to cowardice, deficient in energy and resolution, and have no *esprit de corps*; while the multitude of peasant proprietors care nothing about politics. Both of these classes wish for quiet, order, and freedom to manage their own concerns, and they are willing to pay allegiance to any government which will secure to them the enjoyment of these things. Thus they submitted to Louis Philippe, without applauding him, or even caring for him; for one consequence of the frequent revolutions that have taken place in France during the last sixty years is, that the feeling of loyalty, by which we understand an affectionate attachment, founded on old associations, to the existing form of government, whether it be royal, aristocratic, or republican, has completely died out. This sort of loyalty is the true guaranty of tranquillity and political welfare, the proper basis of patriotism, "the cheap defence of nations"; it is the slow growth of centuries, but it will infallibly spring up with time, if the government be not constantly teasing and oppressive, or the people suffering greatly in their social condition. It exists already to some extent in our own republic, its objects being the Union and the Federal Constitution; and if these institutions can withstand the fury of party spirit and the madness of political fanaticism for half a century longer, it will have anchored them in the hearts of the people for ever.

In France, strange as the assertion may seem under present circumstances, the bulk of the people care very little about political freedom. They are vain, impulsive, passionately fond of military renown, and they prize the power and glory of their country above all personal considerations, or rather because they consider their country as a part of themselves. Flatter their national pride by military successes

and foreign conquests, and they will submit to any restrictions on their political privileges and personal freedom. This was the secret of Napoleon's power; his government, at least while the empire lasted, was an unmixed despotism, hardly a decent respect being paid to the forms of liberty, and the press being subjected to entire restraint. Still, his rule was popular, and remained so till his continued wars had decimated the population, and introduced mourning into almost every family in the land. And even now, when the lapse of a generation has effaced the memory of the private sorrows that he caused, his name is a potent spell to conjure with, all his faults being forgotten in the splendor of his achievements, and the renown that he acquired for France. Lamartine knew his countrymen well, when, in his report to the National Assembly on the state of the republic, he said nothing of commercial failures, nothing of the desertion of Paris by the better classes, nothing of the ruin of the finances, nothing of the constant commotions in all the large cities, but drew a brilliant picture of the effect which the revolution in France had produced throughout Italy and Germany. If his glowing rhetoric could be trusted, not a cloud remained in the horizon; never before had the glory and influence of France been so conspicuous; under her auspices, liberty, equality, and fraternity were beginning their reign upon the earth.

Yet a series of alarming insurrections had just marked the close of the elections, and the parricidal hands of the infant republic had been deeply stained with the blood of that very class of citizens to whom she owed her birth. Frantic at the signal defeat which they had experienced at the polls, the republican party had rushed to arms in nearly all the large cities, and endeavoured again by their audacity and desperate courage to make up for their lack of numbers. At Lille, Limoges, Rouen, and other places, barricades had been erected, and the National Guards had triumphed over the insurgents only after a bloody conflict. The *émeute* at Limoges proceeded from the defeat at the elections of two teachers of communism, Villegoureix and Dussoubs-Gaston, who had been attempting for two years to propagate the doctrines of Pierre Leroux in the city. They had made many enthusiastic converts among the rabble; but the citizens who had something to lose, and whose property was menaced while

their opinions were outraged by the diffusion of such doctrines, were far too numerous for them, even when all the adult males were allowed to vote. The radicals were defeated, they immediately rose in insurrection, and were put down with considerable loss of life.

At Lille, which is the head-quarters of manufacturing industry in the north, and where, consequently, the working-class was relatively more numerous and more destitute than in any other part of France, the happy predominance of the *bourgeoisie* in numbers and influence was still more strikingly manifested. One of the most active and radical of the Parisian proconsuls, M. Delescluze, had been stationed there, and together with his patron, Ledru-Rollin, he was a candidate for election to the Assembly. These two received only 43,000 votes, while the successful and conservative candidates had each over 200,000. A rebellion was the immediate consequence, which was suppressed with much difficulty and bloodshed. Delescluze had rendered himself so odious, that he now thought it necessary to resign; but Ledru-Rollin, in a very flattering letter, which was published, complimented him on his energy and success in organizing the party of the republic in the north, and refused to accept his resignation.

So disastrous and unpopular, thus far, has been the course of the new republic. It is but four months old, and already more insurrections have broken out under it, and more blood has been shed, than in the last thirteen years of Louis Philippe's reign. There are now in prison at Vincennes, for conspiring against it, a large band of those who were most active and influential in establishing it upon the ruins of the monarchy. Among them is Albert, one of the members of the Provisional Government, and Louis Blanc himself is left at liberty only from a contemptuous estimate of his character and capacity to do any further harm. There, also, are Barbès, Cabet, Raspail, Hubert, Sobrier, and others, who were republican heroes and the idols of the populace but a few weeks since, and the police are nominally hunting for Blanqui. What can be done with these men? It would be quite as reasonable to put them on trial for their conduct on the 24th of February as for the events of the 15th of May. They had as good a right to disperse the only legislative assembly in France, and to make themselves members of a

Provisional Government with despotic power, on the one day as on the other. They cannot be kept much longer in prison before trial, without scandalous offence to the principles of free government; and they cannot be set at large without imminent peril to the present constituted authorities of the republic.

We have hardly alluded to those schemes of Louis Blanc and others for a new organization of labor, and for the elevation of the laboring classes, which have played so prominent a part in the history of the revolution. It would be idle to argue against them; a government might as well refuse to conform to the laws of gravitation or chemical affinity as to attempt to set aside the first principles of political economy. Louis Blanc would have the government monopolize all the great enterprises of industry and capital, and would render all laborers dependent upon it, securing to them uniform, abundant, and certain means of support, whatever might be their capacity, frugality, or inclination to labor. Of course, under these circumstances, they would soon cease to labor at all, and the state would be burdened with the gratuitous support of one sixth part of its population living in idleness. The enormous taxation necessary to meet this extravagant outlay would soon exhaust the means of the other five sixths of the people, and compel these also to enter the national workshops. It shows the unreflecting and headlong character of the Provisional Government, that it adopted this monstrous and nonsensical system on the first day of its own existence, and carried it out so far, that, after squandering all the money in the treasury upon it, one of the first demands which their successors were obliged to make on the National Assembly, after it came together, was for a grant of three millions to keep up the farce, the penalty of refusal being the instant dismission to the streets of 115,000 workmen without bread or employment, their former places of occupation being shut against them through the bankruptcy or flight of their owners. That a fanatic, like Louis Blanc, or a Jacobinical conspirator and despot, like Ledru-Rollin, should take up so absurd a scheme is not surprising; but it is humiliating to remember that men like Arago, Crémieux, and Lamartine afforded it their entire sanction and support.

The whole project is already discredited at Paris with all parties, and the only problem is how to get out of the great

difficulties which the adoption of it only for a few weeks has occasioned. In proof of this, we copy, with some abridgment, from one of the most furiously radical newspapers in France, the *Courier Français*, the following succinct and effective exposure of the absurdity of the scheme.

"We totally disapprove of the equality of wages introduced among the tailors established in the old prison of Clichy [one of the national workshops]. All that we foretold respecting this experiment has been literally verified. Activity, industry, and ability share alike with and suffer for carelessness, idleness, and incapacity. We could have wished that the president of the commission for organizing labor would renounce his project, which is inapplicable to France, impracticable now, and dangerous at any time. It is grand, it is noble, to confess that one has been mistaken. Such a confession would do honor to Louis Blanc, who probably has not the same pretensions to infallibility as the Roman pontiffs. He was the more likely to deceive himself, as he is not a practical man; and in matters of industry and trade, practice is as much superior to theory as the Alps are higher than the Pyrenees.

"The consequences of equality of wages must be to dishearten the industrious, to dissatisfy the able, to make mediocrity self-confident, and strengthen indolence in its obstinacy and its reliance on the future; the final result will be the annihilation of all emulous feeling and the destruction of every opening capacity.

"The consequences of the state's intervention in industry and commerce, as capitalist, proprietor, legislator, and overseer, will be the successive shutting up of all private establishments, and the impossibility of opening new ones, the gradual suppression of individual liberty of trade and labor, the progress of pauperism among all citizens not included in the national workshops, and immobility in the positions and fortunes of families; the final result will be the general impoverishment of the country and the wasting away of the population."

To remedy that portion of these predicted evils which has already come to pass is one of the heavy burdens imposed upon the National Assembly by the recklessness and folly of the Provisional Government. It was easy for the latter to court favor with the dominant mob by taking upon the government the gratuitous support of the laborers; for the scheme amounts to nothing else, as no one in the national *ateliers* really works, but those who choose to do so; leaving to their successors the sad necessity of dismissing them again to their

old habits of penury and toil, at the imminent risk of throwing the capital into agitation and revolt. It was the same policy which led them to abolish unpopular taxes by wholesale, the duty falling to the Assembly, of course, of supplying the deficit in the revenue by imposing new ones. This was their mode of taking security for the continuance of the republic, and for the growth and permanence of their own popularity. They did not anticipate the strength of the reaction which was sure to follow, when the true purport and tendency of their schemes were discovered. The *bourgeoisie* seem to be slowly awaking to the consciousness that the power is still in their own hands, on account of their immense numerical superiority; and but for the timidity which always accompanies the possession even of very moderate wealth, they would ere now have seized the reins and held them with some show of energy. Nearly twenty years ago, on the eve of that revolution which brought him to the throne, and in view of its probable occurrence, Louis Philippe remarked to one of his friends, — "Jacobinism is impossible, when the vast majority of the people have something to lose." The observation did honor to his sagacity, and its truth is an element of hope for France, but of despondency for England.

It would be idle to form any conjectures respecting the future of this new French republic. That the greater part of the nation are dissatisfied with it, and heartily wish for the restoration of a monarchy, though with a more popular constitution of the legislature, and with greater safeguards for the future, there can be no doubt. Still, the Revolution must be allowed first to expend its blind force, or initial velocity; *Nulla vestigia retrorsum* is the desperate motto of those who conspired to bring it about, and have hitherto, in the main, controlled its movements. But one after another of these persons is rapidly losing his power with the people; and as the debilitating consequences of continued anarchy begin to show themselves, the love of peace and tranquillity will gradually lead to energetic measures for placing the government on a firm basis. One thing is certain; the country cannot tolerate much longer a system which exposes every city in France to a desperate insurrection once a fortnight, and requires 200,000 men to remain almost constantly under arms in order to preserve the peace of the capital. Such agitating scenes are usually prolific of great men, and the appearance

of one commanding character or intellect at the present crisis might suddenly alter the complexion of affairs, and falsify all predictions as to the final result. But the movement thus far has been singularly barren in this respect; the revolution of 1848 has not yet brought forward a Mirabeau, a Sièyes, or even a Danton; and Lamartine is but a feeble and theatrical substitute for Lafayette. We cannot have much respect for the penetration or moral character of the man who has formally selected Robespierre for his model as a philanthropist and regenerator of society.

The great obstacle to the coexistence of free institutions in France with order, industry, and respect for law is the absorbing and despotic power of the metropolis over the provinces, and the violent, excitable, and utterly demoralized character of its population. There is no other difficulty; there are no kings or nobles to combat, no overgrown fortunes to excite envy, no privileged classes to be humbled, no foreign enemies to encounter. There are but two classes of the population which are plainly distinguishable from each other, the *bourgeoisie* and the people, — including the peasant proprietors under the former head, and understanding the latter to comprise those only who have no resource but daily wages for their support. The interests of these two classes are closely allied by nature, and nothing but the machinations of ambitious and intriguing politicians could ever have created dissension or hostility between them. And except in Paris and Lyons, which are the hot-beds of political intrigue, it does not appear that any such enmity exists; the two move on as harmoniously together as the two corresponding classes in this country, peace being preserved between them by the evident consideration, that each is necessary to the welfare of the other, and that the transitions of families from the one to the other, both upward and downward, are easy and frequent. But in these great cities, the rivalry of desperate politicians and fanatical speculators has kindled social dissension, and arrayed these classes of citizens in arms against each other, the control of all France being the prize of victory. Paris now resembles an intrenched camp, occupied by two hostile armies; at any hour, the beating of the *rappel* summons the shopkeeper from his counter to take his place in the National Guard, and at the same moment the tocsin sounds, and the artisan drops his tools to seize his musket, and join in the

defence of the barricade. When these ceaseless alarms shall have produced exhaustion and weariness, the nation will gladly seek a refuge from them under the power of a military dictator.

> "Custode rerum Cæsare, non furor
> Civilis aut vis exiget otium,
> Non ira, quæ procudit enses,
> Et miseras inimicat urbes."

ART. VIII. — *Journal of the Rhode Island Institute of Instruction*, edited by HENRY BARNARD, Commissioner of Public Schools. Vols. I. and II. Providence: B. Cranston & Co. 1846–7.

THE State of Rhode Island has from the first been a peculiar community. The *nationality* of its people, if we may use a word that is likely to be common, has been decided and intense. While as yet its population numbered but a few hundreds, dwelling in two or three rude villages, their national spirit was altogether diverse from that of the three neighbouring Colonies. Plymouth, Massachusetts, and Connecticut differed from each other in some slight particulars; but they were fundamentally opposed to Rhode Island, and Rhode Island was as fundamentally opposed to them. The three Colonies were founded and administered on the principle, that, as the end of man's existence is religion, therefore religion should be the end of all human institutions; that civil government should be administered for the church, and the object for which the state should legislate most directly and most carefully should be the religious interests of the community, as comprised in their creed and conduct.

The people of Rhode Island held as fervently as their neighbours that religion was the end of human existence and of human institutions. They denied, however, that this end would be promoted by the aid or interference of the state. They contended that the state would do the highest service to religion by letting it alone, and that the only duty which it owed to the church was to secure to every man the amplest toleration in respect to his faith and worship. The original

compact of the settlers of Providence was as follows: — "We, whose names are hereunder, desirous to inhabit the town of Providence, do promise to subject ourselves, in active and passive obedience, to all such orders or agreements as shall be made for public good of the body, in an orderly way, by the major assent of the present inhabitants, masters of families, incorporated together into a town-fellowship, and such as they shall admit unto them, *only in civil things.*"

The phrase "only in civil things" expresses the principle that was peculiar to Rhode Island. The limitation which this phrase imposed on the civil power marked the beginning of a new era in the history of man. It was the first ray of the sun which is not yet fully risen upon the earth. The great principle of religious freedom, which was asserted in these words, by a handful of outcasts, themselves refugees from a community of outcasts, and asserted under obloquy and contempt, is at this moment helping to convulse the mightiest empires of Europe. Let all honor be given to Rhode Island for being founded by men who first asserted this principle. As a state she deserves our grateful homage, for being the first to incorporate it into her constitution, and for boldly adhering to it as her glory and pride.

But she made one mistake. In interpreting the phrase "only in civil things," the common school was rejected, as being not a civil but a religious concern, and as thereby excluded from the care and patronage of the government. For more than a century and a half, this mistake was adhered to, so that during this period there is no trace of any legislation whatever for this important interest. Nearly two centuries were required for the state to discover that the word "civil" is not equivalent to *material* or *physical*, and that a provision for that culture which is required to render a man fit to be a citizen at all is far different from the imposition of a dogma of religious faith, or a ritual of divine worship.

This opinion of Rhode Island, though mistaken, was not unnatural. The common schools of Massachusetts and Connecticut were a nursery for the Puritan church. The institution was sustained by the same government which provided for the support of a particular ministry. It was controlled by that ministry, and made by them to teach the same principles which they expounded from the pulpit. It was viewed by its ardent friends as a part of the church, and because it was

a part of the church, they thought it needed the fostering care of the state. When, therefore, the church was cut off from the government by this daring little republic, the common school was separated also. To compel a citizen to support a school would have been to violate the rights of conscience. To compel him to educate his children would have been an invasion of his rights as a free-born Rhode-Islander, which would not be endured.

The views of the leading religious sects that originally settled Rhode Island, in respect to learning and schools of learning generally, were suited to confirm them in this mistaken interpretation of their principle of religious liberty. The early Baptists differed from the Congregationalists in their estimation of learning, and though by and by they discovered and renounced their error, yet the minor sects of their communion were most inveterate in their adherence to it. The Quakers, in their preference of the spirit to the letter of the Scriptures, very naturally lost sight of the value of "letters" generally. Their high and mysterious notions of the value of the inward light led them to deprecate the light that was kindled and nourished at the schools of profane knowledge; while the bigoted jealousy, in both these sects, of an established and hireling priesthood extended itself to whatever was deemed essential to their corrupted systems of intellectual and moral oppression. The Jews also, who came in considerable numbers to this sole ark of refuge and quiet that the world then provided for them, were, for obvious reasons, not likely to exert an influence in the opposite direction.

The early history of this State, thus constituted and thus peopled, was not fitted to lead its citizens to look with a more kindly eye on the public-school system. It held, from the first, not merely an antagonistic position towards the neighbouring Colonies, but it was constantly put upon its defence against their aggressions. These aggressions had not merely for their object the annexation of certain border towns or provinces, but boldly contemplated the absorption of the entire territory. "Little Rhody" was not too large to be disposed of at a single mouthful, especially as there were three Colonies eager to share in the partition. Connecticut was ready to march up to the western coast of the Narragansett Bay; Massachusetts claimed all the land on the eastern border; and Plym-

outh, that no resting-place might be left to these pestilent disturbers of the peace, was ready to assert her title to the island that lay like a gem in the midst of the beautiful Narragansett. So this infant state was liable at any moment to be put out to sea in an open boat, and to be unceremoniously pushed off into the broad Atlantic. The feelings awakened by this antagonistic position were not likely to conciliate her towards what was peculiar in the institutions of her oppressors. Besides, Rhode Island differed somewhat in her internal economy from her neighbours; she was not so much a colony, as a confederation of towns; and her intense spirit of individuality led her to guard against any infringement upon the rights of her smaller organizations.

The result of this combination of causes was what might have been predicted. The public or free school, which was the glory of Massachusetts and Connecticut, was unknown in Rhode Island. As a consequence, education, even of the humblest sort, was to some extent unknown. As a public interest or duty, it was entirely neglected. It was of course despised, and with energy and intenseness, inasmuch as ignorance was regarded as the badge of intellectual and spiritual freedom, and learning as the sign of a pharisaical and slavish bondage.

The border towns upon the line between Connecticut and Rhode Island abound in traditions and stories, which illustrate the peculiar views taken by the Rhode-Islanders of the institutions of their neighbours. Many of these stories are doubtless apocryphal, and others are highly colored. But for the truth of the following we are prepared to give the most credible testimony. About forty years since, a gentleman from Connecticut was travelling through Rhode Island, towards the town of Providence, when he met a very thriving citizen of the State, apparently a sturdy and wealthy farmer. The latter at once mistook his Connecticut friend for a clergyman, and stopped him upon the road to do battle against the two most obnoxious institutions of the sister republic, a parish ministry and common schools. In the progress of the tilt, he acknowledged himself the father of a large family of children, and able to provide for their education; but gave the three following reasons why he felt no interest in sending them to school. The first was, that his oldest daughter could read well enough, and one child could do all the reading that was

necessary for the family. The second reason was, that if he sent his children to school, he should be obliged to provide them all with shoes and stockings, which were not necessary if they remained at home; "and besides," said he, as though the last reason were decisive, "it is a Connecticut custom, and I do not like it." We do not suppose that all the inhabitants would have agreed with their fellow-citizen in all the reasons which he alleged for his aversion to a common-school system. It is no dishonor to them, however, to believe that they were ardently, if not bigotedly, attached to the principle of the largest individual liberty in regard to education, and that they preferred their own freedom, with its practical inconveniences, to the practical benefits which their neighbours enjoyed at the cost of a principle.

Rhode Island was not, however, given up to barbarism. The neglect of education was not universal. The tendencies to evil which were continually issuing from her mistaken views of an important truth did not result in all their appropriate consequences of evil. We say no more than the great majority of its citizens are now saying by their conduct, and what we presume they are as ready to acknowledge in words, when we assert that the State suffered severely in consequence of this neglect, that a large portion of its population in many important respects were inferior to their neighbours, and that in manners, in morals, and in enterprise, they gave striking testimony to the error of those who refused to provide for their higher wants. The reasons why these consequences were not still more prevalent and disastrous it is not difficult to discern. The territory on which this experiment was tried was very limited. None of its population were ignorant of the habits of the neighbouring States, of their zeal for the education of their children, and of the superior virtue and thrift which were the consequences of these habits. The more discerning saw these results, and sought to supply the defects of an organized system by private enterprise, to which, in some instances, they might have been stimulated by the desire to prove that individual freedom could accomplish more than society in bonds. Many of the inhabitants had emigrated from Massachusetts and Connecticut, and though they might rejoice in their escape from "the house of bondage," they also recollected some of the substantial benefits which were there enjoyed. The inhabitants of Providence,

Bristol, Newport, and other seaports, indeed, the population of all the extended sea-coast on the borders and upon the islands of the beautiful Narragansett, were devoted to navigation and commerce. If these last were not educated at school, they were educated by a contact with their fellowmen, and in a roving and changeful life. They were thus preserved from the depressing and brutalizing influences which they would have contracted from an inland and rural life. A Rhode-Island sailor or trader could never show all the sad marks of the neglect of early culture which are seen and felt in the stolid vacancy of a Pennsylvania boor.

Besides, Rhode Island began early to have an aristocracy; Providence and Newport, especially the latter, from its fine harbour and its attractive situation, had their merchant princes and their accomplished gentlemen. The Narragansett farmers owned large estates, which they cultivated by slaves, and in their persons, their manners, and hospitality presented no mean likeness to the polished gentry who at this day delight in the patriarchal institution. These gentlemen, whether of the city or plantation, were all genuine Rhode-Islanders; not because they were bigoted in their admiration of Roger Williams's transcendental metaphysics, but because they liked the practical liberty which was allowed to every man to think and act as he pleased. In this, the Quaker, the Jew, and the Churchman were at one. The spirit of freedom which they cherished gave a buoyant freedom to their manners; it imparted an originality and independence to their intellectual character, of which it still bears the impress. To this circumstance is it owing, that no State has furnished a larger proportion of men of peculiar and decided genius, than this State without common schools. Less than a century ago, Newport could boast of circles distinguished for scientific and literary culture; the Redwood Library is a noble memorial of their zeal. The influence of this higher class upon the entire population could not be small; the mere presence of men of a superior culture was in itself an education in some sense. At all events, there was secured to the State the services and the wisdom of enlightened men, who saved it from being ruined by the ignorance and passion of the uncultivated. The splendor of their genius, too, blinded the eye to the coarseness and squalor that were contracted by a portion of the body politic.

The history of legislation in respect to public schools both illustrates and confirms the views which we have expressed. Before 1798, there is no record of any movement upon this subject. Every man did what was right in his own eyes in respect to the education of his children, and, as was natural, very many did nothing. The first impulse towards a change originated from an association of mechanics and manufacturers in the city of Providence. In October, 1798, that body appointed a committee "to inquire into the most desirable method for the establishment of free schools." This committee reported in favor of an application to the General Assembly, "to provide for the establishment of free schools throughout the State." Accordingly, in February, 1799, the association presented an able memorial to the Assembly, and, as a consequence of this petition, an "Act to establish Free Schools" became a law of the State in 1800. In the preamble, one of the reasons given for the establishment of schools was, "to contribute *to the greater equality* of the people, by the common and joint instruction and education of the whole." This act provided for the distribution of 20 *per cent.* of the State tax of each year for schools, on condition that the several towns should maintain the number of schools prescribed to each, for the particular periods specified by the statute. The passage of this law was strenuously opposed, as being contrary to the principles and policy of the State, and after it was passed, Providence was the only town which carried it into effect. Measures were immediately taken to secure its repeal, and this was accomplished in 1803.

For eighteen years after this time, no record appears of any movement on the subject. In June, 1821, a committee was appointed to inquire into the state of education in the several towns, and to report in the October following; but their report was never called for. In 1827, plans were organized for a school law, which resulted in the passage of an act, in 1828, by an almost unanimous vote of both houses. This act is the basis of the present school system. It appropriated ten thousand dollars a year, from certain incomes, to be expended for education, and also made the beginning of a permanent school fund. In 1839, after "the deposit of the public money" with the several States, the school law was revised, and twenty-five thousand

dollars were appropriated annually for the purposes of education, including all the income from these deposits.

Six years ago, Rhode Island was shaken to its centre. Its existence as an organized society was threatened for months, and the horrors of dreaded anarchy impended over its cities and its households. Other communities heard of it at a distance, but they could not realize the solemn earnestness of the strife. The State was converted into a camp; every village and hamlet resounded with the din of military preparation. In many of these communities, two hostile bands were organized, in anticipation of actual conflict. In every tavern and workshop, angry discussions were continually going forward. Large collections of excited and ignorant men were addressed in the most exciting manner, and urged to be ready for deeds of blood, even against their friends and neighbours, to wrest from their hands rights that had been wrongfully withheld. The descendants of the old Rhode-Island stock were plied by artful appeals to their peculiar prejudices, and their ancient love for the largest liberty. The large masses of ignorant and uninstructed foreigners were easily imbued with the same spirit. On the other side, men of wealth trembled for their property, and for the safety of their dwellings and their persons. The old and the young, the venerable and the ardent, enlisted in the same companies, and solemnly took their position in the ranks together, to contend for law and order. The regular government triumphed, and the storm passed by. The influences of the crisis were most wholesome. It taught the entire population, that society does not stand of itself, that the foundations of civil government may be undermined and its strong pillars overthrown, that it is men who constitute a state, and that it is on the character of its population, as they are instructed or untaught, as they are thrifty or improvident, as they are virtuous or profligate, that the strength and security of a government must depend.

The cost of the conflict taught the most parsimonious, that it was cheaper in a pecuniary respect to prevent than to defray the expenses incident to an uninstructed populace. The public spirit, which in this strife had learned to regard that invisible thing called the state as an existence far more real and important than those interests which to the vulgar eye are esteemed the only substantial realities, was ready

to serve the state by still further sacrifices. The enthusiasm for the honor and good name of their favorite Rhode Island had learned to take a new direction. It was now earnest, and even eager, to abandon certain peculiarities in which it had been accustomed to glory. The generous spirit and enlarged views always characteristic of a commercial and manufacturing population were ready to fall in with any plan for the improvement of the entire commonwealth.

Under these circumstances, the attention of many of the influential citizens of the State was directed to the situation of the common schools, and the impression seems to have been general and deeply fixed, that no one interest was half so vital as this to the prosperity of the commonwealth, and perhaps even to the security of the new government. The "People's party" also were ready for the movement, and were most of them cordial in their friendship for it. In the consideration of the privileges of which they believed themselves to have been deprived, this had not escaped them; many of them saw and felt that deficiency in education tends to social inequality, and that the permanent neglect of the cultivation of any class of citizens tends to perpetuate political abuses, as well as social depression. Their leader had been active in his interest in the schools of Providence, and had given his influence to right views of school reform.

In October, 1843, Wilkins Updike introduced to the House of Representatives a bill "for ascertaining the condition of the public schools in this State, and for the improvement and better management thereof." In the remarks accompanying it, he said

"that the free-school system, as it then existed, was not a blessing to the State, except in the city of Providence, and possibly in a few other towns. This was not owing to the want of liberal appropriation from the general treasury. But the difficulty lay with the towns, and with the want of any thorough system for the examination of teachers, the regulation of books, and supervision of schools by officers qualified to discharge their duties. These things should be looked into. The legislature should know what becomes of the sum drawn annually from the general treasury. The people should have their attention called to the actual state of education among us. Our self-respect should be roused by a knowledge of the fact, that Rhode Island is behind the other New England States in this matter. With

a population of 108,830, we have over 1600 adults who cannot read or write, while Connecticut, with a population of 309,978, has only 526. The other New England States not only educate their own teachers, lawyers, doctors, and clergymen, but help to supply our demand for these classes of men. It is time to bestir ourselves in this matter. We need not act with precipitation. Pass this bill, sustain the agent, act upon his recommendations when they are sustained by facts and sound arguments, ingraft upon our system the tried improvements of other States, enlist the people, the whole people, in this great work of elevating the schools, and this little bill of three sections will be the beginning of a new era in our legislation on the subject of education."

These observations are worthy of record, as showing what was the condition of the schools of the State, as attested by one who was familiar with its interior portions, and who, being a genuine son of Rhode Island, would not be likely to judge her too harshly. They also show the views with which the school reform was undertaken, as well as the practical wisdom which characterized the plan that was proposed. To arouse any people to a sense of their own defects in matters of this kind is one of the most difficult of enterprises. Especially is it difficult to excite a population to abandon its earliest prejudices, and heartily to receive a system which it has been taught to suspect as dangerous or degrading. And yet, if the people could not be excited, it was hopeless to attempt a reform. For Rhode Island is, of all the States, intensely popular. Accustomed to convene its legislature in every part of its territory, and several times in a year, it regards its representatives as peculiarly the servants of the popular will. There were, however, certain important facilities for a successful movement. The State is small in its territory, and every part is accessible from Providence by a ride of two or three hours. It is likely to be animated by a common interest in any important object. Such an interest can be excited and diffused by a single impulse. Providence county embraces more than half the population of the State, a population intimately associated with it by a community of pursuit, of interest, and, to a very great extent, of personal acquaintance. Such a state is hardly liable to sectional jealousies and local prejudices. It is a state that moves together, if it move at all. The city of Providence, also, had already a school system, in the be-

ginning of complete success. Its school-houses, its apparatus, its teachers and methods of instruction, were already assuming the foremost rank; and its system is at this moment worthy to be compared with those of Roxbury, Salem, Worcester, or Boston. There was thus, in the very midst of the State, open to the observation of all its population, an actual model of what its public schools ought to be made, to excite and urge them to imitation.

The bill was passed, and the agent was appointed. In the selection of the agent, the State was exceedingly fortunate; Mr. Henry Barnard had for some years occupied a similar post in the State of Connecticut, from which he had been discharged, on the principle, we suppose, that "the whole need not a physician, but they who are sick"; and as Connecticut deemed herself quite above any aid of this kind, she was very willing that the agent should go to Rhode Island. Mr. Barnard accordingly went, and in December, 1843, began to discharge the duties of his office as agent of the State. His first and most important duties were to ascertain, by personal examination and authentic report, the actual condition of the schools of the State, and to arouse the interest of the people themselves in a thorough and entire reformation. Both these duties involved the most laborious effort, and of a peculiarly trying character. To convince men of all classes of prejudices and opinions that their institutions of learning are greatly deficient implies, of course, that they themselves had been hitherto ignorant, and contented that their children should remain so; and to argue with the ignorant concerning the advantages of education is always most discouraging. Especially is it discouraging, when the practical conclusion of all that you say is to lead them to raise money for an object of which they do not confess the value. Agitation of every kind was resorted to. Public meetings were held, not only in every town, but in every village and neighbourhood. More than eleven hundred meetings have been held in four years, expressly to discuss topics connected with public schools, at which more than fifteen hundred addresses have been delivered. Of these meetings, one hundred and fifty continued through the day and evening, more than one hundred through two evenings and a day, fifty through two days and three evenings, and twelve through an entire week. In addition, two hundred meetings of teachers

and parents have been held for discussions and lectures. Every part of the State has been visited and revisited, as no other State in the Union has ever been traversed for such a purpose. The press has lent its aid. More than sixteen thousand pamphlets and tracts on education have been distributed. For a single year, every almanac sold in the State carried with itself sixteen pages of matter relating to education.

After the state of the schools was ascertained, and the work of agitation was begun, a new school law was framed and presented to the General Assembly. It was first presented in May, 1844, to a committee of the House of Representatives, and was explained at great length as to the intent of each portion. After being reported to the House, it was printed, and its discussion postponed till June. At that time, its several provisions were explained before the two houses in convention, and all questions were answered, after which it was passed by the House almost unanimously. In the Senate, its consideration was delayed till the subject could be again referred to the people, the bill in the mean time being printed, with the explanations of its author, and circulated through the State. With a new legislature, the bill was taken up in the Senate in June, 1845, passed, and sent to the House, who concurred with the Senate, but postponed the operation of the law till the October session following. In connection with the beginning of this new system, a convention was called of all those most likely to be concerned or interested in its operation, at which its provisions were explained, and the various forms essential to their fulfilment were furnished.

The details of this wise caution and constant reference to the will of the people are curious, as illustrating the intensely popular spirit of the State. They are also most instructive, as showing how great reforms on points most delicate, and beset with the most serious difficulties, may be accomplished by a wise delay and considerate patience, if there be also an earnest and resolute spirit to urge them forward. The law was thus passed, and the school system which it established is wise, simple, and practical. It distributes twenty-five thousand dollars annually, on condition that each town raise by taxation a sum equal to that which is appropriated from the fund. In November, 1845, this new system be-

gan its operation. The agent by whom it had been projected and carried through was wisely retained as the commissioner for the State; for a new system like this is far from being a machine that goes of itself. It was yet to prove itself worthy of the confidence of the people who had adopted it. The towns were to be persuaded to raise the annual tax, an act to which they had never been accustomed. New school-houses were to be erected. In many districts, there were no school-houses at all; and in eleven towns, all the school-houses were owned by individuals, and rented to the districts. Most of the school-houses out of the larger towns were unworthy the name. New teachers were to be introduced, without violence to the prejudices of those to whom they were preferred. A thorough system of examination and supervision was for the first time to have both a nominal and real existence. The faith and zeal of the people were to be conducted through the difficulties and dangers attending upon the actual trial of a scheme to which they had been strangers. Here was a task severe enough for the energies of one man. The commissioner must of course be the impersonation of the system, and upon his faithfulness, his zeal, his command of the public confidence, and his ready tact to dispose of difficulties and to conciliate those opposed to him, the entire success of the enterprise would depend.

The experiment thus far, we are assured, has been most successful. Public confidence has been secured; the two political parties, both those peculiar to the State and those common to the other States, are of one mind about school reform. No interference from religious jealousies could be feared in a community so essentially tolerant as this. In 1846, all the towns in the State, for the first time since the colony was planted, taxed themselves for school purposes. In three years, one hundred and twenty thousand dollars have been raised for school-houses out of the city of Providence, and the traveller is now delighted at the external neatness, the internal convenience, and in some instances the architectural beauty, of the school-houses that have everywhere sprung up. Private enterprise and liberality have in many cases done nobly. Teachers of a high order have been introduced, good wages are paid, and a vigilant supervision has been established. In 1847, the amount raised by tax in the State for schools was nearly double the amount appropriated from the treasury for the same purpose.

The commissioner still spends much of his time in visiting the various parts of the State, and can be consulted in his office at Providence by any one, after a ride of two or three hours. In addition to the supervision of the schools, he has done much for the interests of education in two separate departments, which he has employed as auxiliary to the great purposes of his mission. These are the formation of libraries, and the establishment and direction of courses of popular lectures. Libraries have been introduced into many of the districts for the use of the pupils in the schools, and larger collections of books have been made in many of the towns and villages for general circulation. In some instances, libraries of five hundred volumes, in others of seven hundred, in others of one thousand, have been purchased, and are now performing their silent but powerful ministry of good. To this work the commissioner has given his earnest personal attention, by keeping at his office, at all times, specimens of most of the books likely to be needed, where they can be examined by committees, and by stimulating individuals and communities to the noble enterprise of founding a library for themselves and their children. It may yet happen, that Rhode Island shall be the first State in the Union that can point to a well-selected library in every village and township. The plan for the maintenance of these libraries and for the circulation of the books, recommended and adopted by Mr. Barnard, is worthy the attention of every man who is interested in efforts of this kind.

Seventeen courses of popular lectures have been commenced and sustained in the State during the past winter, with interest and good results. In these efforts for the intellectual and moral improvement of the people of Rhode Island, the commissioner has had the earnest and zealous coöperation of most of the prominent men of the State. The citizens of Rhode Island are proverbially proud of their State; perhaps their jealousy lest it should be overlooked on account of its smallness makes them more sensitive to every thing that concerns its good name. Most of them are enterprising, from the necessities of their situation, and from the habits of their fathers. From the local situation of their large towns, as well as from the nature of their employments, they are necessarily brought into contact with men from the other sections of the Union, and have been conversant with their plans and

efforts. From the first, they have been more free in spirit, of a more sanguine and hopeful temperament, less saving, and more daring, than the other members of the New England sisterhood. When, therefore, they were rejoicing in their escape from their recent convulsion, and looking forward with that wise forecast which its fresh-remembered terrors might well inspire, it is not surprising that all the active spirits of the time, from the oldest to the youngest, should have deemed this enterprise an object worthy their attention, and should have entered upon the work with characteristic energy. The manufacturers might well tremble in the presence of the large masses of uninstructed population which were growing up around them, and see it written everywhere with a distinctness which none could comprehend so well as they, that it was only by educating this population that their business would prosper and their lives and property be secure. It deserves also to be noticed, as a subject for hearty congratulation, that in Rhode Island the trade of politics is very simple and very profitless. The State is so small, its salaries are so low, its places are so few, and the politicians are brought so frequently and so easily under the inspection of their constituents, that the jobbing and wire-pulling, and all the nameless and unnamable operations which interfere with attention to the higher interests of the people, are to a good degree discouraged and unknown. To this last circumstance more than to any other does the State owe it, that an enterprise so delicate and critical as the work of school reform was not seized upon by politicians, and sacrificed to their selfish purposes.

The organization through which the leading men of the State have acted in this movement is the Rhode Island Institute of Instruction. This association was organized in January, 1845, before the new school system was actually put into operation. It consists of the friends of education throughout the State; it publishes a journal, and has been, and still continues to be, an efficient society. It holds together the friends of common schools, reminds them of the duties to which they are pledged, keeps them acquainted with what is doing in every part of their little commonwealth, with every square mile of which each man of them is familiar, and thus cherishes and promotes a common feeling in the good cause.

There are few spectacles more worthy to excite an ardent

yet rational enthusiasm than the movement of a commonwealth, in a united purpose, and with resolute will, towards the accomplishment of any important end touching the moral or intellectual welfare of its citizens. When the value of the object is perceived by the mass of the people, and accepted by them as an interest for which they care and are ready to labor, our hopes for the progress of the race are confirmed and elevated. But when a people are seen to recognize a great deficiency in the means of education, and with one mind to take vigorous and rapid measures for its removal, they deserve indeed the highest praise. The efforts of the people of Rhode Island for their schools have been peculiar, in respect to the work which they had to accomplish, to the rapidity of the reform, to the unanimity and zeal with which it has been executed, to the permanent results which have been attained, and to the still higher promise for the future of which these results give the assurance.

We give Rhode Island a hearty welcome to the sisterhood of New England States, in this good work of school reform. All hail to her, as she puts her vigorous hand to this enterprise! Her energy, and her success already achieved, furnish the most cheering promise for the future. There is still one other New England State from which we hope in due time to hear, and that is the very respectable State that lies on the west of Rhode Island. There was a time when Connecticut boasted that she was the Common-school State, *par eminence*. Perhaps she now and then plumed herself not a little upon her superiority in this respect to benighted and uninstructed Rhode Island. Truly, it will be a dismal change, if the tables shall be turned in this respect, and the proportions of things shall be reversed. And yet we are not certain that such a change may not soon be realized. In Connecticut, as we learn, school reform is a scandal and an offence, and the very suggestion that it is called for is scouted as "not to be endured." A school superintendent is a useless appendage, which may do very well for Rhode Island, but is not needed in a State so enlightened. A large school fund, which pensions all the children upon the commonwealth, is the sufficient security for an unrivalled school system; while a school tax, imposed by the people on themselves, is a thing unknown and not to be thought of. It has been said, indeed, in Connecticut, that there are States which make such a tax the

condition to the reception of any allowance from the school funds which they have provided; but it is not believed. It is even said that such a tax is voluntarily imposed, and sometimes to double and treble the amount which is required; but this is regarded as altogether apocryphal, and almost as an imposition upon the credulity of a Connecticut tax-payer. Our hope for Connecticut is, we confess, in Rhode Island. When in Woonsocket and Chepachet successful schools shall have been established, and shall be more liberally supported even than at this moment, then let a Connecticut legislature be transported, bodily, by railroad to these towns, to see for themselves what has been accomplished, even in Rhode Island, and by the voluntary action of the people themselves! If this *ultima ratio* will not convince and arouse them, we know not what method remains to be attempted.

Art. IX. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *History of the Greek Alphabet, with Remarks on Greek Orthography and Pronunciation.* By E. A. Sophocles, A. M. Cambridge: George Nichols. 1848. 12mo. pp. 136.

In this little volume, Mr. Sophocles has embodied the results of a most acute, learned, and original investigation of the alphabet and the pronunciation of the Greek language. Many good scholars would probably consider these topics dry and uninteresting; but in reality they are quite curious, and when well handled, rise into importance. The history of alphabetic writing is almost the history of human thought; and the theory of its origin and the date of its introduction into Europe connect themselves with literary problems which have exercised the ingenuity of the most learned scholars. The question, whether the Homeric poems — the oldest monument of Greek literature — were at first committed to writing, or merely preserved by tradition and memory, until they were gathered up and arranged by the wits of a later age, depends, in a great measure, for its solution, upon the earlier or later period to which our researches assign this art. That there was a long period of time during which the Indo-Germanic races, in the chain of which the Hellenic tribes formed the most important link, were without the use of letters,

is clearly enough proved by the fact, that while the elemental principles of their languages remained the same, their alphabetic writings diverged widely, — the languages doubtless having been reduced to written forms by wholly independent alphabetical inventions, at remote periods of time, and at great geographical distances from each other. Thus, the parent form from which the Greek and Sanscrit descended must have been unfolded in great perfection long before either the one or the other became a written language; so surprising are the resemblances and affinities that have been traced, under the disguises of totally independent alphabets, not only in radical words, but in those principles of conjugation and inflection which especially show an identity of origin; the Sanscrit, in the course of time, having been reduced to writing in an alphabet of complicated and elaborate structure, and the Hellenic races having adopted the simpler forms of another family of nations, the Semitic.

Whatever be the length we assign to this unlettered period, there can be very little doubt that alphabetic writing, among the Semitic nations, ascends to a very early age, and that it was introduced among these nations from Egypt, where something approaching alphabetic writing existed in an unfathomable antiquity. The arts of Egypt, Syria, and Phœnicia were well known to the Greeks at the earliest date of which any record has descended to us, being almost coeval with the oldest myths and traditions; and among other arts, why not the most astonishing of all, the art of writing?

Mr. Sophocles has brought together, in the first part of his book, "the traditions and fictions concerning the alphabet," as they are found in the ancient authors, both Roman and Greek. The view of the subject thus presented is both amusing and instructive; for the original words of the writers are brought together, and their opinions, conjectures, and assumptions grouped, with much ingenuity and research. If these numerous notices do not entirely decide the extreme antiquity of the art, they at least show the universally prevailing opinion of the ancients themselves, that alphabetic writing, if it did not, in the words of Dogberry, come by nature, yet originated amongst the earliest arts in which the human mind sought to embody its primeval energies.

From these uncertain lights, Mr. Sophocles proceeds to examine the testimonies afforded by early monuments. He traces the modifications and additions which the alphabet underwent among the tribes who spoke the different dialects of the Greek, and the improvements that were made from age to age; and he has illustrated all these topics with admirable learning and philo-

logical skill. In this branch of the discussion, Mr. Sophocles has availed himself of the important aid furnished him by the recent researches of scholars in the department of *epigraphic* literature. Boeckh's great work, in particular, the *Corpus Inscriptionum Græcarum*, is a treasure-house of philological facts, from which illustrations are drawn to clear up obscure points, and to correct the erroneous statements of the grammarians. Indeed, nothing is omitted by the author of this little book which can in any way exhibit the true history of the alphabet. The sections which contain the remarks on orthography will be found very curious and valuable; these remarks are also based on the indisputable authority of the inscriptions, which are of the nature not merely of contemporaneous, but autograph documents.

The last part of the book treats of Pronunciation. The able and satisfactory discussion here embodied will meet a want long felt and loudly expressed by scholars. The proper pronunciation of the Greek language has been a disputed question ever since the days of Reuchlin and Erasmus, and no one conclusion has been generally acquiesced in by literary men. The practical result of all the learning which has been expended or wasted upon the subject is, that the nations of Europe give the Greek letters the sounds which prevail in their own languages, and the accent which belongs to the Latin; than which it would be impossible to imagine a more barbarous incongruity. It is as if an Englishman should learn the French with the sounds of the German and the accent of the Chinese. The written accents have been wholly left out of the systems of pronunciation prevalent in most European nations, having been supposed to be inconsistent with the laws of quantity; but this supposition shows what singularly confused notions of accent and quantity have been entertained, the fact being that we do not observe quantity even in our pronunciation of the Latin. We merely *accent* the penultimate when long, and the antepenultimate when the penult is short; but we do not mark the quantity at all, except that the quantity of the penult is *inferred* from the place where the accent rests.

Mr. Sophocles has endeavoured to ascertain the true pronunciation of the ancient Greek. Any such attempt must naturally be limited to an approximation; for the actual pronunciation must have varied, to a considerable extent, with difference of time and distance of place. This is the universal condition of language. All, therefore, which can be expected or desired is to ascertain the general facts of the pronunciation in the best ages of Greek literature; and this Mr. Sophocles has done, with as much precision as the nature of the problem admits. In the course of the

investigation, he explains the prevailing pronunciation of the Romaic or modern Greek, and points out in what respects this differs from that of the ancient. The conclusions which he has drawn as to the ancient pronunciation are founded on descriptions of the ancient writers, more particularly the minute and careful statements of Dionysius of Halicarnassus, and of the old grammarians. In a notice like the present, we have no room to go into the particulars of the inquiry; we shall barely remark, that Mr. Sophocles seems to us to have settled all the important questions beyond the possibility of refutation, and to have furnished the Greek scholars of the present day with the means of adopting and establishing a uniform system of pronunciation, combining in a satisfactory degree the elements of the ancient sounds of the language, and reconciling the conflicting claims of accent and quantity. We hope the attention of scholars will be given to this subject, and that a commencement, at least, will immediately be made, in attempting to pronounce Greek a little like the Greeks.

One thing is certain; the choice will be between a system essentially resting on the conclusions of Mr. Sophocles, and that of the modern Greeks. The latter, with all the deviations from the ancient which unquestionably characterize it, has strong claims upon the favor of scholars, from the fact that it is the pronunciation of an existing nation, — the descendants of the ancient Hellenes, and speaking a language formed out of the *débris* of the classic Greek. The modern Greek will be more and more studied, not only on account of its intimate relation to the ancient, but because it is the medium of communication between the nations of the East, and because it contains and embodies an original literature, destined probably to increase in importance, and to take its place within the recognized circle of modern European culture. The pronunciation founded on Mr. Sophocles's investigations would be closely allied to the existing pronunciation of the Romaic, — so closely, indeed, that it would be very easy to pass from the one to the other. On the whole, we should prefer his system to that of the modern Greeks.

The book which we have thus hastily noticed should be the companion to the Greek Grammar, wherever the language is taught. Besides its great merits in a philological point of view, it is a model of compact, clear, idiomatic English writing. The purity of its style would be remarkable even for one of Anglo-Saxon birth.

2. — *A Treatise on the Law of Evidence, as administered in England and Ireland, with Illustrations from the American and other Foreign Laws.* By John Pitt Taylor, Esq., of the Middle Temple, Barrister at Law. London: A. Maxwell & Son. 1848. Volume I. 8vo. pp. 643.

Mr. John Pitt Taylor, we doubt not, is an exceedingly honest man, as the world goes; or rather, in old Gobbo's phrase, he is an "honest exceeding poor man," for, indeed, he doth "something smack, something grow to, — he hath a kind of taste." He will not directly take that which is another's, whether it be money or reputation, provided that the law expressly forbids him to appropriate it; for as the law never speaks but to command and compel, there are certain ugly penalties attached to it, which it would be inconvenient or hazardous to encounter. But if the law happens to be silent, Mr. Taylor's conscience is silent also; every thing which is not illegal within the compass of her Majesty Queen Victoria's three kingdoms, in his estimation, is also legal, and therefore equitable, honorable, and just. As he is a lawyer himself, he knows all the little indentations and winding creeks into the coasts of the law, and he can show his forensic ability in navigating these obscure recesses, keeping just as close to the shore as he can without actually striking on the breakers. If one of his learned brothers in England had published, some five or six years ago, an admirable book on the law of evidence, which had become a classic in every court where the English language is spoken, Mr. John Pitt Taylor would have been far too honest to seize upon it, and after interpolating a few more illustrations and citations from English statutes and reports, to publish it with his own name emblazoned on the title-page, the true author being mentioned only in a smoothly polite, but somewhat vague, acknowledgment in the Preface. O, no! he is far too honest for that, especially as such a course would subject his publisher to an injunction, and himself to an action for damages, while, by the publicity of these legal proceedings, his general reputation for common fairness and integrity might be somewhat more damaged than his purse. But if the said work be written by a learned professor, cunning in the law, in America, the English law does not prohibit him from stealing it, — the American law, we are sorry to say, is equally silent in respect to English books, — and Mr. Taylor accordingly adopts it as his own, and puts forth this supposititious child upon the community. This proceeding is an apt illustration of the manner in which the con-

sciences of some worthy persons require to be propped up by positive statutes, to be fortified and buttressed with legal penalties, before they will act at all.

Mr. Taylor observes in his Preface, that "the following work is founded on Dr. Greenleaf's American Treatise on the Law of Evidence," which treatise he at first intended merely to edit, but "finally determined *to abandon it*, and to submit to the public a treatise *of my own*." He further modestly observes, that he "had no idle hope of being able to produce a book which, regarded as an exposition of general principles, should surpass, or even equal, that written by the learned American Professor." To have introduced the new matter which he wished to add "in the shape of notes to Dr. Greenleaf's Treatise *would have been highly inconvenient*"; so he resolves to publish the whole under his own name, sagely remarking, that "whether the information were conveyed in my own or in another's language has been to me, as it doubtless will be to my readers, *a matter of indifference*." The cool impudence of such an avowal is certainly, in this hot weather, very refreshing.

Our Transatlantic notion of literary honesty is, that when an author publishes a book which he claims as his own by putting his own name exclusively upon its title-page, every sentence in it which is really borrowed from another work should be distinguished by quotation marks, and credited, by marginal references or other means, to its proper author. Mr. Taylor, though confessing in the Preface that he has "borrowed many pages of the terse and luminous writing" of Professor Greenleaf, uses no quotation marks, and leaves the reader to ascertain as he can the precise extent of his borrowings. We will offer any one who may be curious on the subject a little assistance in this inquiry.

One hundred and seventy-eight sections of Mr. Taylor's work are copied, either entirely or in substance, from Dr. Greenleaf's, and parts of many others are taken from the same source. All the quotations from the Roman law are borrowed from the American book, to which Mr. Taylor is also indebted for the arrangement of the subject. His additions consist of the English statutes and rules of practice, of additional cases to illustrate the principles stated by Dr. Greenleaf, and of some few modifications of these principles; but he has added no new rule of evidence. Such is the work which is modestly set forth on the title-page as "A Treatise on the Law of Evidence, by John Pitt Taylor, Esq."

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

Memoir of William Ellery Channing, with Extracts from his Correspondence and Manuscripts. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1848. 3 vols. 12mo.

The History of the Peloponnesian War, by Thucydides; according to the Text of L. Dindorf, with Notes, for the Use of Colleges. By John J. Owen, Principal of the Cornelius Institute. New York: Leavitt, Trow, & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 683.

Modern Painters. By a Graduate of Oxford. Part III. First American from the Third London Edition, revised by the Author. New York: John Wiley. 1848. 12mo. pp. 222.

Researches on the Chemistry of Food, and the Motion of Juices in the Animal Body. By Justus Liebig, M. D. Edited from the Manuscript of the Author, by William Gregory, M. D. Edited from the English Edition, by Eben N. Horsford, A. M. Lowell: Daniel Bixby & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 219.

History of the French Revolution of 1789. By Louis Blanc. Translated from the French. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1848. 12mo. pp. 322.

The Constitutions of France, Monarchical and Republican, together with Brief Historical Remarks relating to their Origin and the late Orleans Dynasty. By Bernard Roelker, of the Boston Bar. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 156.

Dr. J. G. Flügel's Practical Dictionary of the English and German Languages, in Two Parts. Part I., English and German. Leipzig: J. C. Richter. 1847. 8vo. pp. 877.

Romance of the History of Louisiana, a Series of Lectures. By Charles Gayarré. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 16mo. pp. 265.

Thoughts on some Important Points relating to the History of the World. By J. P. Nichol, LL. D. First American Edition, revised and enlarged. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 2 1.

The General Features of the Moral Government of God. By A. B. Jacocks, M. A. Boston: Crosby & Nichols. 1848. 16mo. pp. 90.

Half-Hours with the Best Authors. Selected and arranged, with Short Biographical and Critical Notices, by Charles Knight. Vol. II. New York: John Wiley. 1848. 12mo. pp. 559.

The Wanderings and Fortunes of some German Emigrants. By Frederick Gerstaecker. Translated by David Black. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 270.

Elements of Natural Philosophy, being an Experimental Introduction to the Study of the Physical Sciences. By Golding Bird, A. M., F. R. S., etc. With 372 Illustrations. From the revised and enlarged Third London Edition. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1848. 12mo. pp. 402.

Principles of the Mechanics of Machinery and Engineering. By Julius Weisbach, Professor of Mechanics and Applied-Mathematics in the Royal Mining Academy of Freiburg. First American Edition, edited by Walter R. Johnson, A. M., and illustrated with 1,000 Engravings on Wood. Vol. I. Theoretical Mechanics. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1848. 8vo. pp. 486.

Arithmetic analytically explained and synthetically applied, illustrated by Copious Examples. Designed for the Use of Schools and Academies. By Daniel Adams, M. D. Keene, N. H.: J. W. Prentiss & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 306.

A Pilgrimage to the Holy Land, comprising Recollections, Sketches, and Reflections made during a Tour in the East. By Alphonse de Lamartine. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848. 2 vols. 12mo.

C. Julius Cæsar's Commentaries on the Gallic War, with English Notes, Critical and Explanatory, a Lexicon, Indexes, etc. By Rev. J. A. Spencer, A. M. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 408.

Chess for Winter Evenings, containing the Rudiments of the Game, and Elementary Analyses of the most Popular Openings, exemplified in Games actually played by the Best Masters; also, a Series of Chess Tales, with Illustrations engraved from Original Designs. By H. R. Agnel. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 509.

The Elements of a Vigorous and Useful Character: a Discourse delivered to the Young Men of Portsmouth, February 20, 1848. By Rufus W. Clark. Portsmouth: S. A. Badger. 8vo. pp. 20.

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ART. I. — *The Middle Kingdom; a Survey of the Geography, Government, Education, Social Life, Arts, Religion, &c., of the Chinese Empire and its Inhabitants.* With a new Map of the Empire, and Illustrations, principally engraved by J. W. ORR. By S. WELLS WILLIAMS, Author of "Easy Lessons in Chinese," "English and Chinese Vocabulary," &c. New York: Wiley & Putnam. 1848. 2 vols. 12mo.

TERENCE, when he put into the mouth of his Chremes that verse, so incessantly quoted,

"Homo sum: humani nihil a me alienum puto,"

was unaware that he was enunciating a noble moral sentiment. He meant it to be laughed at. It is the lame apology of a pragmatical and obtrusive old man for meddling with his neighbour's business. It must be isolated, in order to be christened. But in its Christian acceptation, it has constantly recurred to us in the perusal of the book named above. It is only a catholic and kindly interest in man, that can make one a thorough observer and faithful narrator of all the aspects of nature, society, art, and civilization, in regions where the research is attended with difficulty or involved in obscurity. The chief obstacle in such cases to the acquisition of correct and ample information is the lack, not of materials for answering questions, but of comprehensiveness in asking them. The traveller or resident in a strange land will generally ascertain what he seeks; but his occupation, tastes,

or interests limit the range of his investigation. The diplomatist deems his work done, when he has described the court, or sketched the political condition or foreign relations of the kingdom. The commercial resident thinks it enough to define the course of trade, the harbours, markets, and industrial resources of the people. The naturalist will despatch the genus *homo* in a foot-note, and consecrate his text to beetles and butterflies. But he who is interested in and for man as man can hardly fail to take fitting cognizance of every class of facts relating to the country which he explores; for man is the central figure in every group, and there is no feature of scenery, soil, or climate, no production, no living being, much more, no institution, art, custom, or belief, which is not rendered noteworthy by its bearing upon the economy of human life or the formation of human character.

We should therefore expect to get the most thorough, symmetrical, and trustworthy journals or itineraries, not from mere travellers, even of the better sort, but from persons who had some ulterior philanthropic end in view. In this aspect alone, the missionary enterprise has more than compensated Christian nations for the contributions which have sustained it. In geography, ethnography, and philology, more has been derived, within the last two centuries, from this source, than from all others. Where commercial enterprise has furnished charts of a coast, religious zeal has penetrated the remotest interior. Where scientific research has offered us a few salient features of outward nature, the servant of the cross has gauged society in every dimension and painted it in every aspect. Where the philologist has half gleaned and half imagined a scanty vocabulary to sustain a preconceived theory, the missionary has mastered the most intractable dialects, codified their laws and idioms, constructed alphabets, and created a written literature. Of many of the South Sea islands, of many parts of Asia and Africa, of some portions of the aboriginal history of our own country, with which we may now become intimately conversant, we should still have been in utter ignorance, or have had but the most vague and shadowy knowledge, had it not been for these crusaders of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. Their published narratives become at once standard and indispensable works in their respective departments, while the

periodicals issued under the auspices of their supporters are no less valuable to the merely curious inquirer than edifying to the devout and benevolent. There is not a number of the Missionary Herald, an unobtrusive monthly published in this city, which does not send abroad through the American churches materials of knowledge which would be issued from the secular press with the longest and loudest flourishes of trumpets.

We doubt whether any but missionaries have attained aught beyond the most superficial acquaintance with the vast interior of China, its language, literature, laws, institutions, arts, and manners. As to its complex and unwieldy language, we find no reason to doubt the testimony of the Jesuit Father Chavagnac, that "it is only for the service of God that one can give himself the trouble of learning it"; and it surely demanded a more cheerful faith and elastic confidence than those of the mere linguist, to coin the title of one of the books of the author whom we have undertaken to review, — "*Easy* Lessons in Chinese."

The *Lettres Édifiantes* of the Jesuit missionaries in China, written between the years 1699 and 1733, occupy, in the edition before us, more than eight hundred closely printed, double-columned octavo pages. They leave almost nothing, that we could wish to know, unexplored and untold. Their writers were men of indomitable spirit, unsurpassed in power of labor and of endurance. Self-sacrificing to the last degree, and, where the interests of religion seemed to demand it, becoming all things to all men with the utmost versatility, they made themselves equally familiar with the palace and the pagoda, the crowded city and the solitary hamlet, the scenes of the gayest revelry and the inmost forest recesses of Tartary. Wherever the manifestation of sympathy might gain them a hearing, wherever by superior adroitness, intelligence, or science they might win the least vantage-ground for their faith, wherever the water of baptism could be cast upon the face of a perishing infant, they were sure to be at hand, and as much "all eye, all ear," for every trait of nature or humanity that could give zest to their next communication to the faithful at home, as if they had been hired reporters and nothing more. And here we ought, in justice to their memory, to acquit them from the charge which has been currently alleged against them, of the easy compromise of

faith and principle, in order to obtain and keep their hold on imperial favor. From a careful examination of their correspondence, we are convinced that they never were guilty of prevarication, of idolatrous compliances, or of the suppression of a manly, Christian testimony against the false theology or the depraved morality of prince or subject, court or city. Indeed, we might cite cases of over-scrupulousness on the opposite side. Thus, in one instance, they put at the most imminent hazard their own lives and the whole fortunes of the mission, by their obstinate refusal to manufacture for the heir-apparent a certain sceptre, which, notwithstanding his protestations to the contrary, they feared would be employed for idolatrous uses.

On the other hand, it must be acknowledged that their religious tests were so purely mechanical, as to render it doubtful whether their alleged converts were in any sense or measure Christians, or any the less idolaters than before. The adoption of their ceremonies was their chief desideratum; and this was no doubt often effected with natives, who only, with prompt mental hospitality, admitted the Virgin and the Saints into their not over-crowded Pantheon. The most humiliating and revolting feature of their mode of procedure was their constant elevation of the ceremonial of religion above the claims of common humanity. Thus, though they protested against the exposure of infants, we cannot find that they made any strong effort to limit the extent of that practice, or to rescue its victims; but were on the alert for the daily opportunities presented for baptizing these innocents, snatching them for this end from the jaws of swine, from the waters just closing over them, or from the earth thrown loosely on their still breathing frames, and then leaving them to the tender mercies of the death-angel. We doubt whether any other piety as sincere as theirs ever dictated sentiments so absurd and revolting as occur in the following passage: —

"I have not yet spoken of the infants, whom the wretchedness of their parents obliges them to expose, to be eaten by beasts, and unless succoured, condemned to perish under the eternal anger of God. A man, who had nothing to do, but to baptize these little ones in their deplorable extremity, would not lose his pains. There would be few days on which he would not find more or less of them; and their salvation would be all the more certain, as no one takes the trouble of picking them up

and drawing them from the embrace of death, so that on the day of their baptism almost all would be in Paradise."

Since the palmy days of Jesuit influence in China, there have been many interesting and valuable narratives of voyages and embassies to the Celestial Empire ; but they are for the most part one-sided and defective, the authors not having sought, or having been denied, the opportunity of thorough inquiry and extensive research. Far less imposing in aspect and style, but far more attractive to the general reader, than most of these narratives, are Gutzlaff's historical and descriptive works on China. But he was a missionary, and as such occupied the philanthropic point of view, from which there was *nihil alienum*, so that one who is curious in Chinese affairs can hardly frame a question which he cannot find answered in these volumes.

The work now before us is second to none in thoroughness, comprehensiveness, and all the tokens of accuracy, of which an " outside barbarian " can take cognizance. Its author went to China as a printer, under the auspices of the American Board of Foreign Missions ; and these volumes grew out of a course of lectures, which he delivered on his return to the United States, to raise funds for the manufacture of a fount of Chinese type. He is far from being a finished or polished writer, and we now and then detect an instance of awkwardness, solecism, or incorrectness in style ; nor has he sufficiently studied brevity, either by the compact adjustment of his materials or the omission of needless details. But if he writes without art, he writes without pretension, simply, modestly, earnestly, in the kindest spirit and the sunniest temper. He has no speculations to verify, no far-sought hypotheses to make good. His only theory is that without which he would not have been a missionary, namely, that the wretchedness and degradation of the Chinese flow from false religion or infidelity, and that the reception of Christian ideas and institutions alone is needed for their regeneration. This implicit faith in the omnipotence of Christianity he avows distinctly and repeatedly ; and his whole work bears the impress of a noble moral aim, that of enlisting active sympathy and help in the enterprise of evangelizing China. In accordance with this aim, the book is cheerful and hopeful throughout. It dwells lovingly on every

existing element of good, and enters its plea in abatement for every form of grossness and sensuality. It does ample justice to the resources of the country and to the capacities of the people. It makes us respect and love the author, for the traits of zeal tempered by discretion, of unfeigned philanthropy, and genial humanity, that arrest attention on almost every page. He is equally removed from the superstition of those who, in the absence of Christianity, can find nothing to praise or admire, and because they cannot see the sun, will not see the stars, — and from the delusion of those blind worshippers of human nature, who are for ever tracing germs of moral beauty and grandeur in the worst deformities and brutalities of heathenism.

In a merely geographical and historical aspect, China presents the strongest claims on the interest of the western world. The empire in its present limits embraces not far from one tenth of the land on the globe, and a full third part of its inhabitants. It includes the widest contrasts of climate, lying in part between the tropics, and in part approaching the Arctic circle. Much of its soil is of unsurpassed fertility, and under the highest cultivation. Its commercial resources are incalculable, and its one peculiar product is hardly second in amount or value to any article of traffic in the world. Its language, literature, art, science, and religious position are all unique, and adapted to stimulate and reward the curious inquirer. Then, too, its description is its history for ages; — its remote past has stereotyped itself in forms which, however threatened by recent changes, have not yet begun to be effaced.

But most of all is China interesting in its relation to the philosophy of human progress. We see there the highest stage of civilization which has as yet been attained by any nation independently of Christian institutions. In saying this, we speak advisedly and deliberately, and believe that we shall be sustained by a fair comparison of Chinese with Athenian or Roman culture. The genius, art, and taste of the classic ages have, indeed, left memorials by the side of which China has absolutely nothing to exhibit. But ancient civilization was contracted and exclusive, both as regarded the departments to which it extended, and the classes of people that enjoyed its benefits. It was confined chiefly to the regions of intellect and taste, and to those whom their social

position brought within the range of literary and æsthetic pursuits and pleasures. It had little influence on political institutions or measures, and in no instance produced a mild, equitable, or paternal government, its republics having been merely hydra-headed despotisms, and its monarchies capricious and cruel autocracies. It expanded itself to hardly an appreciable degree in the direction of the useful arts or in the development of industrial resources. It projected few enterprises of internal improvement and extensive public utility. Its mechanical inventions were insignificant; its manufactures received little aid from skill or science; its luxury, though profuse and magnificent, was coarse and rude. Chinese civilization, on the other hand, (though not all-pervading, nor manifesting the tendency to become so, which seems inherent in every element of Christian culture,) embraces within its benefits a very wide diversity of conditions, professions, and departments of life. It has modified the theory of government, and rendered its institutions in form and pretence almost incapable of improvement. It has created and diffused a popular literature negatively pure, and endowed with many positive traits of moral excellence. It has established seminaries of education and incentives to the pursuit of knowledge, nominally within the reach of all. It has constructed and maintained routes of inland communication, both by land and water, surpassing those of any other country in their extent and costliness, and in scientific skill exceeding the capacity of the Western nations at the age when they were planned. It struck out, many centuries ago, mechanical discoveries and inventions still recent in Europe. It has brought agriculture and many of the arts of practical utility to a high degree of perfection. And what perhaps proves more conclusively than any other point of comparison its superiority to any form of ancient civilization, it has gained a sufficient ascendency for self-preservation, and, though it reached its culminating point many centuries ago, it has not yet begun to decline.

But why have the Chinese been stationary during ages so fruitful of change for the rest of mankind? Why have nations, that were yet in the depths of barbarism when China began to be the seat of literature, curious arts, and settled industry, rushed by her, and out of sight beyond her? China has had every possible vantage-ground for the race. Her very vastness of extent, and diversity of surface, soil, climate,

and productions, have given her within her own limits ample room for the most expanded circulation and the most vigorous growth of all the elements of national well-being. She has had at her entire command resources which almost every other people must compass land and sea to find. She has had also the mixture of tribes and the juxtaposition of races, to which elsewhere powerful onward impulses have been often traced. Then, too, she has enjoyed more established, profound, and long-continued peace than any other nation, ancient or modern, and has thus been spared the exhaustion, the waste, the moral desolation, the influx of barbarism, inseparable from civil discord or foreign war. And if influences from beyond the empire were needed to stir the stagnant waters within, those influences have always been at hand and craved admittance, and the rejection of them is to be regarded as an effect, not a cause, — as part and parcel of the Chinese system which we are criticizing.

What, then, are the great deficiencies in Chinese civilization? First, and chief of all, the Chinese lack general ideas, and have access to no source whence they can be derived. Speculation, seemingly vague and fruitless, yet aspiring and grasping, has preceded every stage in the progress of Christian nations. Thus, from the misty controversies of the scholastic ages burst forth a light that flashed across the whole realm of science and the entire economy of life; and Thomas Aquinas and Duns Scotus, with the countless horde of doctors irrefragable, seraphic, and divine, were needed to bring such men as Bacon, Galileo, Kepler, and Newton within the range of possibility. In like manner, the vast and profound researches in spiritual philosophy, which, with few apparent results, occupied so much of the intellectual acumen and vigor of the last century, had their essential office in so augmenting the scope and tension of the collective intellect of Christendom, as to lead to the massive generalizations and profound intuitions in material science involved in the inventions and discoveries of the present age. It is only to the mind that goes out beyond and above its own circle, that what lies within that circle is clearly revealed. The skilful manipulators, who announce and put in play the last results of science, though called inventors and discoverers, are generally the mere exponents of the stage of progress which has been attained under the guidance of intellects of a far

higher order. It is the vast and comprehensive truths of religion, that reveal resemblances, suggest analogies, render symmetry and harmony probable, and lead him who is in possession of any law or principle of science to essay its classification under some law of larger sway or principle of broader compass. The tacit recognition of such views of the spiritual universe as Christianity presents, alone, can impart to the mind the outward pressure, the expansive tendency, the inductive habit, without which the only form of reasoning is the *petitio principii*, and the only growth of knowledge is the accumulation of details. Truth, in whatever department, is simply the outraying of the divine attributes. An eccentric writer, with most of whose lucubrations we have no sympathy, brought upon himself a few years ago a storm of ridicule, by asserting that the time would come when men would discover the law of gravitation to be identical with that of purity of heart. To our apprehension no utterance could be more profoundly true. We have no question, that the same elements of the divine nature and administration which dictated the Beatitudes regulate the gravitating planets and the falling tear, and that physical laws are now felt by the truly wise, and will one day be clearly seen, to be but the expansion of moral laws, and material phenomena but the record of spiritual truths. This consideration may help us to account for the unimprovableness of the Chinese, — for the paltriness of aid which their science has derived from observation, and their art from science, — for the impassable barrier between knowledge and wisdom which runs through all the ages of their history.

Another reason for the stationary character of Chinese civilization is to be found in the generally utilitarian and selfish tone of the Chinese ethics. In some aspects, Confucius would sustain a most advantageous comparison with any other moralist whose speculations have been independent of Christianity. As to most of the virtues essential to the constitution of domestic and social life, his standard is exceedingly high. But his system (equally with others which hold with it concurrent jurisdiction) entirely lacks the heroic element. It admits no motive that addresses the higher nature, — it ignores disinterestedness, generosity, and philanthropy. It recognizes only those forms of goodness which have their reward visibly and at once, and derives none of its sanctions

from aught within, above, or beyond the external condition and relations of the individual. The case has been far otherwise with extra-Christian systems in general. Whatever their defects or vices, they have seldom been material or atheistical in their philosophy. They have appealed to the spiritual nature of man, and to the whole range of unobjective sentiments and affections. They have presented posthumous fame, the consciousness of right, or the favor of the immortals, as motives for deeds which could bring no immediate recompense, and might be attended with danger or sacrifice. They have often elevated mere enterprise or hardihood above the less obtrusive, but essential, virtues of common life. And Christianity, while it gives the place of honor to such virtues as may be exercised by all men and under every posture of circumstances, yet cherishes, in all who are endowed beyond mediocrity, the disposition to make themselves felt, to leave their mark on society, to enlarge their sphere of effort, to sow for posterity and trust to the distant gratitude of the reapers. Now moral enterprise and heroism, more or less free from base admixtures, create the movements and propagate the impulses that result in the progress of society. To be sure, the earnest, resolute, disinterested spirits are few, compared with the selfish and inert; but the mere willingness to confer unrecompensed benefits of itself creates power, and enables individuals "unpropped by ancestry" or office to mould masses and rule multitudes, so that every stage in the advancement of civilized man has been but a new verification of the Scriptural maxim, "If any man will be great among you, let him be your servant." Once let a man cast himself on God, on conscience, or on posterity, for whatever of personal revenue is to accrue to him from invention, discovery, toil, or sacrifice, and he has planted his lever where he can move the world. Now we can find in no form or phasis of Chinese theology or ethics any element that can create or inspire these file-leaders in the "march of mind." We doubt whether there is a nation upon earth (we exclude not the most savage) where self-seeking is so universal. It is on this principle solely that Chinese society is organized; and the only reason why order and mutual subordination are so sacredly observed is, that the intensity of each individual selfishness keeps every other in check. Of course, an empire thus balanced by repulsive forces can do no more than re-

tain its equilibrium, without the progressive development of its own resources, or the assimilation of elements of culture from beyond its own precincts.

The Chinese language also serves as a barrier against the increase of knowledge in every department. Each generation acquires new clearness and breadth of view only by mounting on the shoulders of that which preceded it. But in China, the mere process of climbing wellnigh takes a lifetime ; and when the desired height has been attained, all that remains is, like the prophet on Pisgah, to look and die. He who would read and write currently in his mother tongue must learn an alphabet of at least ten thousand characters, — a number which the accomplished scholar must more than double. Each of these characters may be regarded as a letter as to its peculiar structure, a word as to its position in a sentence, and the sign of an abstract idea as to its independence of phonetic processes and its sameness of significance in dialects where it bears very different names. And in each of these capacities must every character of the ten or twenty thousand be understood by him who would only reach the starting-point from which a new era in philosophy, science, or practical wisdom must take its rise. Now in this work not only the freshness of youth, but the vigor of manhood, must be frittered away ; yet more, in the complexity and the mechanical dulness of such a process, the fibre of the most elastic mind must needs lose its tension and its spring, and the fire of genius must burn out in the very gathering of the fuel which is to feed it. The mere acquisition of such a language must dwarf and deaden the intellect, incapacitate it for reproduction, and render frigid compilation or jejune commentary the only form of literary labor practicable. And this has been the case for many centuries, the canon of original authorship having been closed even prior to the Christian era. How the Chinese classics were ever written is a profound mystery ; but " there were giants in those days," and the feats of authorship, which for so many centuries have been unapproached and unapproachable, are to be placed in the same category with the walls of Babylon, the pyramids of Egypt, and the great Chinese wall itself. Certain it is, that some Chinese Cadmus must arise, and something like our alphabetic writing must supersede the ineffably clumsy columns of Chinese characters, before youth can receive a

sufficiently generous nurture to enable them in riper years to make valuable additions to their native literature or science.

But it is time that we let our author speak for himself, and in what remains of this article we shall avail ourselves of copious extracts from his volumes. As to the title of this book, which, because it was new to ourselves, at first sight suggested a savor of affectation, we are told that "Chung Kwoh, or Middle Kingdom," is now the most common designation of China by the Chinese themselves, who so style it "from an idea that it is situated in the centre of the earth"; the mass of the people still supposing the earth to be "an immense extended stationary plane, or a square solid [parallelopiped], around which the heavenly bodies daily revolve." The work commences with a geographical and statistical description of China. Then comes a chapter on its natural history. In this we find no mention of *ginseng*, which all preceding writers on China have commemorated as a panacea of reputed virtues beyond those of the whole pharmacopœia beside, and by which the Jesuit missionaries felt themselves marvellously invigorated on some of their protracted and exhausting pilgrimages. In their day, the traffic in it was monopolized by the emperor, who employed many thousands of his subjects annually in ranging the forests of Tartary in search of it. Since that time, a similar plant, the native of our Western forests, has formed a lucrative article of commerce with the Celestials, who probably are now beginning to ascertain that other stomachics and tonics are endowed with a much more potent efficacy.

We next have an account of the Chinese government and laws. The theory of administration we find summarily laid down in the following paragraphs.

"A short inspection will show that the great leading principles by which the present Chinese government preserves its power over the people consist in a system of *strict surveillance* and *mutual responsibility* among all classes. These are aided in their efficiency by the geographical isolation of the country, by a difficult language, and a general system of political education and official examinations.

"They are enforced by such a minute gradation of rank and subordination of officers, as to give the government more of a military character than at first appears, and the whole system is such as to make it one of the most unmixed despotisms now ex-

isting. It is like a network extending over the whole face of society, each individual being isolated in his own mesh, and responsibly connected with all around him. The man who knows that it is almost impossible, except by entire seclusion, to escape from the company of secret or acknowledged emissaries of government, will be cautious of offending the laws of the country, knowing, as he must, that though he should himself escape, yet his family, his kindred, or his neighbours will suffer for his offence; that if unable to recompense the sufferers, it will probably be dangerous for him to return home; or if he does, it will be, most likely, to find his property in the possession of neighbours or officers of the government, who feel conscious of security in plundering one whose offences have for ever placed him under the ban of the implacable law.

"The effect of these two causes upon the mass of the people is to imbue them with a great *fear* of the government, both of its officers and its operations; each man considers that safety is to be found alone in absolute withdrawal. This mutual surveillance and responsibility, though only partially extended throughout the people, necessarily undermines every principle of confidence, and infuses universal distrust; and this object of *complete isolation*, though at the expense of justice, truth, honesty, and natural affection, is what the government strives to accomplish, and actually does to a wonderful degree. The idea of government, in the minds of the people, is like the sword of Damocles; and so far has this undefined fear of some untoward result, when connected with it, counteracted the real vigor of the Chinese, that much of their indifference to improvement, contentment with what is already known and possessed, and submission to petty spoliation of individuals, may be referred to it.

"Men are deterred, too, by distrust of each other, as much as by fear of the police, from combining in an intelligent manner to resist governmental exactions because opposed to principles of equity, or joining with their rulers to uphold good order; no such men, and no such instances, as John Hampden going to prison for refusing to contribute to a loan, or Ezekiel Williams and his companions throwing the tea overboard in Boston harbour, ever occurred in China or any other Asiatic country. They dread illegal societies quite as much from the cruelties this same principle induces the leaders to exercise over recreant or suspected members, as from apprehension of arrest and punishment by the regular authorities. Thus, with a state of society at times on the verge of insurrection, this mass of people is kept in check by the threefold cord of *responsibility*, *fear*, and *isolation*, each of them strengthening the others, and all of them depending upon

the character of the people for much of their efficiency. Since all the officers of government received their intellectual training, when plebeians, under these influences, it is easy to understand why the supreme powers are so averse to improvement and to foreign intercourse, — from both which causes, in truth, the state has the greatest reason to dread lest the charm of its power be broken, and its sceptre pass away." — Vol. I. pp. 298, 299.

The fundamental laws of China are as old as much of its standard literature, the chief foundation stones of the political fabric having been laid twenty centuries ago. The emperor is the sole source of legislation ; but he feels himself bound in his administration by laws previously published, except in cases unprovided for. His administration is for the most part equitable and paternal, and his decrees extend to matters affecting the private interests of individuals no less than the public order and welfare, and are often minutely didactic as well as mandatory. Regarding himself as the sole medium even of the good gifts of Heaven, he is not unfrequently bowed under an awful sense of responsibility and apprehension of unfaithfulness, and can, without derogating from his dignity in the estimation of his subjects, assume before them an attitude altogether suppliant and apologetic. Witness the document in the following extract, which, with all its absurdity and folly, constrains us to respect and love the autocrat who could find it in his heart thus to humble himself before the millions, not one of whom would dare to arraign him in the faintest whisper.

" One of the most remarkable specimens of these papers is a prayer for rain issued by Taukwang in 1832, on occasion of a severe drought at the capital. Before issuing this paper, he had endeavoured to mollify the anger and heat of Heaven by ordering all suspected and accused persons in the prisons of the metropolis to be tried, and their guilt or innocence established, in order that the course of justice might not be delayed, and witnesses be released from confinement. But these vicarious corrections did not avail, and the drought continuing, he was obliged, as high-priest of the empire, to show the people that he was mindful of their sufferings, and would relieve them, if possible, by presenting the following memorial : —

" ' Kneeling, a memorial is hereby presented, to cause affairs to be heard.

" ' Oh, alas ! imperial Heaven, were not the world afflicted by

extraordinary changes, I would not dare to present extraordinary services. But this year the drought is most unusual. Summer is past, and no rain has fallen. Not only do agriculture and human beings feel the dire calamity, but also beasts and insects, herbs and trees, almost cease to live. I, the minister of Heaven, am placed over mankind, and am responsible for keeping the world in order, and tranquillizing the people. Although it is now impossible for me to sleep or eat with composure, although I am scorched with grief and tremble with anxiety, still, after all, no genial and copious showers have been obtained.

" ' Some days ago, I fasted, and offered rich sacrifices on the altars of the gods of the land and the grain; and had to be thankful for gathering clouds, and slight showers, but not enough to cause gladness. Looking up, I consider that Heaven's heart is benevolence and love. The sole cause is the daily deeper atrocity of my sins: but little sincerity and little devotion. — Hence I have been unable to move Heaven's heart, and bring down abundant blessings.

" ' Having searched the records, I find, that, in the 24th year of Kienlung, my imperial grandfather, the high, honorable, and pure emperor, reverently performed a " great snow service." I feel impelled by ten thousand considerations to look up and imitate the usage, and with trembling anxiety rashly assail Heaven, examine myself, and consider my errors; looking up and hoping that I may obtain pardon. I ask myself, — whether in sacrificial services I have been disrespectful? Whether or not pride and prodigality have had a place in my heart, springing up there unobserved? Whether, from the length of time, I have become remiss in attending to the affairs of government; and have been unable to attend to them with that serious diligence and strenuous effort which I ought? Whether I have uttered irreverent words, and have deserved reprehension? Whether perfect equity has been attained in conferring rewards or inflicting punishments? Whether, in raising mausolea and laying out gardens, I have distressed the people and wasted property? Whether in the appointment of officers I have failed to obtain fit persons, and thereby the acts of government have been petty and vexatious to the people? Whether punishments have been unjustly inflicted or not? Whether the oppressed have found no means of appeal? Whether, in persecuting heterodox sects, the innocent have not been involved? Whether or not the magistrates have insulted the people, and refused to listen to their affairs? Whether, in the successive military operations on the western frontiers, there may not have been the horrors of human slaughter, for the sake of imperial rewards? Whether the lar-

gesses bestowed on the afflicted southern provinces were properly applied, or the people were left to die in the ditches? Whether the efforts to exterminate or pacify the rebellious mountaineers of Hunan and Kwangtung were properly conducted; or whether they led to the inhabitants being trampled on as mire and ashes? — To all these topics, to which my anxieties have been directed, I ought to lay the plumb-line, and strenuously endeavour to correct what is wrong; still recollecting that there may be faults which have not occurred to me in my meditations.

" ' Prostrate I beg imperial Heaven (*Hwang Tien*) to pardon my ignorance and stupidity, and to grant me self-renovation; for myriads of innocent people are involved by me, a single man. My sins are so numerous, it is difficult to escape from them. Summer is past, and autumn arrived; to wait longer will really be impossible. Knocking head, I pray, imperial Heaven, to hasten and confer gracious deliverance, — a speedy and divinely beneficial rain; to save the people's lives; and in some degree redeem my iniquities. Oh, alas! imperial Heaven, observe these things. Oh, alas! imperial Heaven, be gracious to them. I am inexpressibly grieved, alarmed, and frightened. — Reverently this memorial is presented.' " — Vol. I. pp. 369 - 371.

The governors of the provinces administer their respective jurisdictions, for the most part, in the same paternal and protective spirit which characterizes the central government. They are bound not only to execute the laws, but to direct the industry of the people, and to diffuse whatever information is conceived to be of general utility. In the following curious state paper, we find two of them anticipating the style of official communication, of which, barring our general belief that " there is no new thing under the sun," we had supposed Commissioner Ellsworth, in his admirable Patent Reports, the unchallenged originator.

" Sü and Hwang, by special appointment magistrates of the districts of Nanhai and Pwanyu, raised ten steps and recorded ten times, Hereby distinctly publish important rules for the capture of grasshoppers, that it may be known how to guard against them, in order to ward off injury and calamity. On the 7th day of the 8th month in the 13th year of Taukwang (Sept. 20th, 1833), we received a communication from the prefect of the [department of Kwangchau], transmitting a despatch from their excellencies the governor and lieutenant-governor, as follows: —

" ' During the fifth month of the present year, flights of grasshoppers appeared in the limits of Kwangsí, in [the departments

of] Liu, Tsin, Kwei, and Wu, and their vicinage; which have already, according to report, been clean destroyed and driven off. We have heard that in the department of Kauchau and its neighbourhood, conterminous to Kwangsí, grasshoppers have appeared which multiply with extreme rapidity. At this time, the second crop is in the blade (which, if destroyed, will endamage the people), and it is proper therefore immediately, wherever they are found, to capture and drive them off, marshalling the troops to advance and wholly exterminate them. But Kwangtung heretofore has never experienced this calamity, and we apprehend the officers and people do not understand the mode of capture; wherefore we now exhibit in order the most important rules for catching grasshoppers. Let the governor's combined forces be immediately instructed to capture them *secundum artem;* at the same time let orders be issued for the villagers and farmers at once to assemble and take them, and for the magistrates to establish storehouses for their reception and purchase, thus without fail sweeping them clean away. If you do not exert yourself to catch the grasshoppers, your guilt will be very great; let it be done carefully, not clandestinely delaying, thus causing this misfortune to come upon yourselves, transgressing the laws, and causing us again, according to the exigencies of the case, to promulgate general orders, and make thorough examination, &c., &c. Appended hereto are copies of the rules for catching grasshoppers, which from the lieut.-governor must be sent to the treasurer, who will enjoin it upon the magistrates of the departments, and he again upon the district magistrates.'

"Having received the preceding, besides respectfully transmitting it to the colonel of the department, to be straightway forwarded to all the troops under his authority, and also to all the district justices, that they all with united purpose bend their energies to observe at the proper time, that whenever the grasshoppers become numerous they join their forces and extirpate them, thus removing calamity from the people; we also enjoin upon whoever receives this, that they catch the grasshoppers according to these several directions, which are therefore here arranged in order as follows: —

"'1. When the grasshoppers first issue forth, they are to be seen on the borders of large morasses, from whence they quickly multiply and fill large tracts of land; they produce their young in little hillocks of black earth, using the tail to bore into the ground, not quite an inch in depth, which still remain as open holes, the whole somewhat resembling a bee's nest. One grasshopper drops ten or more pellets, in form like a pea, each one containing a hundred or more young. For the young grasshop-

pers fly and eat in swarms, and this laying of their young is done all at once and in the same spot; the place resembles a hive of bees, and therefore it is very easily sought and found.

"'2. When the grasshoppers are in the fields of wheat and tender rice and the thick grass, every day at early dawn they all alight on the leaves of the grass, and their bodies, being covered with dew, are heavy, and they cannot fly or hop; at noon they begin to assemble for flight, and at evening they collect in one spot. Thus each day there are three periods when they can be caught, and the people and gentry will also have a short respite. The mode of catching them is to dig a trench before them, the broader and longer the better, on each side placing boards, doors, screens, and such like things, one stretched on after another, and spreading open each side. The whole multitude must then cry aloud, and holding boards in their hands, drive them all into the trench; meanwhile those on the opposite side, provided with brooms and rakes, on seeing any leaping or crawling out, must sweep them back; then covering them with dry grass, burn them all up. Let the fire be first kindled in the trench, and then drive them into it; for if they are only buried up, then many of them will crawl out of the openings and so escape.

"'3. When the swarms of grasshoppers see a row of trees, or a close line of flags and streamers, they usually hover over and settle; and the farmers frequently suspend red and white clothes and petticoats on long poles, or make red and green paper flags, but they do not always settle with great rapidity. Moreover, they dread the noise of gongs, matchlocks, and guns, hearing which, they fly away. If they come so as to obscure the heavens, you must let off the guns and clang the gongs, or fire the crackers; it will strike the front ranks with dread, and flying away, the rest will follow them and depart.

"'4. When the wings and legs of the grasshoppers are taken off, and [their bodies] dried in the sun, the taste is like dried prawns, and moreover, they can be kept a long time without spoiling. Ducks can also be reared upon the dried grasshoppers, and soon become large and fat. Moreover, the hill people catch them to feed pigs; these pigs, weighing at first only twenty catties or so, in ten days' time grow to weigh more than fifty catties; and in rearing all domestic animals they are of use. Let all farmers exert themselves, and catch them alive, giving rice or money according to the number taken. In order to remove this calamity from your grain, what fear is there that you will not perform this? Let all these rules for catching the grasshoppers be diligently carried into full effect.'

"Wherefore these commands are transcribed, that all you sol-

diers and people may be fully acquainted with them. Do you all, then, immediately, in obedience to them, when you see the proper time has come, sound the gong; and when you see the grasshoppers and their young increasing, straightway get ready, on the one hand seizing them, and on the other announcing to the officers that they collect the troops, that with united strength you may at once catch them, without fail making an utter extermination of them; thus calamity will be removed from the people. We will also then confer rewards upon those of the farmers and people who first announce to the magistrates their approach. Let every one implicitly obey. A special command.

"Promulgated Taukwang, 13th year, 8th month, and 15th day." — Vol. I. pp. 372 – 374.

Notwithstanding the supererogatory philanthropy of Messrs. Sü and Hwang, the various affairs of the empire and of the separate provinces are confided to the administration of distinct boards or bureaux, with clearly defined functions, while every department and gradation of executive authority has its own corps of officials, kept in place and in check by the stringent threefold system of individual, joint, and mutual responsibility. Not only malversation, but lack of success from any cause whatever, is made a sufficient ground of removal from office. Like the British premier, the Chinese functionary of every grade must carry his measures, or yield place to a more fortunate successor. And he is expected to govern the powers of nature no less than human wills. A heavy rain, the failure of crops, or an extensive conflagration, is as likely to throw a governor into disgrace as a popular outbreak or insurrection. Office may, in fact, be obtained by bribery; but in theory, education with reference to any post and well-ascertained adaptation to it are held essential. No man is permitted to hold office in his native province, — an arrangement which cuts off a vast amount of intrigue, favoritism, and extortion. Every officer is obliged to furnish, for a triennial catalogue or *blue-book*, a report of the character and qualifications of all who hold office under him; and on the reports thus transmitted, edicts of removal, promotion, and degradation are issued. The public functionaries are required by law, when guilty of crime in person or through their subordinates, to accuse themselves and request punishment, — a practice which could hardly come into general use without a strong faith in the thesis maintained by Socrates in the Gor-

gias, that of two wrong-doers, one of whom suffers, and the other escapes punishment, the former is the happier. Notwithstanding the numerous legal checks, extortion is almost universal. Every functionary receives from three to ten times his stated salary. Each of a higher grade preys upon those next below, and the lowest are forced to levy heavy contributions on the people at large, to meet the incessant drain on their otherwise scanty revenue. But this is the greatest wrong that the subject endures. Punishments, though sometimes strange and barbarous, are not severe in proportion to the crimes for which they are inflicted; and the administration of justice is for the most part upright and merciful. At the same time, life, property, and personal liberty are full as secure as mere courts and laws, without a higher and purer moral standard, can make them.

Inordinate account has been made by most writers on China of the literary examinations and degrees. It is often remarked, that China is the only country in the world in which high literary proficiency is essential to a candidate for civil office. From a close examination of our author and of other writers on this subject, we are well convinced that the standard of intelligence demanded of the respective classes of officials is the very lowest with which they could be expected to discharge their several functions. The Chinese degrees, so far from corresponding to the degrees in arts and the doctorates in Occidental universities, might be compared to the certificates which a writing-master would award to his pupils at different stages of proficiency. As we have already indicated, it is a solemn thing to learn to write in China; and all that the candidates for degrees do is to acquire a certain measure of facility in the shaping of such characters as are in most general use, for this end transcribing large portions of the classics, and writing what are commonly called *essays*, though they are in fact mere *memoriter* copies from these same classics, and would be set aside in the examination, did they lay claim to originality. Now, with less knowledge than is demanded for these examinations, it would be impossible for one to keep records, write despatches, or even read the imperial edicts.

After a chapter devoted to "Education and Literary Examinations," Mr. Williams gives us a cursory sketch of the structure of the Chinese language, a catalogue of the classics,

and a general view of the polite literature of the nation, including novels, dramas, ballads, and pasquinades. Our limits will not permit us to give the numerous extracts which would be demanded in justice to this portion of the work. Suffice it, then, to say, that our author has given us no very elevated conception of the capacity of the Chinese mind or language for the lighter and more graceful forms of literature, while for the wisdom and lofty purpose of Confucius and the other ethical writers he has awakened anew our profound veneration.

The second volume describes the architecture, dress, diet, social life, industry, commerce, arts, science, and religion of China, and gives an abstract of the history of the Christian missions among the Chinese, their foreign intercourse, and the recent war with Great Britain. From the picture given us of Chinese society, we can imagine no external organization which would minister to its improvement. The people are industrious and frugal, as chaste and temperate as most civilized nations, and distinguished by some virtues, such as respect for age, and filial piety in its most reverential type, which are fast growing obsolete in Christendom. Yet the great mass of the population seem fixed at a point just below decency, comfort, and happiness, — in the condition in which they must needs conceive of better things than they can attain, and be tantalized by a perpetual consciousness of destitution and depression. We agree with our author, that Christianity is the one thing that they need, as an inspirer of self-respect, as a stimulant to their dormant energies, as the emancipator of woman from her thraldom, as a guide and helper in the duties and amenities of domestic and social life.

As the Chinese have been reputed to possess the broadest catholicity of taste on the subject of animal food, we will give them the benefit of our author's limitations in their behalf.

"The meats consumed by the Chinese comprise, perhaps, a greater variety than are used in other countries; while, at the same time, very little land is appropriated to rearing animals for food. Beef is not a common meat, nor seen upon the tables of the natives, chiefly from a Budhistic prejudice against killing so useful an animal. Mutton is both rare and dear, and sheep have profitably been brought from Sydney to Canton. The beef of the buffalo, and the mutton of the goat, are still less used; pork is

consumed more than all other kinds, and no meat can be raised so economically. Hardly a family can be found so poor as not to be able to possess a pig, and they are kept even on the boats and rafts, to consume what others leave, till they are themselves devoured. Fresh pork probably constitutes more than half of the meat eaten by the Chinese; hams are tolerably plenty, but corned or salt pork is little used. Horseflesh or venison are now and then seen, and probably also the flesh of the camel in those parts where he is reared; but in passing through the markets and streets, pork, fowls, and fish are the viands which everywhere meet the eye; the rest form the exception.

"A few kittens and puppies are sold alive in cages, mewing and yelping as if in anticipation of their fate, or from pain caused by the pinching and handling they receive at the hands of dissatisfied customers. Those intended for the table are usually reared upon rice, so that if the nature of their food be considered, their flesh is far more cleanly than that of the omnivorous hog; few articles of food have, however, been so identified with the tastes of a people as kittens and puppies, rats and snails, have with the Chinese. The school geographies in the United States usually contain pictures of a market-man carrying baskets holding these unfortunate victims of a perverse taste (as we think), or else a string of rats and mice hanging by their tails to a stick across his shoulders, which almost necessarily convey the idea that such things form the usual food of the people. Travellers hear beforehand that the Chinese devour every thing, and when they arrive in the country, straightway inquire if these animals are eaten, and hearing that such is the case, perpetuate the idea that they form the common articles of food. However commonly kittens and puppies may be exposed for sale, the writer never saw rats or mice in the market during a residence of twelve years there, and heard of but one gentleman who had seen them; in fact, they are not so easily caught as to be either common or cheap. He once asked a native, if he or his countrymen ever served up *lau-shu tang*, or rat-soup, on their tables; who replied, that he had never seen or eaten it, and added, 'Those who do use it should mix cheese with it, that the mess might serve for us both.' Rats and mice are no doubt eaten now and then, and so are many other undesirable things by those whom want compels to take what they can get; but to put these and other strange eatables in the front of the list gives a distorted idea of the every-day food of the people.

"Frogs are eaten by all classes. They are caught in a curious manner, by tying a young and tender jumper, just emerged from tadpole life, by the waist to a fish-line, and bobbing him up and

down in the grass and grain of a rice field, where the old croakers are wont to harbour. As soon as one sees the young frog, sprawling and squirming in the grass, he makes a plunge at him and swallows him whole, whereupon he is immediately conveyed to the frog-fisher's basket, losing his life, liberty, and lunch together, for the bait is rescued from his maw, and used again as long as life lasts." — Vol. II. pp. 47, 48.

Our next extract will cast some light on the dietetic questions between the lovers of black and of green tea, and may tend to throw some partisans on either side into "the centre of indifference."

"The questions have been often discussed, whether black or [and] green teas are made from the same plant, and whether they can be made from each other. Mr. Fortune found that the *Thea viridis* or green tea was cultivated in Fuhkien and Kiangsu, and *Thea bohea* at Canton, and that green and black teas were made indiscriminately from either. The Chinese account referred to on a previous page ascribes the difference in the color of black and green tea wholly to the mode of preparation; green tea is cured more rapidly over the fire than the black, and not dried in baskets afterwards; but throwing the leaf into red-hot pans, and subsequently exposing it to the sun and drying it over a covered fire, makes it black. Green tea can therefore be changed into black; but the contrary cannot be done, because the leaf is already black. Green tea is made by simply drying the leaves, 'young ones over a gentle heat and old ones over a hot fire, for about half an hour, or while two incense-sticks can burn out.' By this mode more of the essential oil remains in the leaf, and is one reason, perhaps, why a greater proportion of green tea spoils or becomes musty during the long land journey to Canton. It is not surprising, indeed, that the manipulations in curing a leaf raised over so large an extent of country, and to such an enormous amount, should slightly differ, but there is no mystery about the processes. The tea cured for home consumption is not as carefully or thoroughly fired as that intended for exportation, and consequently probably retains more of its peculiar properties.

"Both kinds are repeatedly tested, during the various stages of manufacture, by pouring boiling water on a few leaves, to observe the color, aroma, taste, strength, and other properties of the infusion. As many as fifteen drawings can be made from the best leaves before the infusion runs off limpid. In the usual manner of Chinese writings, ten things are specifically mentioned by the native author to be observed in selecting green tea; such as, that the leaf must be green, firmly rolled, and fleshy;

there must be no petioles adhering, no dirty or broken leaves or twigs; and the infusion should be greenish, aromatous, and oily. In selecting all kinds of tea, the color, clearness, taste, and strength of the infusion are the principal criteria; the weight of the parcels, taste and color of the dry leaf, and its smell when strongly breathed upon, are also noticed. Some Ankoi teas are tried by a loadstone, to detect the presence of minute particles of iron. It has been the prevailing opinion, that the effects usually experienced upon the nerves after drinking green tea, and its peculiar taste, are owing to its being cured upon copper. A moment's thought would show the impossibility of copper contracting any verdigris when constantly heated over the fire, even if it were employed, which is never done. The difference in taste is, perhaps, partly owing to the greater proportion of oil remaining in the green tea, but far more to an artificial coloring given to it in order to make the lots present a uniform and merchantable color; for the operations of firing and rolling just described give a different shade to the leaves as they come more or less in contact with the iron, or are exposed to the sun, and the manufacturer wishes to render these tints uniform before selling his goods. The finest kinds of green tea do not probably undergo this operation, nor that used by the people themselves in those districts, but the color of the cheaper sorts is artificial. The leaves, when in the pans the second time, are sprinkled with turmeric powder to give them a yellow tint, and then with a mixture of gypsum and prussian blue, or gypsum and indigo finely combined, which imparts the desired bloom to the yellowish leaves as they are rolled over in the heated pans. If our taste inclined us to prefer a yellow or blue tea instead of a light green, it could therefore be easily gratified. It is likely that most of the green tea exported undergoes some process of this sort to color it uniformly, but the principal safeguard, as Davis remarks, against injury from the coloring matter, is in the minute proportion in which the deleterious substances are combined. At Canton, on occasion of an unexpected demand some years since for some particular descriptions of green tea, it was ascertained that even black tea was thus colored to simulate the required article, but such stuff forms a very small part of the exportation.

"During the transportation to Canton, the tea sometimes gathers dampness, or meets with accidents which require it to be refired before shipping; in such cases it is unpacked, and subjected to a second drying in the pans. It is also repacked into chests of such sizes and descriptions as the foreign customer wishes; but much of the tea is sent abroad in the original cases, and its quality examined for the first time since it left the interior of China

perhaps in Ohio or New South Wales. The manufacture of the chests, lining them with lead, and transporting them to the ship, give occupation at Canton alone to many thousands of carpenters, painters, plumbers, printers, boatmen, and porters, besides the countless numbers of men, women, and children who elsewhere find employment in picking, rolling, sorting, and curing the leaves.

"The native names given to the various sorts of tea are derived for the most part from their appearance or place of growth; the names of many of the best kinds are not commonly known abroad. *Bohea* is the name of the Wu-í hills (or Bu-í, as the people on the spot call them), where the tea is grown, and not a term for a particular sort among the Chinese, though it is applied to a very poor kind of black tea at Canton; *Sunglo* is likewise a general term for the green teas produced on the hills in Kiangsu. The names of the principal varieties of black tea are as follows: *Pecco*, 'white hairs,' so called from the whitish down on the young leaves, is one of the choicest kinds and has a peculiar taste; *Orange Pecco*, called *shang hiang* or 'most fragrant,' differs from it slightly; *Hungmuey*, 'red plum blossoms,' has a slightly reddish tinge; the terms *prince's eyebrows*, *carnation hair*, *lotus kernel*, *sparrow's tongue*, *fir-leaf pattern*, *dragon's pellet*, and *dragon's whiskers*, are all translations of the native names of different kinds of Souchong or Pecco. *Souchong*, or *siau chung*, means *little plant* or sort, as *Pouchong*, or *folded sort*, refers to the mode of packing it; *Campoi* is corrupted from *kan pei*, i. e. carefully fired; *Chulan* is the tea scented with the chulan flower, and applied to some kinds of scented green tea. The names of green teas are less numerous: *Gunpowder*, or *ma chu*, i. e. hemp pearl, derives its name from the form into which the leaves are rolled; *ta chu*, or 'great pearl,' and *chu lan*, or 'pearl flower,' denote two kinds of *Imperial; Hyson*, or *yu tsien*, i. e. before the rains, originally denoted the tenderest leaves of the plant, and is now applied to *Young Hyson;* as is also another name, *mei pien*, or 'plum petals'; while *hí chun*, 'flourishing spring,' describes *Hyson; Twankay* is the name of a stream in Chehkiang, where this sort is produced; and *Hyson skin*, or *pí cha*, i. e. skin tea, is the poorest kind, the siftings of the other varieties; *Oolung*, 'black dragon,' is a kind of black tea with green flavor. Ankoi teas are produced in the district of Nganki, not far from Tsiuenchau fu, possessing a peculiar taste, supposed to be owing to the ferruginous nature of the soil. De Guignes speaks of the Pu-'rh tea, from the place in Kiangsu where it grows, and says it is cured from wild plants found there; the infusion is unpleasant, and used for medical purposes. The Mongols and others in the

west of China prepare tea by pressing it when fresh into cakes like bricks, and thoroughly drying it in that shape to carry in their wanderings." — Vol. II. pp. 133 – 136.

We solicit the attention of our medical friends to the following case of surgical practice, which we are assured is no more than a fair specimen of the Æsculapian skill of the Middle Kingdom.

"Many of the operations in cases of fracture present a strange mixture of folly and sense, proceeding from their ideas of the internal structure of the human body conflicting with those which common sense and experience teach them are necessary. Father Ripa's description of the treatment he underwent to prevent the ill effects of a fall will serve as an illustration. Having been thrown from his horse and left fainting in the street, he was carried into a house, where a surgeon soon visited him. 'He made me sit up in bed, placing near me a large basin filled with water, in which he put a thick piece of ice to reduce it to a freezing point. Then stripping me to the waist, he made me stretch my neck over the basin, while he continued for a good while to pour the water on my neck with a cup. The pain caused by this operation upon those nerves which take their rise from the pia mater was so great and insufferable that it seemed to me unequalled, but he said it would stanch the blood and restore me to my senses, which was actually the case, for in a short time my sight became clear and my mind resumed its powers. He next bound my head with a band drawn tight by two men who held the ends, while he struck the intermediate parts vigorously with a piece of wood, which shook my head violently, and gave me dreadful pain. This he said was to set the brain, which he supposed had been displaced, and it is true that after the second operation my head felt more free. A third operation was now performed, during which he made me, still stripped to the waist, walk in the open air supported by two persons; and while thus walking he unexpectedly threw a basin of freezing cold water over my breast. As this caused me to draw my breath with great vehemence, and as my chest had been injured by the fall, it may easily be imagined what were my sufferings under this infliction; but I was consoled by the information, that if any rib had been dislocated, this sudden and hard breathing would restore it to its natural position. The next proceeding was not less painful and extravagant. The operator made me sit on the ground, and, assisted by two men, held a cloth upon my mouth and nose till I was almost suffocated. "This," said the Chinese Æsculapius, "by causing a violent heaving of the chest, will force

back any rib that may have been dislocated." The wound in my head not being deep, he healed it by stuffing it with burnt cotton. He then ordered that I should continue to walk much, supported by two persons, that I should not sit long, nor be allowed to sleep till ten o'clock at night, at which time I should eat a little thin rice soup. He assured me that these walks in the open air, while fasting, would prevent the blood from settling upon the chest, where it might corrupt. These remedies, though barbarous and excruciating, cured me so completely, that in seven days I was able to resume my journey.'"—Vol. II. pp. 184, 185.

There are many other curious and valuable extracts which we would gladly give; but for the sake of the subject, the author, and the sacred cause to which his labors are consecrated, we hope that the work will find its way into the hands of so many of our readers as to make our critical labors superfluous. We dismiss it with the sincerest esteem for the writer, and our best wishes for his usefulness in the noble career of effort to which he has devoted himself.

ART. II. — 1. *Introduction to the History of the Colony and Ancient Dominion of Virginia.* By CHARLES CAMPBELL. Richmond: B. B. Minor. 1847. 8vo. pp. 200.

2. *A History of Georgia, from its First Discovery by Europeans to the Adoption of the Present Constitution in* 1798. By REV. WILLIAM BACON STEVENS, M. D., Professor of Belles-Lettres, History, &c., in the University of Georgia. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1847. Vol. I. 8vo. pp. 503.

THESE volumes are valuable and commendable contributions to our national historical literature. Upon opening them, our thoughts are turned anew to a topic which often engages the attention of the American student. The materials for the illustration of the history of the States of our Union are copious beyond comparison in degree, and without precedent in many respects in their kind. They nearly fulfil the utmost conception of what is desirable. In this respect, certainly,

more than in any other, American literature has the prospect of attaining a perfection nowhere else approached. The oldest nations of the world may do all that is possible in providing for their future annals ; but they cannot recover and record the pristine periods of their history. Fable reigns, immovable and undisturbed, over long tracts of time, from their unknown origin. But the commemorative spirit became active and predominant over the whole surface of our country soon enough to rescue from destruction and darkness the leading and important incidents of the first planting of the various Colonies, and to perpetuate records of the men and events of each successive period of our history. The works published in this department may not all be interesting to a large circle of readers. In many cases, the materials of which their substance is composed may have but the narrowest local attraction ; and often, no doubt, the literary execution and the mode of arrangement may not be all that could be wished. But, as a whole, there is already an accumulation of curious and important matter, illustrative of the history of civilized man within the bounds of the American Union, which can be paralleled in no age or country ; and its quantity is constantly increasing. Already works have been produced among us, in the several departments of history, that will reflect lasting honor upon their authors, and retain a permanent classical character. Accessions will constantly be made to their number. The several Colonies or States have had, or will have, their historians. In centennial and anniversary discourses, personal memoirs, collections of historical, genealogical, and statistical societies, and in the histories of towns, parishes, and families, there is a confluence of materials promising to leave no wish or expectation unsatisfied.

The noble institution of which the foundations are now laid at Washington, on the basis of the munificent bequest of James Smithson, might with great propriety be so organized and arranged as to render not only sure and permanent, but universally conspicuous and available, this remarkable abundance of the resources of American history. To this end a distinct department of the library should be devoted, occupying separate rooms, where publications of every sort, documents, manuscripts, and memorials, illustrating the origin and progress of each Colony and State of America, may be deposited. No expense or pains ought to be spared in ren-

dering the collection absolutely complete for the past, and keeping it complete for the future. Catalogues and indexes, arranged with reference to the different States, Territories, and Provinces, might be so constructed as to receive into its proper place every new work as it proceeds from the press, and every copy of an old publication as soon as obtained. There should be a reference, not only of each volume or document to the place where it may be found, but, as far as possible, of every general and particular topic to the works in which it is treated. The librarian should have the means of completing the collection by obtaining copies of every publication and document belonging to the history of the country, or any of its parts, wherever they may be discovered. Such a library would be unique in its kind, most honorable to the country, and invaluable in its uses.

Mr. Campbell's History of Virginia is presented to the public in a very unpretending form, and is written in a clear, agreeable, and manly style, without affectation, with no elaborate conceits of expression, and defaced by no ambitious and deliberate flights of rhetoric. The subject is a good one, and it is treated as if the author felt assured of its intrinsic attractions. He has evidently scrutinized the appropriate evidences in their sources, and the reader may repose with confidence in his statements. A large space, of course, is occupied, in the opening annals of Virginia, by the achievements of its principal founder, the famous Captain John Smith. His career of romantic adventure before coming to the New World qualified him for the perils and struggles incident to the first age of an American colony. His exploits and labors, his hairbreadth escapes, and his unparalleled services to the infant plantation of Virginia, and indeed to the general cause of North American exploration and colonization, are here related with great simplicity and clearness. There is a long list of other distinguished names connected with the settlement and early administration of the Old Dominion, that are worthy of remembrance in history. When the boundless regions of this continent were opened to the spirit of European adventure, and monarchs bestowed upon favorite courtiers or influential companies imperial gifts of American territory, experience had shed no light upon the methods or principles of colonization, and it is curious to witness how, in this as in every thing else, *that* can be the only adequate teacher.

Disappointment and ruin were the invariable issues of all those attempts to establish settlements or conduct colonial enterprises which were based upon preconceived theories, and governed according to plans laid down by even the wisest speculators and philosophers. No regal patronage, no fleets or armaments, no combinations of wealth, rank, or power, could give success. When mere material forces are to be dealt with, we may make calculations and arrangements with absolute precision, and determine results with perfect assurance ; but where voluntary agents are to mingle in the operation, and contribute their influence to the movement, events and issues must, to a great extent, be left to shape their own ends. It was not until all the noble and mighty had withdrawn from the scene, until every project of lordly aggrandizement and private avarice was abandoned, and the schemes of the great proprietors and corporations were baffled and relinquished, and the enterprise surrendered, in despair and disgust, into the hands of labor, poverty, necessity, and hardihood, that prosperity awaited it.

The Colonies planted under proprietary charters encountered a radical and ineradicable difficulty in the very nature of things. In the Old World, a system of landed tenantry is practicable. It was with surprise and bitter disappointment that the same system was found impracticable in the New World. But the attempt was persisted in with unyielding pertinacity. The consequences were one long-protracted and incessant conflict between the people in the Colonies and the proprietors at home, and the perpetual failure of the expectations and frustration of the plans of the latter. If they had paused to consider and reason upon the matter, the mystery would have been explained, and the result, instead of being resisted and resented, as a wrong done to the foreign proprietor, would have been discovered to arise necessarily from the principles of the human mind and the laws of nature. Where the occupier and cultivator of the soil finds it cleared, subdued, and furnished with all needful equipments by his predecessors, and adds nothing himself to its essential value, he appreciates the reasonableness of his relation as a mere tenant, and is not liable to receive the impression that he has an absolute proprietary right in it. In this way, generations may succeed each other indefinitely, a contented tenantry, recognizing the rights of absent or distant landlords, and

never dreaming of any thing inconsistent with their obligations to them. But the case is different in new countries. The first settlers are for a great length of time adding a new value to the land. It is changed under their hands. They become identified with the broad meadows, verdant lawns, open pastures, symmetrical orchards bending beneath their rich burden, adorned gardens, smooth roads, and valuable structures, which their own labor has substituted for rugged and dismal forests. How natural that a man should call what he has created his own! How natural that the idea of property in the product of his own toil, continued for weary years, the work of his own sinewy arm and watchful care, should become inextricably intertwined among the deepest ramifications of the thoughts and feelings of him who spends his years and walks his daily rounds on a scene which he found a wilderness, but has made a fertile and valuable farm!

No country was ever easily or peaceably redeemed from an original waste to a full development of its resources, or can be, except it is owned by the labor that works the change. Improvidence and carelessness will blight and enfeeble its industry, while a profuse expenditure will bring embarrassment and bankruptcy upon its proprietors and capitalists. An ignorance of this fundamental moral and economical law early involved in its disastrous consequences the property and population of the Southern Colonies, and entailed upon them incalculable evils, some of which continue to impair their welfare, impede their progress, and hang like threatening clouds over their prospects, to this very day. It was not until 1615, eight years after the foundation of Jamestown, that individual colonists, and then only to a limited extent, were allowed to become owners of the land, severally and in their own right. At that time, a grant of fifty acres was conferred upon each freeman. This was the first real spring of prosperity imparted to the settlement. There are two essentials of a complete commonwealth; — the first is to let the people who compose it feel that they own it; the second is to let them feel that they govern it. The idea of proprietorship of the soil was first realized in 1615, that of self-government in 1619, when Sir George Yeardley summoned a legislative assembly. The progress of the Colony was still further promoted by the dissolution of the Virginia Company by a writ of *quo warranto*, in 1624, during the reign of James I.

"The company had been obnoxious to the ill-will of the king on several grounds. The corporation had become a theatre for rearing leaders of the opposition, many of its members being also members of Parliament. The company had chosen a treasurer in disregard of the king's nomination, and in electing Carew Raleigh a member, they had made allusions to his father, Sir Walter, which were probably unpalatable to the author of his death. Besides, the king was greedy of power, which he wanted the sense and the virtue to make a good use of, and doubtless hoped to find in Virginia a new field for extortions. . . . . The company thus extinguished had expended one hundred and fifty thousand pounds in establishing the Colony, and transported nine thousand settlers without the aid of government. The number of stockholders, or adventurers, as they were styled, was about one thousand, and the annual value of exports from Virginia was, at the period of the dissolution of the charter, only twenty thousand pounds. The company embraced much of the rank, wealth, and talent of the kingdom, near fifty noblemen, several hundred knights, and many gentlemen, merchants, and citizens. Among the leaders in its courts were Lord Cavendish, afterwards Earl of Devonshire, Sir Edwin Sandys, and Sir Edward Sackville, afterwards the celebrated Earl of Dorset, and above all the Earl of Southampton, the patron of Shakspeare. Although the company was so enlightened, and its conduct enlarged, liberal, and disinterested, yet so cumbrous a machine was unfit for the planting of a Colony, and their management, it must be confessed, was often wretched. . . . . The result was undoubtedly favorable to the Colony." — pp. 52, 53.

For a short time, the entire political power of the country was exercised by a governor with a royal commission, and a council of his own appointment. But after a few years, it was found expedient to convene a House of Burgesses. Charles I., in a letter dated June 16th, 1628, desired an Assembly to be called for the purpose of granting to him a monopoly of the tobacco trade. In this way, one of the attempts of this ill-fated and ill-advised monarch to gather resources for his treasury without the aid of Parliament, and thus convert England into an absolute and irresponsible despotism, operated to the restoration and preservation of the legislative sovereignty and popular liberties of a distant and feeble colony. When, in 1642, it was proposed to revive the authority of the Virginia Company, the Assembly remonstrated most vigorously against it, and Charles pledged him-

self not to restore the charter, but to retain the Colony under his own immediate oversight and protection.

The same year is remarkable in the annals of Virginia, as the commencement of the administration of Sir William Berkeley. He succeeded Sir Francis Wyatt, in February, 1642, and the great length of time that elapsed before his final departure from the Province was crowded with the most diversified and critical occurrences. The first incident of exciting and general interest was an incursion of Dissenting ministers from New England, traversing the Virginia settlements, and attempting to propagate the principles and practices of Puritanism. It appears that there was some degree of predilection for these doctrines among the people, and if things had been left to take their natural course, it is not improbable that they might have become prevalent. But a formal deputation of three preachers, professedly commissioned and despatched from one Colony to convert the people of another to its own peculiar opinions, encountered at once the opposition of a principle of human nature which has always shown itself unconquerable. The human mind receives truth through valves which open only to a power applied from within; unless the operation of that inward power is first secured, no argument and no persuasion can enforce entrance. Following precisely the illustration we have suggested, the greater the pressure brought to bear from without upon the mind not opened by a favorable disposition, the closer is the door shut against conviction. In this respect, the laws of the mind perfectly correspond with the laws of matter. Methodist, Baptist, Quaker, and other preachers of various denominations, visiting Virginia quietly and without parade, have had welcome access to every house, and have been permitted to diffuse without resistance the principles of their sects. But the public mission of an authorized and official deputation from the New England Colonies, for the openly declared purpose of converting them from Episcopalian to Dissenting views and practices, roused the local pride of the Virginians, and excited general hostility. The Yankee missionaries soon found their efforts fruitless, and returned in disappointment and chagrin to their own country. There was an end of Puritanism in the Old Dominion, and Episcopacy received a reinforcement of political and popular energy which has survived to this day. The

people regarded the former with all the rankling animosity of insulted self-respect, while they clung to the latter with the tenacity and enthusiasm of that sentiment which in these days is denominated State pride. Episcopacy was forthwith adopted and established exclusively as the religion of the Colony. In March, 1643, an act was passed by the House of Burgesses, as follows : —

" For the preservation of the puritie of doctrine and vnitie of the church, It is enacted that all ministers whatsoever which shall reside in the colony are to be conformable to the orders and constitutions of the Church of England and the laws therein established, and not otherwise to be admitted to teach or preach publickly or privatly, And that the Gov. and Counsel do take care that all noncomformists vpon notice of them shall be compelled to depart the collony with all convenience." — p. 60.

The principle illustrated in this incident the world is yet to learn. Like all other truths, it can be attained only by long and suffering experience. Reform is not to be carried by one people to another, but to be caught, as it were, by one people from another. Nations and states are to be propagandists of their own blessings and privileges, not by sending emissaries or agents to convey them, but by the influence of that law of the moral world by which others, seeing their good works, shall spontaneously imitate them, and, beholding their bright example, aspire to emulate it. Men can obtain political or moral improvement only by seeking for it. It is a boon which cannot be put into their possession until they first stretch forth their hands to receive it. If we desire to have our own institutions, social or religious, adopted by others, we must make them attractive in the display of their influence upon ourselves. The attempts of communities or associations in one region or of one denomination, under the impulses of an exacting and intolerant philanthropy, by importunate and overbearing addresses, to enforce reforms in the institutions, or the correction of errors in the opinions, of the people of other regions or other denominations, give rise to international or sectarian jealousies, prejudices, and antipathies, which are fatal to the quiet and salutary efficacy of example, and inaccessible to the influence of reason. In this way, local and accidental errors are hardened into permanent habits of the mind. Passions are transmitted from genera-

tion to generation, and perpetuated in combination with enduring traditionary sentiments and associations, with ancestral affection and reverence, and with national pride and fidelity. Forms of life, temporary and casual usages, and social relations, which, if unassailed from abroad, would have been relinquished from their inherent undesirableness, are cherished with obstinate pertinacity, and become petrified into fixed and lasting institutions.

In the year 1622, the Indians in Virginia had suddenly, and by a preconcerted arrangement, risen upon the Colonists at the several settlements, and put to death one twelfth part of their number. In this massacre, three hundred and forty-seven persons, men, women, and children, including six members of the Council, perished. On the 18th of April, 1644, a similar scene of horror was enacted. By a simultaneous attack of the Indians on all parts of the Colony, about five hundred of the white people were cut off. The carnage continued for two days.

"Had the Indians followed up their first blow, the Colonists must have been all cut off. But after their first treacherous onslaught, their hearts failed them and they fled affrighted, 'many miles distant off the colony: which little space of time gave the *English*, opportunity to gather themselves together, call an Assembly, secure their cattell and to thinke upon some way to defend themselves, if need were and then to offend their enemies, which by the great mercy of God was done.' Opechancanough, the fierce and implacable enemy of the whites, was now nearly a hundred years of age, and the commanding form which had so often shone in scenes of blood was now worn down with the fatigues of war, and bent with the weight of years. Unable to walk, he was carried from place to place by his followers. His flesh was macerated, and his eyelids so powerless, that he could only see when they were lifted up by his attendants. Sir William at length, with a party of horse, by a rapid march, surprised the superannuated warrior at some distance from his residence. He was carried a prisoner to Jamestown, and kindly treated by the governor. This monarch of the woods retained a spirit unbroken by decrepitude of body or calamities of fortune. Hearing footsteps in the room where he lay, he requested his eyelids to be raised, when, perceiving a crowd of spectators, he called for the governor, and upon his appearance said to him, 'Had it been my fortune to take Sir William Berkeley prisoner, I would have disdained to make a show of him.' He *had*, however,

' made a show ' of Captain Smith. About a fortnight after Opechancanough's capture, one of his guards, for some private revenge, shot him in the back. Languishing awhile of the wound, he died." — p. 61.

Notwithstanding these disturbances and disasters, the Colony made great progress. The fresh soil was so fertile, the natural features of the territory were so attractive, and, more than all, the mother country was so much harassed by the internal dissensions which were then rapidly swelling into civil war, that large numbers flocked to Virginia and the other American plantations. Their still solitudes were a happy refuge from the clamor and fury of a thickening scene of wide-spread tumult and rebellion.

" ' One Captain *Brocas*, a gentleman of the Counsel, a great Traveller, caused a vineyard to be planted and hath most excellent Wine made.'

" At Christmas, 1647, there were in the James river ten vessels from London, two from Bristol, twelve from Holland, and seven from New England. [1648.] ' Mr. Richard Bennet had this yeer out of his Orchard, as many Apples, as he made 20 Butts of excellent Cider.' Sir William Berkeley, ' in his New Orchard, hath 15 hundred fruit-trees, besides his Apricocks, Peaches, Mellicotons, Quinces, Wardens and such like fruit.' ' Worthy Captaine *Matthews*, an old Planter of above thirty yeers standing, one of the Counsell and a most deserving Commonwealths-man,' ' hath a fine house and all things answerable to it ; he sowes yeerly store of Hempe and Flax, and causes it to be spun ; he keeps Weavers and hath a Tan-house, causes Leather to be dressed ; hath eight Shoemakers employed in their trade ; hath forty *Negroe* servants, brings them up to Trades in his house. He yeerly sowes abundance of Wheat, Barley, &c. The Wheat he selleth at four Shillings the bushell ; kills store of Beeves and sells them to victuall the ships, when they come thither ; hath abundance of Kine, a brave Dairy, Swine, great store and Poltery. He married the Daughter of Sir *Tho. Hinton*, and in a word, keeps a good house, lives bravely and a true lover of *Virginia ;* he is worthy of much honour.' " — pp. 62, 63.

On the overthrow of the monarchy in England, Virginia continued for some time to adhere to the royal cause, refusing to acknowledge the sovereignty of the Commonwealth ; but at length it was subjected to the Parliament. The most liberal and forbearing policy was pursued towards it by the

republican government of the mother country, in striking contrast with the spirit and tone of every royal administration before and after. Sir William Berkeley and the other leading supporters of the interests of the dethroned family were unmolested in person and estate. He remained at his plantation in peace and security.

"The government of Virginia, under the Commonwealth of England, was mild and just. While Cromwell's sceptre commanded the respect of the world, he exhibited generous and politic leniency towards the infant and loyal Colony. She enjoyed during this interval free trade, legislative independence, and internal peace. The governors were men who, by their virtues and moderation, won the confidence and affections of the people. No extravagance, rapacity, or extortion could be alleged against the administration. Intolerance and persecution were unknown, with the single exception of a rigorous act banishing the Quakers. But rapine, extravagance, extortion, intolerance, and persecution were all soon to be revived under the auspices of the Stuarts." — p. 73.

Richard Cromwell resigned the Protectorate in March, 1660. The person who had been reëlected governor of Virginia died in January. Both the mother country and the Colony were without an executive head. The Burgesses assembled on the 13th of March, and by their first act declared, "that, as there was then in England 'noe resident absolute and generall confessed power,' therefore the supreme government of the Colony should rest in the Assembly." Mr. Campbell thus relates the simple historical truth respecting a point in the annals of Virginia, of great interest in itself, and which, as he complains, has been much misrepresented.

"By the second act, Sir William Berkeley was appointed governor, and it was ordered that all writs should issue in the name of the Assembly. The governor was restricted from dissolving the Assembly without its consent.

"No fact in our history has been more misunderstood and misrepresented than this re-appointment of Sir William Berkeley, before the restoration of Charles II. If we were to believe the fanciful statements of historians, who from age to age have blindly followed each other in fabulous tradition, wilful perversion, or erroneous conjecture, Sir William was hurried from retirement by a torrent of popular enthusiasm, made governor by acclamation, and the standard of Charles II. boldly erected in

the Colony several months before the Restoration, and thus the Virginians, as they had been the last of the king's subjects who renounced their allegiance, so they were the first who returned to it! But as has been seen, Sir William was elected, not by a tumultuary assemblage of the people, but by the Assembly; the royal standard was not raised upon the occasion, nor was the king proclaimed. Sir William, however, made no secret of his loyalty. He spoke of the late king as 'my most gracious master, king Charles, of ever blessed memory,' and as 'my ever honored Master,' who 'was put to a violent death.' Alluding to the surrender of the Colony, he said, the Parliament 'sent a small power to force my submission to them, which, finding me defenceless, was quietly (God pardon me) effected.' Of the several Parliaments and the Protectorate he remarked, 'And, I believe, Mr. Speaker, you think, if my voice had been prevalent in most of their elections, I would not voluntarily have made choice of them for my Supremes. But, Mr. Speaker, all this I have said, is onely to make this truth apparent to you, that in and under all these mutable governments of divers natures and constitutions, I have lived most resigningly submissive. But, Mr. Speaker, it is one dutie to live obedient to a government and another of a very different nature, to command under it.'

"The Assembly repeatedly declared, that there was then 'no generall confessed power" in England; in a word, that it was an interregnum. The fictions which history has recorded on this head are as idle as the tales of Oriental romance.

"The Assembly having proffered the office of governor to Sir William Berkeley, he, on the 19th of March, 1660, made a reply, in which he said: — 'I doe therefore in the presence of God and you, make this safe protestation for us all, that if any supreme settled power appeares, I will imediately lay down my comission, but will live most submissively obedient to any power God shall set over me, as the experience of eight years have shewed I have done.'

"Sir William was elected on the 21st of the same month, about two months before the restoration of Charles II. Yet the word king, or majesty, occurs nowhere in the legislative records, from the commencement of the Commonwealth in England, until the 11th of October, 1660, — more than four months after the Restoration." — pp. 73, 74.

The debasing effect of the sentiment of loyalty upon the mind and heart, when it assumes the form of blind submis sion to arbitrary power, is strikingly shown in the case of Sir William Berkeley. He was naturally not only faithful

and brave, but magnanimous; and although his zeal against the enemies of the person, and the rebellious opponents of the authority, of his king was at times exasperated into rage and cruelty, there was an intrepid manliness, an indomitable firmness, in the character and conduct of the resolute old cavalier which cannot but be admired. But the perverting influence of a blind devotion to such a corrupting government as that of the restored British monarchy exhibited its humiliating effects upon his character. It made his strong heart stoop and cringe in sycophancy, and degraded his loyalty, directed as it was to a most contemptible and mean object, into a grovelling selfishness. Instead of making the good of the people over whom he was placed the object of his efforts and aims, he regarded their prosperity in no other light than as it enlarged the tribute that might be extorted from them to fill the coffers of the king, and with base and pitiful eagerness he begged that he might have a larger and larger share of the overflow of the royal abundance. The king allowed him, out of the revenue accruing to the crown from the duty on tobacco, one thousand pounds sterling, and the Assembly added to it two hundred pounds *per annum*. Still he cried for more: — "I can knowingly affirm," says he, "that there is no government of ten years' settlement, but has thrice as much allowed him. But I am supported by my hopes, that his gracious Majesty will one day consider me"! It was his highest ambition to have it declared, that "Sir William Berkeley hath, in all the time of his government under his most sacred Majesty and his royal father, made it his only care to keep his Majesty's country in a due obedience to our rightful and lawful sovereign"! In looking back over his administration, and upward for the Divine blessing, he thus truly and fitly reveals the vital element of loyalty to an arbitrary government: — "I thank God there are no free schools nor printing, and I hope we shall not have these hundred years; for learning has brought disobedience and heresy and sects into the world, and printing has divulged them and libels against the best government. God keep us from both!"

The only interest taken in the Colonies by the government at home — perhaps it is the only interest that can be expected to be taken by the civil authorities of one territory in other territories — was to get all the benefit from them they

could. At that time especially, before commerce, trade, and manufactures had forced themselves into prominency among the objects within the care of government, the only aim of the cabinet was to render permanent and inviolable the reëstablished monarchy, to provide for the treasury of the sovereign, by multiplying the sources of the revenue, so as to make him as independent of Parliamentary supplies as possible, and to enrich and aggrandize themselves and all within the shadow of the throne. The entire territory of Virginia was forthwith granted by Charles II. to his illegitimate children and other favorites, to extract as much tribute as could be pressed from its soil, productions, and general industry, for his emolument and theirs. A system of oppression and extortion began, and continued without abatement, fomenting a spirit of discontent that finally exploded in the American Revolution. In the mean time, the essential and vital interests of the people were utterly neglected. While Sir William Berkeley was whining and supplicating for more salary, and the king's ministers were contriving new means of gratifying their rapacity, by enlarging and monopolizing the revenues of the Colony, the Indians renewed their assaults upon the settlements. The inhabitants, neglected by the authorities of the provincial and the home government, were compelled to take their own measures for safety; and out of this state of things a civil war arose in the bosom of Virginia, which, in the characters of its actors, the vicissitudes it involved, and the romantic interest that attaches to many of its scenes and incidents, stands out in bolder prominence than almost any other event in the early Colonial annals of America, and supplies its history with dramatic charms seldom equalled in real life. The motive that led Sir William Berkeley to discountenance vigorous measures against the savages was fear lest the physical force of the country, thus drawn out and organized, should acquaint the Colonists with their resources, raise up patriotic leaders clothed with a dangerous popularity, increase the power of the people, and lead to new rebellions. The story is thus told in the work before us : —

" In that period of apprehension and alarm, the more exposed and defenceless families, deserting their homes, took shelter in houses of greater numbers, and fortified them with palisades and redoubts. Neighbours banding together passed in coöperating

parties from plantation to plantation, taking arms with them into the fields where they labored, and posting sentinels to give warning of the insidious foe. No man ventured out of doors unarmed. The Indians, in small parties, stealing with furtive glance through the shade of the forest, the noiseless tread of the moccason scarce stirring a leaf, prowled around like panthers in quest of prey. At length the people at the head of the James and the York, exasperated by the wrongs of a government so vigorous in oppression and so imbecile for defence, and alarmed at the slaughter of their neighbours, — often murdered with circumstances of cruel torture and barbarity, — rose tumultuously in their own defence, and chose Nathaniel Bacon, Jr., for their leader. Educated at the Inns of Court in England, possessed of a competent fortune, young, bold, and ambitious; of an attractive person, fascinating manners, and commanding eloquence, he was the most accomplished gentleman of his age in Virginia. It was now less than three years since his arrival in the Colony, and his genius had already raised him to a seat in the Council, and his manners had won for him an extensive popularity. Bacon, called to the command, harangued the insurgent planters on the horrors of Indian massacre, the imbecility of the government, and all their grievances. He avowed that he accepted the command only to serve them and the country, for which he was ready to endure the severest trials and encounter the most formidable dangers; and he pledged himself never to lay down his arms until he had executed vengeance on the Indian savages, and redressed all the wrongs of his countrymen. His accents found an echo in every breast, and the insurgent planters, fired with contagious enthusiasm, vowed unanimous devotion to him. Bacon, thus joined by 'many gentlemen of good condition,' mustered in twenty days 500 men. He now endeavoured to obtain from the governor a commission of General, with authority to lead out his followers, at their own expense, against the Indians. He then stood so high in the Council, that Sir William Berkeley found it imprudent to return a downright refusal, and he concluded to temporize. However, some of the leading men about Sir William fomented the differences between him and Bacon, having 'his merits in mistrust, as a luminary that threatened to eclipse their rising glories.' The governor's answer was sent by some of his friends, who endeavoured to persuade Bacon to disband. But he refused." — pp. 82, 83.

We shall not attempt to enumerate the singular alternations of success and failure that marked the course of Bacon's rebellion. Sir William was sometimes reduced to the extrem-

ity of submitting to the victorious leader whom the necessities and the love of the people invested with the chief command over them. Of course, it was with the bitterest reluctance that the old royalist recognized the usurped authority of the insurgent chief. More than once, Bacon took entire possession of the Colony, reduced Sir William, and all others in authority, to captivity, and held them at his mercy. At one time, the Assembly granted to Bacon a commission as general and commander-in-chief, which the governor was compelled to ratify ; but soon the quarrel broke out again, and the state of civil war was renewed. At length, Bacon was cut off by a disease, brought on by exposure in this strange and unnatural contest, in which a people had to resort to absolute and fierce rebellion against their own government, to secure protection from massacre by merciless savages, — a protection which their government shrunk from providing, not from fear of the Indian foe, but from a dread lest, if arms were put into the hands of the people, they might some day be turned against the royal authority. After the death of their leader, the forces of the rebellion rapidly dwindled away. The popular energies were prostrated and subdued, and the power of Berkeley became completely established. He exhibited a ferocity of revenge in disgraceful contrast with the clemency he had himself experienced during the ascendency of the Commonwealth, and when in the hands of Bacon.

"On the 19th of January, Drummond was taken in the Chickahominy swamp, half famished. On the 20th, he was brought in a prisoner to Sir William Berkeley, then on board of a vessel at Col. Bacon's, on Queen's creek. The governor, upon hearing of Drummond's arrival, immediately went on shore, and saluted him with a courtly bow, saying, 'Mr. Drummond, you are very *un*welcome ; I am more glad to see you than any man in Virginia. Mr. Drummond, you shall be hanged in half an hour.' Drummond replied, 'What your Honor pleases.' A court-martial was immediately held at the house of James Bray, Esq., whither the prisoner was conveyed in irons. He was stripped, and a ring, pledge of domestic love, torn from his finger before conviction ; condemned at one o'clock, he was executed on a gibbet at four. He was a sedate Scotch gentleman of estimable character, who had made himself extremely obnoxious to the hatred of the governor, by the lively concern he had always evinced in the public grievances. When afterwards the petition of his widow, Sarah Drummond, depicting the cruel

treatment of her husband, was read in the king's council in England, the Lord Chancellor Finch said: — 'I know not whether it be lawful to wish a person alive, otherwise I could wish Sir William Berkeley so, to see what could be answered to such barbarity; but he has answered it before this.' January 24th, six other insurgents were condemned to death at Greenspring." —pp. 93, 94.

Bacon's Rebellion, although trodden out in the blood of so many of its leaders, in all probability wrought effects upon the traditionary associations and convictions of the people of Virginia, that contributed very essentially to prepare the popular mind for the grand enterprise in which that Colony took so prominent a part at the time of the American Revolution.

"Berkeley, worn out with agitations to which his age was unequal, and in bad health, being recalled by the king, ceased to be governor on the 27th of April, 1677, and returned in the fleet to London, leaving Col. Herbert Jeffreys in his place. Sir William Berkeley died on the 13th of July, in the same year, of a broken heart, as some relate, without ever seeing the king, having been confined to his chamber from the day of his arrival. Charles II., according to other accounts, expressed his approbation of Sir William's conduct in Virginia, and the kindest regard for him, and even condescended to make inquiry respecting his health. Others again, on the contrary, report, that the king said of him, 'That old fool has hanged more men in that naked country than I have done for the murder of my father.' Sir William Berkeley was a native of London, and educated at Merton College, Oxford, of which he was afterwards a fellow, and 1629 was made Master of Arts. [1630.] He made the tour of Europe. He held the place of Governor in Virginia from 1639 to 1651, and from 1659 to 1677, — a period of thirty years, a term equalled by no other governor of the Colony. [1639.] He published a tragi-comedy, 'The Lost Lady,' and 1663, 'A Discourse and View of Virginia.' He was buried at Twickenham. He left no children. He married the widow of Samuel Stephens. She, after Sir William's death, intermarried with Col. Philip Ludwell, but still retained the title of 'Dame (or Lady) Frances Berkeley.'" — p. 95.

From the time of the restoration of the Stuarts to that of the severance of the Colonies from the British crown, Virginia was the scene of perpetual discontents. Her trade was oppressively restricted, her interests were always neg-

lected and frequently violated, by the mother country. It is necessary to read the history of the several Colonies in order to discover the occasions and appreciate the extent of the general excitement and readiness to coöperate in the struggle for independence, which at its commencement were found to exist throughout them all.

The History of Georgia, of which the first volume only is before us, is presented to the public in the handsomest style of the distinguished publishers from whom it proceeds. Dr. Stevens has entered upon his work under the most favorable auspices, at the request and by the appointment of the Historical Society of Georgia. He may be considered as the official and accredited historian of that State, for he has written under the sanction of its highest authority. In his Preface he informs us: —

"By virtue of a resolution of the Georgia legislature, passed December 23d, 1837, the governor appointed the Rev. Charles Wallace Howard an agent of the State, 'to repair to London, for the purpose of procuring the Colonial records, or copies thereof, now in the Colonial Departments of Great Britain, that relate to the history and settlement of this State.'

"By the further liberality of the same body, the papers which were the result of his mission were placed in my library, for the purpose of preparing this history.

"These documents fill twenty-two large folio volumes, averaging over two hundred closely written pages each. Fifteen are from the office of the Board of Trade, six from the State Paper Office, and one from the King's Library." — p. ix.

Besides these, many other sources of information have been thrown open to him, in public and private libraries, manuscript letters, journals, despatches, and various documents. He has evidently taken a wide survey of the field of his labors, sparing no pains, pursuing every topic in its several branches to its end, and intrenching his narrative all along behind the strongest array of authorities and evidence. The result is a work of much value. The contents of the volume are divided into three books. In the first, we have the early English, French, and Spanish voyages to Georgia, an account of the travels and discoveries of Ferdinand de Soto, of the French and Spanish settlements and discoveries, and a description of the aborigines of Georgia. The second book gives the history of Georgia under the Trustees,

and the third relates to Georgia under the royal government. This first volume brings the history down to the close of the successful and auspicious administration of Governor Ellis, who, having solicited a recall, delivered over his office to James Wright, in the autumn of 1760.

The earliest voyagers along the coast of Georgia and South Carolina were enchanted with the rich foliage and fertile shores that everywhere met their view. Their accounts are expressive of the liveliest enthusiasm, and the circulation of their narratives awakened a general interest in that portion of the continent. But for a long time the minds of men refused to allow any other idea to attract them to America than either, what they of course most eagerly desired, that of heaps of gold, to be picked up as it lay broadcast over the land, or that of a passage through the islands of the ocean, as they imagined the shores they had here visited to be, to golden realms beyond. At length, however, the expectations of mines of treasure and of a southern or central passage were relinquished, and men's imaginations were ready to receive other views. But the unsettled condition of the politics of Christendom, the state of war with each other or with native tribes which almost all the time characterized the relations of remote European settlements, even while their mother countries were at peace, the lawless system of freebooting and piracy which then pervaded all seas under all flags, and other causes, postponed to a late period the actual colonization of the territory which now forms the State of Georgia. In 1717, Sir Robert Montgomery published "A Discourse concerning the designed Establishment of a New Colony to the South of Carolina," in which he speaks of the country "as the most delightful in the universe," and declared "that nature has not blessed the world with any tract which can be preferable to it; that Paradise, with all her virgin beauties, may be modestly supposed at most but equal to its native excellence." He gave to the region, which glowed in his excited fancy as a "future Eden," the name of "the Margravate of Azilia." But the project of Sir Robert Montgomery came to nothing.

In 1728, James Oglethorpe, Esq., a member of the House of Commons, moved and carried the appointment of a select committee to "inquire into the state of the jails of the kingdom, and to report the same and their opinion there-

upon to the House." It consisted of ninety-six persons, among them thirty-eight noblemen, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Master of the Rolls, and many distinguished persons, such as Admiral Vernon and Field-Marshal Wade. Of this great committee Oglethorpe was chairman. He had been led to take so strong an interest in the subject by the barbarities he had witnessed in the Fleet and Marshalsea prisons. Our author thus gives the result of the labors of the committee.

"The philanthropy of Oglethorpe, whose feelings were easily enlisted in the cause of misery, rested not with the discharge of his Parliamentary duty, nor yet in the further benefit of relaxing the rigorous laws which thrust the honest debtor into prisons which seemed to garner up disease in its most loathsome forms, crime in its most fiend-like works, humanity in its most shameless and degraded aspect; but it prompted still further efforts, — efforts to combine present relief with permanent benefits, by which honest but unfortunate industry could be protected, and the laboring poor be enabled to reap some gladdening fruit from toils which now wrung out their lives with bitter and unrequited labors. To devise and carry out such efforts, himself, Lord Percival, and a few other noblemen and gentlemen, addressed a memorial to the Privy Council, stating, 'that the cities of London, Westminster, and parts adjacent, do abound with great numbers of indigent persons, who are reduced to such necessity as to become burdensome to the public, and who would be willing to seek a livelihood in any of his Majesty's plantations in America, if they were provided with a passage, and means of settling there.' The memorialists promised to take upon themselves the entire charge of this affair, to erect a province into a proprietary government, provided the crown would grant them a portion of the land bought in 1729 by Parliament from the lords proprietors of South Carolina, lying south of the Savannah river; together with such powers as should enable them to receive the charitable contributions and benefactions of all such persons as were willing to encourage so good a design.

"This petition, referred at first to a committee of the Privy Council, was by them submitted to the consideration of the Board of Trade, who, after a second commitment, made their report, that the attorney and solicitor-general should be directed to prepare a draft of a charter. This report, being laid before his Majesty, was by him approved, and he directed the proper officer to make out the charter. The charter thus prepared was approved by the king, but in consequence of the formalities of

office, did not pass under the great seal until the 9th of June, 1732.

"This instrument constituted twenty-one noblemen and gentlemen a body corporate, by the name and style of the Trustees for establishing the Colony of Georgia, in America; giving to the projected colony the name of the monarch who had granted to them such a liberal territory for the development of their benevolence." — pp. 61 – 63.

The peculiar and most interesting object for which Georgia was founded is thus mentioned and commemorated by Dr. Stevens.

"Oglethorpe, in his 'New and Accurate Account,' declares, — 'These trustees not only give land to the unhappy who go thither, but are also empowered to receive the voluntary contributions of charitable persons, to enable them to furnish the poor adventurers with all necessaries for the expense of the voyage, occupying the land, and supporting them till they find themselves comfortably settled. So that now the unfortunate will not be obliged to bind themselves to a long servitude, to pay for their passage; for they may be carried gratis into a land of liberty and plenty, where they immediately find themselves in possession of a competent estate, in a happier climate than they knew before; and they are unfortunate, indeed, if here they cannot forget their sorrows.'

"This was the main purpose of the settlement; and such noble views were 'worthy to be the source of an American republic.' Other colonies had been planted by individuals and companies for wealth and dominion; but the trustees of this, at their own desire, were restrained by the charter 'from receiving any grant of lands in the Province, or any salary, fee, perquisite, or profit whatsoever, by or from this undertaking.' The proprietors of other colonies were looking to their own interests; the motto of the trustees of this was, 'Non sibi, sed aliis.' The proprietors of other colonies were anxious to build up cities and erect states that should bear their names to a distant posterity; the trustees of this only busied themselves in erecting an asylum, whither they invited the indigent of their own, and the exiled Protestants of other lands. It was the first colony ever founded by charity. New England had been settled by Puritans, who fled thither for conscience' sake, — New York, by a company of merchants and adventurers in search of gain, — Maryland, by Papists retiring from Protestant intolerance, — Virginia, by ambitious cavaliers, — Carolina, by the scheming and visionary Shaftesbury and others, for private aims and individual ag-

grandizement; but Georgia was planted by the hand of benevolence, and reared into being by the nurturings of a disinterested charity." — pp. 67, 68.

The most extravagant expectations were indulged of the benignant effects to be wrought by the new colony. Not only were the poor-rates of the mother country to be reduced, and the greatest burden which then, as now, pressed upon the realm, to be removed, but the trade and manufactures of the empire were to be augmented to an incalculable extent. Georgia, as it was argued by an imposing array of statistical facts and figures, was destined forthwith to monopolize the entire silk and wine culture and production of the world.

"Such were the principal purposes of the trustees in settling Georgia. Extravagance was their common characteristic; for in the excited visions of its enthusiastic friends, Georgia was not only to rival Virginia and South Carolina, but to take the first rank in the list of provinces depending on the British crown. Neither the El Dorado of Raleigh, nor the Utopia of More, could compare with the garden of Georgia; and the poet, the statesman, and the divine lauded its beauties and prophesied its future greatness. Oglethorpe, in particular, was quite enthusiastic in his description of the climate, soil, productions, and beauties of this American Canaan. 'Such an air and soil,' he writes, 'can only be fitly described by a poetical pen, because there is but little danger of exceeding the truth. Take, therefore, part of Mr. Waller's description of an island in the neighbourhood of Carolina, to give you an idea of this happy climate:

> "The kind spring, which but salutes us here,
> Inhabits there, and courts them all the year.
> Ripe fruits and blossoms on the same trees live, —
> At once they promise, when at once they give.
> So sweet the air, so moderate the clime,
> None sickly lives, or dies before his time.
> Heaven, sure, has kept this spot of earth uncurst,
> To show how all things were created first." '

"With such blazoned exaggerations, strengthened by the disinterested efforts of a noble and learned body of trustees, and by the personal supervision of its distinguished originator, it is no matter of wonder that all Europe was aroused to attention; and that Swiss and German, Scotch and English, alike pressed forward to this promised land. Appeals were made by the trustees to the liberal, the philanthropic, the public-spirited, the humane, the patriotic, the Christian, to aid in this design of mercy, closing

their arguments with the noble thought: 'To consult the welfare of mankind, regardless of any private views, is the perfection of virtue, as the accomplishing and consciousness of it is the perfection of happiness.'" — pp. 72, 73.

We cannot more effectually recommend the History of Georgia to our readers, or pay a higher compliment to its learned and able author, than by placing a few more extracts from it upon our pages. The following is the substance of the sketch given of Oglethorpe.

"He was the seventh in a family of nine children, most of whom became eminent for their station or service. His eldest brother, Lewis, after leaving the University of Oxford, was aid-de-camp to the Duke of Marlborough, equerry to Queen Anne, and in 1702 succeeded his father as member of Parliament for the borough of Haslemere. He was mortally wounded at the battle of Schellenberg, and died in 1704, at the early age of twenty-two. His second brother, Theophilus, was aid-de-camp to the Duke of Ormond, and also member of Parliament for Haslemere, after the death of his elder brother. His elder sister, Eleonora, married the Marquis de Mezières, a French nobleman; and her son is spoken of by Thomas Jefferson as a gentleman of singular personal merit, — an officer of rank, of high connections, and patronized by the royal ministers.

"Another sister, Frances Charlotte, married the Marquis de Bellegarde, a distinguished Savoyard; and their son corresponded with Washington concerning his uncle's estates in Georgia. At the age of sixteen, James was entered at Oxford University; and six years afterwards was commissioned as ensign in the English army.

"Peace being proclaimed in 1713, he accepted the invitation of the Earl of Peterborough, ambassador from the court of Great Britain to the king of Sicily, and other Italian States, to become his aid-de-camp, and accompanied him as one of his diplomatic suite. . . . . Returning from Italy in 1714, he was promoted to a captaincy in the first troop of Queen Anne's guard; and he is also spoken of as adjutant-general of the queen's forces. Through the influence of his friends, the Duke of Argyle and the Duke of Marlborough, he was made aid-de-camp to the Prince Eugene, the first general of the age. Nothing could be more gratifying to the military pride and ambition of the young soldier than this appointment; for while it brought him in daily contact with the prince, as one of his staff, it opened before him every prospect of future advancement and renown. He was with Prince Eugene during nearly all the battles of the

Austrians with the Turks, on the frontiers of Hungary. He was present at the battle of Peterwardein, where Eugene, with an army of sixty thousand, completely routed the Grand Vizier, with a force of twice that number. He was in the siege of the almost impregnable town of Temeswar, which capitulated to the prince, after being held one hundred and sixty-four years by the Turks; the success of which victorious campaign filled not only Germany, but all Europe, with joy.

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"Peace between the Emperor and the Sultan threw Oglethorpe once more on the shores of England; and he employed it in the cultivation of the arts of peace. In 1722 he was elected member of Parliament for Haslemere, the same borough which had been so long represented by his father, his brother Lewis, and his brother Theophilus; and for thirty-two years he was returned by successive elections to the House of Commons. In looking over the journals of the House of Commons for those thirty-two years, we find that he was frequently on important committees; and his influence and activity were great in matters affecting interests both at home and abroad. His first effort in the British senate was in 1723, against the motion for the banishment of Francis Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester. The bishop, on the death of Queen Anne, had, in full canonicals, and in the city of London, proclaimed Charles Stuart king of Great Britain. He thus, in his maiden speech, exhibited the political predilections so long cherished by the Oglethorpe family. Nearly all of his legislative movements were directed to benevolence and philanthropy. The distressed, the persecuted, the needy, found in him a friend and advocate; the great interests of the country a faithful representative; and the throne a firm and loyal supporter. Many of his Parliamentary speeches have been preserved; but all are imperfect, as no reporter was then admitted to the gallery. We can, therefore, get at his general thoughts, though the drapery of words, which clothed his ideas with grace and beauty, is for ever lost. Enough, however, is left to show us that he was a bold, able, and persuasive speaker.

"His benevolence was shown, not only by his connection with Georgia and the Prison Discipline Committee, but by his private and public benefactions, and by his readily yielding his name and influence and fortune to schemes of charity and philanthropy. He was deputy-governor of the Royal African Society, of which the king was governor; and member of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts. He was one of the council of fifty, at the head of whom was the Duke of Bedford, for the maintenance and education of exposed and deserted

young children. He defended seamen against impressment, in a spirited pamphlet entitled 'The Sailor's Advocate.' He supported in Parliament the act for naturalizing foreigners, Protestants, in America. He ably advocated the petition of the Moravians in the House of Commons, and sustained Sir John Barnard's motion for relieving the poor of some of their onerous taxes. His private charities to his tenants, dependants, and others, were numerous; and though they sometimes came to light, yet were mostly of that Scriptural character which lets not the left hand know what the right hand doeth." — pp. 77 – 83.

"It is an interesting fact in his history, that he lived to see his infant colony become a great and free State. Among the earliest to call on John Adams, the first ambassador of the United States to the Court of St. James, was Oglethorpe. He who had planted Georgia, and nursed it in its feebleness till it grew up to be a royal colony of England, joined hands with him who had come to the British court the representative of its national independence. Well might Edmund Burke tell him that he looked upon him as a more extraordinary person than any he had ever read of; for he had founded the province of Georgia, had absolutely called it into existence, and had lived to see it severed from the empire which created it and become an independent State.

"The evening of his life was mild and pleasant; his bodily and mental vigor remained to the last; and in the society of one of the delightful literary circles of England, composed of Johnson, Goldsmith, Warton, Burke, Burton, Mrs. Garrick, Mrs. More, and others, he passed in London or at Cranham Hall the quiet and peaceful hours of social life. Hannah More, whose praise is itself renown, thus graphically describes him in a letter to her sister: — 'I have got a new admirer, and we flirt together prodigiously. It is the famous General Oglethorpe, perhaps the most remarkable man of his time. He is the foster-brother of the Pretender, and much above ninety years old. The finest figure you ever saw. He frequently realizes all my ideas of Nestor. His literature is great; his knowledge of the world is extensive; and his faculties as bright as ever. He is one of the three persons mentioned by Pope, still living: Lord Mansfield and Lord Marchmont are the other two. He was an intimate friend of Southern, the tragic poet, and all the wits of that time. He is, perhaps, the oldest man of a gentleman living; and he could have entertained me by repeating passages from Sir Eldered. He is quite a preux chevalier, — heroic, romantic, and full of the old gallantry.'

" . . . . . Poets, such as Pope, and Thomson, and Goldsmith, and Brown, sung his praises; moralists, such as Johnson, the Abbé Raynal, Warton, and Hannah More, testified his virtues; divines, such as Wilson, Bishop of Sodor and Man, and Berkeley, Bishop of Cloyne, and Benson, and the Wesleys, did honor to his goodness; generals, such as Prince Eugene, and the Duke of Marlborough, and Field-Marshal Wade, acknowledged his abilities; and statesmen, such as the Duke of Argyle, and Lord Peterborough, and Edmund Burke, lauded his distinguished merits.

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" He died, of a sudden illness, at his seat, Cranham Hall, on the 30th of June, 1785, aged ninety-seven." — pp. 209 – 212.

We can add nothing to the interest which the foregoing extracts attach to the name and career of the illustrious founder of Georgia. Surely America was ushered into the sphere of civilization under the noblest auspices; an overruling Providence selected the brightest spirits of the age and the world to guide her earliest steps. Raleigh, Penn, Vane, Locke, Berkeley, Williams, Winthrop, and Oglethorpe, without adding to the list other immortal names, compose a constellation which shone with mingled and concentrated radiance upon the birth of America.

Our limits leave us but little room to give expression to the general reflections which these two historical works suggest. The chapter on the origin of slave labor in Georgia will naturally, in these times, attract particular attention, and it may be profitably read by all parties.

The principal ends which the Colony of Georgia was designed to answer were, to provide a refuge and settlement for persons in the British realm whose poverty made them a public burden at home, to establish a barrier between the other Colonies and the Spanish possessions in Florida, and by appropriating to the culture of the vine and the mulberry a territory so favorable to it, to secure to England an ultimate monopoly of the wine and the silk trade. With a view to these ends, rather than from motives of morality or humanity, although such motives, no doubt, were not without considerable influence, it was thought necessary, by all means and at all events, to prevent the introduction of the colored man as a slave-laborer. The trustees and administrators of Georgia persevered in this policy with the most resolute determination. In the mean time, African slavery was allowed, and rapidly

increasing, in South Carolina. Dr. Stevens relates with great clearness, fulness, and truth, the state of things resulting from these circumstances. On one side of the river, the white people were living in the enjoyment of ease, plenty, and even luxury; and the rich soil, divided into plantations severally of large extent, and cultivated by numerous gangs of laborers, who were drawing no wages from the pockets of their masters, yielded a quick and abundant product. So great were the immediate profits resulting to the owners, that they were enabled, at once, to secure to themselves the means of that generous and free style of living in which, particularly connected as it always has been in our Southern country with hospitable and cordial manners, the condition of humanity assumes one of its most inviting forms. On the other side of the same river, no labor of equal cheapness or efficacy could be obtained, for in a new and unsettled country wages must always be high; and there was no spring of industry or enterprise to take its place. The result was, that Georgia declined, while Carolina flourished. The people felt the disadvantage to which they were subjected as an intolerable burden, and by incessant murmurs and complaints, by repeated petitions and remonstrances, they at last broke down the policy of the trustees. The introduction of slave labor was finally felt and allowed by all to be an absolute necessity. Not only were the trustees opposed, but the more considerable portion of the people themselves were long in reconciling themselves to its admission. This was especially the case with the German colonists, to whose speculative principles and accustomed associations the idea was at the outset most repugnant.

The great error, that which brought these and all other difficulties along with it, and which, wherever committed, will be fatal to the prosperity of a country, was in not conferring upon the settlers an absolute right, in fee simple, to their lands. All grants made to individuals were in tail-male, never to be divided, but to be held as a military fief, by each successive inheritor, from generation to generation. It was imagined that in this way, estates passing entire and unreduced from hand to hand, the country would be provided with a powerful and permanent body of landholders to defend it against Spanish invasion. There were numerous other restrictions imposed upon the tenure of landed property, which were clogs up-

on agricultural enterprise and industry, such as no strength could drag after it. Out of this arose the necessity that compelled Georgia to relinquish the noble principle upon which she was founded, and acquiesce in the introduction of negro laborers as slaves. Her persevering and long continued efforts to adhere to this principle, in an age when the public reflection had not been called to the subject in those lights in which it is now generally regarded, must not be overlooked. They impart to her early annals an interest that will increase with the progress of freedom and humanity ; they dignify with an enviable distinction the enterprise by which she was planted ; and the fact, that her soil, however the course of events has overruled the intentions of her founders, was originally consecrated to liberty, will be cherished in the perpetual and honorable remembrance of mankind. If her fertile alluvions and rich uplands had been placed within the reach of industry and enterprise, and offered as an unrestricted prize to the strong arm of free labor, the necessity of abandoning that cherished and noble purpose would, we are very confident, have been avoided, and the contrast on the respective banks of the Savannah would probably have been reversed.

The country constituting the old Southern Atlantic States comprises in its natural features the elements of all that is lovely, picturesque, and noble, and in its resources the most bountiful means of agricultural and mineral wealth ; and if its capacities were placed within the power of free and intelligent industry, we are confident that they would yield results of social prosperity and greatness such as no other portions of the country could possibly surpass. The species of labor now extensively employed there may, at some not very distant period, in the judgments of those in whose control it is placed, be concluded not to be so favorable to national wealth and well-being as it is now thought to be by some, and once was thought to be by many. It is, however, a practical question, and if any change takes place, it will be accomplished, not by the declamation or agitation of strangers, but by practical expedients, deliberately considered and spontaneously adopted by the public sentiment and the lawful authority of the States concerned. Surely, there is every reason to be satisfied with the progress of opinion on this subject. There is no occasion to resort to that sort of machinery, of very questionable legitimacy in a free country,

and which always encounters the resolute resistance of souls that prize their independence, by which it is attempted to bring a moral and social influence from one community or country to bear upon the manners, customs, or institutions of another. So constant and so rapid is the tide of reform, that artificial means are not needed to accelerate it. We may safely rely upon the conviction, that, before long, it will everywhere be thought desirable, as the only means of drawing forth the beauties and the riches of nature in all their fulness and glory, to commit the earth to the untrammelled possession and management of the elastic, progressive, and creative spirit of a free and intelligent industrial population. That land only can have its natural capacities thoroughly and completely developed, which is cultivated under the stimulus and with the energy that belong to him who looks over the acres that smile and bloom beneath the labors of his own hands, and, while he looks, can call them his own. This truth is evolved by all the processes of education, and is uttered by all the voices of human experience. It is the result of every analysis to which the laws of the mind may be subjected, and is the solemn lesson proclaimed in the miseries and woes that have gathered in blackness, deepening every day, over the countries of the Old World, whose institutions are based upon its violation. The time will come, when the noble and fertile regions of our country, now suffering for the want of its life-giving and life-renewing influence, will be regenerated into their original fertility, and overflow with prosperity, by the magic which resides in the combination where labor and possession are united in the same person. Great will be the happiness, and bright the glory, of those statesmen, patriots, and philanthropists, who may have the felicity to suggest, and the wisdom and bravery to carry out to its successful issue, a consummation so devoutly to be wished.

But whoever they may be, they must rise up from the midst of the community whose institutions they are destined to reform. The renovation or amelioration of a people can be effected only by an influence proceeding from its own bosom. The idea of enforcing alterations in the laws or frame of society of a country by an interference or agency of any kind proceeding from without, it matters not whether it be in the form of physical or of moral force, is as prepos-

terous as it is overbearing, as inefficient to accomplish its end as it is derogatory of the rights of man. It is, indeed, a violation of the nature of the mind, of the great moral laws by which it is governed. In his circular to the diplomatic agents of the French republic, Lamartine says that "there is no durable freedom for any nation, but that which grows of itself, on its own soil." Upon this principle he refused to allow France to assume the attitude of a propagandist of republicanism throughout other nations. In taking this ground, he saved the cause at the time. If he adheres to it, and succeeds in maintaining it, he will place his name, where none can be inscribed above it, among the benefactors of France and of the world. The principle is essential to the progress as well as the peace of mankind. The rightful influence which the experiments of reformed institutions and an improved social organization, if left to their own natural action, would exert, are all paralyzed and perverted by impatient and intermeddling agitators. The course they pursue and the spirit in which they pursue it, instead of opening the hearts of those who need a remedial influence to receive it, array them in armour to resist it, and build walls of separation between sections and classes, which, if the bond of mutual love could be kept bright and strong, would be spontaneously and gladly engaged in the delightful intercommunication of improvements, and in lifting each other upward in a true Christian civilization. Whoever reads the histories of the various European colonies planted on this continent will find them alike most instructive on this point. All the plans, schemes, and efforts of governments or companies on the other side of the Atlantic, however carefully devised, or however prompted by wisdom, benevolence, or piety, utterly failed, and the only beneficial and permanently successful enterprises and movements were such as originated among, and were conducted to their issues by the wants, the experience, and the intelligence of the Colonists themselves.

We have but one more reflection to offer in connection with the works before us, and others belonging to the same department. The European colonies planted in America enjoyed peculiar advantages in a removal from the burdens and the clogs of superannuated institutions, in the clear and wide field before them, and in various other circumstances growing out of their condition ; but it has been only through

the trying experience of two hundred years that the social and political organizations they gradually established, and which constitute the States of the American Union, have attained to the degree of capacity for self-government they now exhibit. And things are not yet adjusted among us, in all respects, according to the pattern at which we aim. There are still conflicting elements, that must be removed before order and peace are perfected. We have no doubt, indeed, that the main body of the structure of our political system may justly claim to be considered as resting on a firm and immovable foundation. The fact, as a leading foreign journal has recently admitted, that from all the most distant bounds of our confederacy, over all its surface, in all its latitudes, and from shore to shore, if the continuance of the Federal Union were put to vote, there would be one clear, loud, and unanimous affirmative response, settles the question of the essential and durable adaptation of the government to the people of the country. The substantial framework may be regarded as placed beyond peril and beyond change. Still, we occasionally behold clouds gathering in our sky, and sometimes sounds of discontent and apprehension are heard rising from different quarters. The lesson our Colonial and subsequent history teaches is, that we ought not to indulge in sanguine and extravagant expectations in reference to the cause of liberty and reform abroad. If two hundred years of severe, constant, and often critical discipline, with all our Cisatlantic advantages, have been required to bring us to the still far from perfect point we have yet reached, we cannot reasonably expect that by a single bound other nations will be able to reach it. The crowded millions of Europe, with their popular ignorance, utter inexperience, long and deeply aggravated spirit of discontent, inextricable entanglements and encumbrances, and discordant elements, have a weary and a thorny road to traverse before they can enter upon the promised land. It is only after a long and anxious voyage over a stormy sea, that the political system of the Old World can cast anchor in the peaceful and secure haven of freedom, order, and union. Years — nay, is it not more probable, centuries ? — will elapse, before the agitation of the waves produced by the demolition of feudalism and the rising of a new form of society, in accordance with the flexible genius of commercial enterprise and the free spirit of

political equality, will completely subside. Instead of being repelled from our allegiance to republican liberty because its pursuit and its operation in the countries beyond the Atlantic may be accompanied by much confusion, tumult, and violence, let us be prepared for such temporary results. The Old World has reached a crisis in which, for some time to come, there can be no more tranquillity. Monarchical institutions have lost their once supposed power to give security, peace, and prosperity. They are cracked and seamed "from turret to foundation-stone." They are crumbling and falling, and as they fall, they spread destruction more or less around them. Occasionally we shall be startled by the crash, and clouds of dust will darken the air. It is an inevitable and a necessary process. A new and fairer structure will, by and by, appear over the ruins. But it will not rise in a day. Like the ancient cathedrals of Christendom, it may exhaust the labors of generations. In the mean time it becomes us, by fidelity to our own republic, to keep the model to which they all turn, and by which they must all work, fair and bright before their eyes.

ART. III. — 1. *The Works of the English Reformers*, WILLIAM TYNDALE *and* JOHN FRITH. Edited by THOMAS RUSSELL, A. M. London: Ebenezer Palmer. 1831. 3 vols. 8vo.

2. *The Annals of the English Bible.* By CHRISTOPHER ANDERSON. London: William Pickering. 1845. 2 vols. 8vo.

THERE are many points connected with the history of the Reformation which have not as yet received sufficient attention. Considered as affecting the masses of the people, and as influenced by them in its early progress, the Reformation is a subject which, notwithstanding its importance, is very imperfectly understood. Connected with this, and of almost equal importance, is the history of the opposition to the Church of Rome in preceding centuries, and this also has never been satisfactorily treated. But to do complete justice to these topics would require the highest qualifications in an historian.

There is another point, however, which has been too much neglected, although more easily treated and possessing a more general interest, — the personal history of the Reformers. On that of some few of the most prominent among them much study, it is true, has been bestowed. But there were men who devoted their lives and gave the strength of their minds and their hearts to the cause of the Reformation with a patient and holy zeal, men who "counted it an honor to suffer for their duty, and blessed God for keeping them firm under trials," who, if they have done nothing else deserving our gratitude, have left us a rich legacy in the memory of their lives, and yet in these later times have been almost forgotten. "The light which they shed upon the world should be reflected back upon themselves." It is but suitable that we, who are reaping the blessings which have sprung from their labors, should cherish their remembrance and honor their example.

To none of these men do we owe more than to William Tyndale, the chief of the English Reformers. He was born (probably) in 1485, the year in which Henry VII. came to the throne.* The Romish Church was never to appearance more firmly established in England than at this period. The religious dissensions which had burned high during the first fifty years of the century, and the spirit of reform which had then been prevalent, were extinguished in the horrors of the civil wars, and at the time when Henry VII. became king, the number of open heretics was vastly smaller than it had been a hundred years before. The king made close alliance with the Pope, and all classes seemed content in submitting to his authority. But the foundations of the Church were, nevertheless, insecure; the period of its worst oppressions and abuses was running out, and the man who was to do more than all others to overthrow its influence in England was already born.

The family of Tyndale had for many years resided in Gloucestershire, and probably possessed property, as the earliest notice which we have of the Reformer is of his being sent to Oxford, where he was brought up from childhood. The materials for the narrative of his early years are unfortu-

* There is some doubt with regard to the year of his birth. It was either 1484, 1485, or 1486, probably 1485.

nately scanty. Foxe, his first biographer, says that, being at Oxford, "he increased as well in the knowledge of tongues and other liberal arts, as especially in the knowledge of the Scriptures, whereunto his mind was singularly addicted."

It was about this period that the revival of letters commenced in England, and Oxford was the meeting-place of the scholars of the day. Grocyn, Linacre, and William Latimer, the masters and friends of Erasmus, lectured there, teaching with the enthusiasm of men who displayed for the first time new treasures to the gaze of eager pupils. But the difficulties which crowded before the student of ancient literature discouraged all but the most determined. Tyndale was among the few who entered deeply into these new studies; but his devotion to them served only to increase his zeal in the pursuit of Christian learning; and Foxe tells us that "he was accustomed to read privily to certain students and fellows in Magdalen College some parcel of divinity instructing them in the knowledge and truth of the Scriptures."

The events of the first twenty years of the sixteenth century worked their result upon Tyndale's character. Student as he was, he watched anxiously, from the quiet of Oxford, the course of affairs in the world, and while Henry VIII., after the manner of his father, was supporting the power of the Pope, and yielding himself to the guidance of Wolsey, "who had one thing in his heart and another in his mouth,"* Tyndale was preparing to do battle against the corruptions of the Church, and fitting others by his example and his teaching to join with him in the struggle.

In 1517 or 1518, Tyndale left Oxford for Cambridge, where he remained as a student for a year or two. Here he met for the first time John Frith, a young man who became his dearest friend and strongest fellow-laborer in after life, and his companion in perils and martyrdom. In 1520, Tyndale returned to his native county, and entered the family of one Sir John Walsh, a man of some note, as tutor of his children.

There was no part of England at this period more under Papal dominion than Gloucestershire. It formed part of the

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* Tyndale.

"I' the presence
He would say untruths; and be ever double
Both in his words and meaning."—Shakspeare.

bishopric of Worcester, which was farmed by Wolsey for the Cardinal Bishop Giulio de' Medici (afterwards Clement VII.), to whom the see was given by Leo X., a few months after Tyndale returned from Cambridge. Nowhere were the abuses of the Church more flagrant, or the ignorance of its ministers more extreme.

Tyndale was brought into close intercourse with many of the higher clergy at Sir John Walsh's table, and his independence and learning soon caused them to respect him, while the boldness of his views and the distinctness of his expressions made them look upon his opinions with distrust and dislike. Before long, he was secretly accused to the Bishop's Chancellor of holding heretical doctrines. He was summoned to appear before this ecclesiastic, and being severely reproved and threatened, he determined to leave the country and go to London, in the hope of finding in Tunstal, then Bishop of London, a protector and friend. Through Walsh's exertions Tyndale procured access to him, and brought him an oration of Isocrates translated into English to prove his scholarship. Tunstal's reputation was at this time very high as a patron of literature. "The whole world," said Sir Thomas More, "hath not a man more learned, wise, or better." * But he had no wish to foster heretical opinions, and dismissed Tyndale, telling him that his house was already full, and advising him to seek elsewhere in London for some service.

Tyndale found no ready employment, but determined to remain in London, and before he had been there long, he was hospitably received into the house of a rich and liberal merchant, Humphrey Munmouthe, who had heard him preach two or three sermons at St. Dunstan's in the West.

Tyndale had come up to London with the hope of being able to carry into execution a desire which had long been in his heart, of translating the New Testament. Wycliffe's, the only English translation in existence, had become obsolete. The Bible was a sealed book to the people ; and the clergy, consulting their own interest, strove to keep it so. They perverted its teachings to their own support, they wrested its meaning to their own purposes, and they darkened its truth with the mist of their sophistry. In one of his later works, Tyndale says, — "How shall I prepare myself to God's

* Cresacre More's *Life of Sir Thomas More*, Singer's edition, p. 70.

commandments? How shall I be thankful to Christ for his kindness? How shall I believe the truth and promises which God hath sworn, while thou tellest them unto me in a tongue that I understand not? What, then, sayeth my Lord of Canterbury to a priest that would have had the New Testament gone forth in English?—What, saith he, wouldst thou that the lay-people should wete what we do?"* Here in London, Tyndale hoped to accomplish this great work. "And so in London," he says, "I abode almost a year, and marked the course of the world, and understood at the last, not only that there was no room in my Lord of London's palace to translate the New Testament, but also that there was no place to do it in all England."†

His determination was soon taken, and in January, 1524, a voluntary exile, alone and unsupported, he left London for Hamburg. Here, for more than a year, he labored on his translation. There was no English scholar better fitted for the work. The studies of his life had had this single object; and the result proved that he was equal to the undertaking. In May, 1525, he left Hamburg for Cologne, in order to print his translation at the latter place. The work was already begun when he was subjected to an unlooked-for interruption. Cochlæus, the noted controversialist, happened to be in Cologne at this time, and discovered that the printing was going on. He instantly busied himself to obstruct it, and prevailed upon the city authorities to interdict the printer from proceeding, while he wrote to Henry, to Wolsey, and to Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, to warn them against the translation, and to urge upon them "to take care lest that most pernicious article of merchandise should be conveyed into the ports of England."‡ Tyndale instantly left Cologne, taking with him the printed sheets of his translation, and went to Worms, at this time a Lutheran city, where he would be secure from another such interruption. Here the edition begun at Cologne was finished. It was accompanied with marginal notes, containing the commentary of the translator on the difficult and controverted passages of the text. Here also he printed an edition of the simple text. By the spring

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* *The Obedience of a Christian Man:* Tyndale's *Works*, Vol. I. p. 267.
† *Prologues to the Five Books of Moses. Works*, Vol. I. p. 4.
‡ Cochlæus; quoted by Anderson, I. 59.

or summer of 1526, copies of these editions must have been in England.

No herald announced their coming or proclaimed the blessings of which they were to be the source. They were sent fearfully and secretly, but there were men ready to receive them, whose hearts were longing for the words that they contained, men who held them as their choicest treasure, risking persecution and death for their sake, and blessing God that they had lived to have the knowledge of his word.

There is no account of the means by which the first copies were conveyed to England. They were probably sent from Worms to Antwerp, and other ports in the Low Countries, and thence carried to London. The warning of Cochlæus, earnest as it had been, failed of success, and the translation was spread through the country before the king or Wolsey seems to have known of its arrival. The first public notice which was taken of it shows how widely it had been dispersed, and what feelings of alarm it had excited in the clergy.* On the 24th of October, 1526, Tunstal issued a prohibition to the archdeacons of his diocese, enjoining them to warn all persons under their charge to bring in and deliver up within thirty days, under pain of excommunication, "all such books as contain the translation of the New Testament." "We having understanding that many children of iniquity, maintainers of Luther's sect, blinded through extreme wickedness, wandering from the way of truth and the Catholic faith, craftily have translated the New Testament into our English tongue, intermingling therewith many heretical articles and erroneous opinions, pernicious and offensive, ... of the which translation there are many books imprinted, some with glosses and some without, containing in the English tongue that pestiferous and most pernicious poison, and dispersed through all our diocese in great number: which truly, without it be speedily foreseen, without doubt will contaminate and infect the flock committed unto us with most deadly poison and heresy, to the grievous peril and danger of the souls committed to our charge, and the offence of God's Divine Majesty." †

* There is much difficulty in arranging the events of the years 1526 and 1527 in their chronological order, owing to the neglect of writers to distinguish the historical and civil year. We have adopted that arrangement which seems to us most probable, but we cannot be certain that it is the true one.

† See Foxe, *Acts and Monuments of Martyrs*, II. 233. 1684. It is to be

Such was the first proclamation with regard to the New Testament in English. Eleven days afterward, Warham, Archbishop of Canterbury, issued a general mandate to the same effect, and in much the same terms. But the efforts did not end with England; copies were coming in from abroad, and the supply must be cut off at the source. Accordingly, before the close of October, Henry wrote to Margaret, governess of the Low Countries, and to the governor of the English House at Antwerp, praying them to seize and destroy all the New Testaments in English that could be found, while Wolsey sent letters to Hackett, the English envoy at the court at Mechlin, directing him to use the most strenuous exertions in urging this matter, "and to do his best to destroy these new imprinted books." But, although Hackett succeeded so far as to have the printer of an edition of the translation, which appeared at Antwerp this year, imprisoned for a short time, and to secure and burn some hundreds of his books, the attempt to suppress the translation met with no better success abroad than at home, "where," as Foxe relates, "the number of the readers of it daily increased."

About this time appeared in England a little tract, without name of author or publisher, which was to be of no small importance in the cause of the English Reformation. It was entitled, "A Supplicacyon for the Beggers," and was addressed "To the King oure Sovereygne Lorde."* It was a bold attack on the power of the Church in England. The writer complained that the clergy impoverished the people, wasting the strength of the kingdom, taking away the support of the poor by their exactions, and bringing many evils upon the nation by their idleness and their crimes, while they would not let the New Testament go abroad for fear that men should espy their hypocrisy and wickedness.

On Candlemas day, the 2d of February, 1526–7, as the usual ceremonial procession of priests and people attending the king was passing through Westminster, this tract was scattered before it. So unusual a mode of distribution at-

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remarked that Tyndale's translation is the groundwork of the common version of the New Testament.

* A fac-simile reprint of this tract, from the only copy of the original edition known to be in existence, was published by Pickering, in his usual beautiful style, in 1845.

tracted much attention, which the object of the pamphlet, and the vigorous style in which it was written, served to excite still further. Wolsey, on the next day, brought the matter before the king, who had already read the tract. It was obvious that more active measures must be taken than the mere issuing of proclamations, and it was determined that London, Cambridge, and Oxford should be secretly searched at once for this and other suspicious books. Sergeants-at-arms were despatched to Oxford and Cambridge, to seize the books, and to arrest all persons suspected of heresy. At Oxford, books were found, and many persons put in confinement. At Cambridge, a warning of the search was received, the books were hidden, and no one arrested but Dr. Barnes, a noted preacher, who had made himself obnoxious by inveighing in his sermons against the extravagance of the cardinal. He was carried up to London, and examined before Wolsey, and afterwards before an ecclesiastical court, and was condemned to be burned unless he would abjure his heretical opinions. "He was then in a great agony," says Foxe, "and thought rather to burn than abjure." But his resolution failed, and on Sunday, the 11th of February, having abjured, he did penance at St. Paul's, Wolsey being present in great pomp, while the Bishop of Rochester preached a sermon against Luther and his followers, and great baskets full of books were thrown into a fire at the gate and burned.* A sad day was this for the friends of the Reformation in England, and gloomy was the prospect that stretched before them.

Meanwhile, Tyndale, who was still living at Worms, and watching the course of affairs at home with the deepest interest, had not been idle. In the course of 1527, he published two works addressed to those who were struggling against the power of the Church. The first was entitled, "The Parable of the Wicked Mammon," and was an exposition of the parable of the unjust steward and other passages of the New Testament, explaining their difficulties, and setting forth their true meaning, to confirm the reader in the knowledge of the lessons and precepts of the Scripture. It is written with great power and clearness, and the theological views expressed in it, as in his other works, are open to but little ob-

* Foxe, II. 437.

jection, compared with those which were common among the leaders of the Reformation. It is distinguished for the liberality and justness of its opinions, much in advance of the age, as well as for the excellence of its style.

In his preface, Tyndale says, — "Some men will ask, peradventure, Why I take the labor to make this work, inasmuch as they will burn it, seeing they burnt the Gospel? I answer, in burning the New Testament, they did none other thing than that I looked for; no more shall they do if they burn me also, if it be God's will it shall so be." No words could prove more clearly than these the self-devotion and faith with which he labored. Again he says, — "Where faith is mighty and strong, there is love fervent, and deeds plenteous, and done with exceeding meekness: where faith is weak, there is love cold, and the deeds few, and seldom bear flowers and blossoms in winter."

The following fine passage, remarkable for its enlightened charity, directed against one of the abuses of the Church, became the subject of bitter attack from the defenders of the clergy in England. "If thou give me a thousand pounds to pray for thee, I am no more bound than I was before. Man's imagination can make the commandment of God neither greater nor smaller, neither can to the law of God either add or minish. God's commandment is as great as himself. I am bound to love the Turk with all my might and power; yea, and above my power, even from the ground of my heart, after the ensample that Christ loved me, — neither to spare goods, body, nor life, to win him to Christ. And what can I do more for thee, if thou gavest me all the world? Where I see need, there can I not but pray, if God's spirit be in me." The priests, who in incredible numbers gained a rich livelihood from the credulity of the living and the dead, must have been more than ever eager that the disciples of this bold Reformer should be checked.

There were men who longed in their hearts that the Reformation should be accomplished, but who feared to be branded with the name of heretic, and to expose themselves to the shame and danger which accompanied it, and to these also did Tyndale address himself. "All that are past and gone before are but ensamples to strengthen our faith and trust in the word of God." — "Let him that is weak, and cannot do that he would fain do, not despair, but turn to

Him that is strong, and hath promised to give strength to all that ask of him in Christ's name, and complain to God and desire him to fulfil his promises, and to God commit himself, — and He shall of his mercy and truth strengthen him, and make him feel with what love he is beloved for Christ's sake, though he be never so weak."

But Tyndale's next work, which, as we have stated, appeared the same year, is still more interesting than the one from which we have quoted. It is called, "The Obedience of a Christian Man, and how Christian Rulers ought to govern." Its title sufficiently explains its subject. He had now learned of the reception of his translation in England, of the seizure and burning of the New Testament, of the persecution and dangers of his friends, and he begins his address to them with the following words.

"Let it not make thee despair, neither yet discourage thee, O Reader, that it is forbidden thee, in pain of life and goods, or that it is made breaking of the king's peace, or treason unto his Highness, to read the word of thy soul's health; but much rather be bold in the Lord, and comfort thy soul, forasmuch as thou art sure, and hast an evident token through such persecution, that it is the true word of God; which word was ever hated of the world, neither was ever without persecution, as thou seest in all the stories of the Bible, both of the New Testament and also of the Old. . . . . .

"Another comfort hast thou, that as the weak powers of the world defend the doctrine of the world, so the mighty power of God defendeth the doctrine of God. . . . . If God be on our side, what matter maketh it who be against us, be they bishops, cardinals, popes, or whatsoever names they will. . . . . .

"Let us, therefore, look diligently whereunto we are called, that we deceive not ourselves. We are called not to dispute, as the Pope's disciples do, but to die with Christ that we may live with him, and to suffer with him that we may reign with him. We are called unto a kingdom that must be won with suffering only as a sick man winneth health. God is he that doeth all things for us, and fighteth for us, and we do but suffer only. . . . . Finally, whom God chooseth to reign everlastingly with Christ, him sealeth he with his mighty spirit, and poureth strength into his heart to suffer afflictions also with Christ. . . . . .

"Forasmuch, then, as we must needs be baptized in tribulations, — therefore let us arm our souls with the comfort of Scripture; how that God is ready at hand in time of need to help us,

and show that tyrants and persecutors are but God's scourge and his rod to chastise us. . . . . Moreover, let us arm our souls with the promises both of help and assistance, and also of the glorious reward that followeth. Great is your reward in heaven, saith Christ, and he that acknowledgeth me before men, him will I acknowledge before my Father which is in heaven. . . . . And in Psalm 47th saith David, The Lord is nigh them that are troubled in their hearts, and the meek in spirit will he save. The tribulations of the righteous are many, and out of them all will the Lord deliver them. . . . . Therefore cast all your care upon him, for he careth for you."

Words like these must have reached the hearts of many faithful and persecuted men, strengthening them to bear the trials which lay before them, and consoling them under the sufferings to which they were exposed.

We have not space to go through with an analysis of the book, but must content ourselves with quoting a few of the more remarkable passages. The section on the Duty of Kings opens with the following striking words.

"Let kings, if they had liever be Christian indeed than so to be called, give themselves altogether to the wealth of their realms after the ensample of Christ; remembering that the people are God's, and not theirs. The most despised person in the realm is the king's brother, and fellow-member with him, and equal with him, in the kingdom of God and of Christ."

This was bold doctrine for a Reformer in the sixteenth century, not fully recognized even after the course of three hundred years.

In a later section, treating of absolution, he says: —

"The friars teach, saying, Do good deeds and redeem the pains that abide you in purgatory; yea, give us somewhat to do good works for you. And thus is sin become the profitablest merchandise in the world."

Again, a little farther on, —

"They pray in Latin, they christen in Latin, they bless in Latin, they give absolution in Latin; only curse they in the English tongue. Wherein they take upon them greater authority than ever God gave them. For in their curses, as they call them, with book, bell, and candle, they command God and Christ, and the angels and all saints, to curse with them. O ye abominable! who gave you authority to command God? God com-

mandeth you to bless, and ye command him to curse. If God shall curse any man, who shall bless and make him better? Christ commandeth, saying, Love your enemies. Bless them that curse you. Do good to them that hate you. Pray for them that do you wrong and persecute you, that ye may be the children of your Heavenly Father."

In the section on Miracles and the Worshipping of Saints, which is one of the most powerful portions of the book, occurs the following curious mention of Wolsey: — "I doubt not but that they will make a saint of my Lord Cardinal, after the death of us that be alive, and know his juggling and crafty conveyance, and will shrine him gloriously for his mighty defending of the right of Holy Church, except we be diligent to leave a commemoration of that Nimrod behind us."

We might go on at great length, in this manner, to illustrate the character of Tyndale by his writings; but we have already quoted enough to give an impression of his uncommon abilities, of his sincerity of purpose, and of his strong religious faith. And when these qualities are considered with reference to his position and his life, they imply still higher praise than the mere words in which they are expressed convey.

The year 1527 did not pass without fresh attempts on the part of the bishops to put down "the new learning." Many persons were examined and forced to abjure their heretical opinions, while Warham of Canterbury employed himself in buying up New Testaments abroad, in order to burn them at home.*

But all these efforts proved unavailing, and the arrival of Tyndale's two works in England increased the number and constancy of his followers, and the alarm of the clergy. Still greater rigor was adopted in the examinations, and new means were to be tried.

On the 7th of March, 1528, Tunstal issued a "License to Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England, to read and retain the books containing the Lutheran heresy," in order that "the greatest genius in England" might be employed in answering their arguments and defending the faith.

* We learn from a curious letter from the Bishop of Norwich, offering to bear his portion of the expense of the transaction, that Warham, in doing "this gracious and blessed deed," had expended £66 9*s.* 4*d.*, a sum equal to at least £600 in our own day. — Anderson, I. 158.

More set about his work zealously. "I so hate these kind of men," he says in a letter referring to heretics, "that I would be their sorest enemy that possibly they could have, if they will not repent; for I find them such men, and so to increase every day, that I even greatly fear the world will be undone by them."

A month or two after this remarkable license had been granted, Wolsey wrote again to Hackett, directing him to search out the chief authors of the heresy, and seizing them to send them to England. But Hackett could find only one Mr. Harman, an English merchant at Antwerp, who had been active in sending Testaments to England, and who was now arrested and thrown into prison. So much feeling, however, was excited by this arbitrary proceeding, that, in a short time, Harman was liberated, and in his turn he arrested Hackett, on the charge of false imprisonment; but Hackett was discharged, on the ground of his ambassadorial character.

Wolsey was not content with this, and in August despatched a friar from Greenwich to Cologne and Frankfort, in the hope that the men whom he was anxious to get into his power might be found at one of these places. The three persons whom he was most desirous to secure were Tyndale, Frith, and Roye. Frith had been among the young men who were put in confinement at Oxford in February of the year before, and having made his escape not long after, he joined Tyndale in Germany, and took up his residence with him at Marburg in Hesse. Roye had formerly been Tyndale's amanuensis, but had now left him, and had published a satirical poem directed against Wolsey, which had had a wide circulation. The friar labored zealously, but was unable to trace any of the Reformers, and returned to England at the close of the year, finding Wolsey too much occupied with his own affairs to feel much concern at the issue of the attempt.

Early in 1529 appeared the first of Sir Thomas More's controversial writings, entitled, "A Dialogue of Syr Thomas More, Knyghte; one of the counsaill of our Soverayne Lord the Kinge, and Chancellour of his Duchy of Lancaster. Wherein be treatyd divers maters, as of the Veneracion and Worship of Ymages and reliques, praying to saintes and goying on pylgrimage. With many other things touching the pestilent sect of Luther and Tyndale, by the tone bygone in

Saxony: and by the tother laboured to be brought into England."

The author represents himself as holding a conversation with a young person somewhat inclined to heretical opinions, who had been sent by a mutual friend to talk with the chancellor upon these subjects. The dialogue commences with a clear statement by the young man of the grounds of complaint among the people against the clergy, for their general conduct and their treatment of the New Testament. It shows that More perfectly recognized the state of feeling among those who sought reform, but was blinded by bigotry or by prepossession to its extent and its true character. The remainder of the book is occupied with a defence of the clergy and the established faith, and in answering objections to the argument suggested by his companion. It is a remarkable exhibition of the extravagance, injustice, and bigotry to which the excitement of controversy could lead a man so amiable in his domestic character, so learned, and so religious, as Sir Thomas More. The uncertainty with which the adherents of the Church regarded its position is shown by their being driven to a defence like this. In one chapter, "The author sheweth that it is a great token that the world is near at an end, while we see people so far fallen from God that they can abide to be content with this pestilent, frantic sect, which no people, Christian or heathen, could have suffered afore our days"; — and again, in another chapter, "The author sheweth his opinion concerning the burning of heretics, that it is lawful, necessary, and well done, and sheweth also that the clergy doth not procure it, but only the good and politic provision of the temporalty."*

These passages serve to show the spirit in which the Dialogue was written. It was received with exultation by the

* We quote in connection with the above extracts a portion of the noted passage in Utopia on freedom of opinion, written twelve years before this Dialogue. "For this is one of the ancientest laws among them: that no man shall be blamed for the maintenance of his own religion. . . . . And this surely he (Utopus) thought a very unmeet and foolish thing, and a point of arrogant presumption, to compel all other by violence and threatenings, to agree to the same that thou believest to be true. Furthermore, though there be one religion which alone is true, and all other vain and superstitious, yet did he well foresee (so that the matter were handled with reason and sober modesty) that the truth of the one power would at last issue out and come to light." — Dibdin's Ed. of Robinson's Trans., Vol. II. p. 202.

clergy, who rejoiced that they had found such an advocate, and in the course of two years it ran through two editions. More, however, did not consider this sufficient, but he was interrupted in his theological works for a time by being sent abroad to Cambray, with Tunstal and Dr. Knight, the king's secretary, to arrange a peace between Charles V. and Francis I. After this negotiation was completed, another treaty was entered into between More, Tunstal, and Hackett, as commissioners on the part of Henry VIII. and the Lady Margaret, in the name of the Emperor, "embracing the continuation of traffic between England and the Low Countries, and the forbidding to print or sell any Lutheran books on either side." This business being concluded, More returned to England, while Tunstal accompanied Hackett to Antwerp.

"And here it is to be remembered," says the chronicler Hall, "that at this present time William Tyndale had newly translated and imprinted the New Testament in English, and the Bishop of London, not pleased with the translation thereof, debated with himselfe how he might compasse and divise to destroy that false and erroneous translation (as he said). And so it happened that one Augustine Packington, a mercer and merchant of London, and of a great honestie, the same time was in Antwerp, where the Bishop then was, and this Packington was a man that highly favored William Tyndale, but to the Bishop utterly showed himself to the contrary. The Bishop, desirous to have his purpose brought to pass, communed of the New Testaments, and how gladly he would buy them. Packington then hearing that he wished for, 'My Lord, if it be your pleasure, I can in this matter do more, I dare say, than most of the merchants of England that are here, for I know the Dutch men and strangers that have bought them of Tyndale, and have them here to sell, so that if it be your Lordship's pleasure to pay for them, for otherwise I cannot come by them, but I must disburse money for them, I will then assure you, to have every book of them, that is imprinted and is here unsold.' The Bishop . . . . . said, 'Gentle Master Packington, do your diligence, and get them, and with all my heart I will pay for them, what soever they cost you, for the books are erroneous and naughty, and I intend surely to destroy them all and to burn them at Paul's Cross.' Augustine Packington came to William Tyndale and said, 'William, I know thou art a poor man, and hast a heap of New Testaments, and books by thee, for the which thou hast both endangered thy friends, and beggared thyself, and I have now gotten thee a merchant which

with ready money, shall despatch thee of all that thou hast, if you think it so profitable for yourself.' 'Who is the merchant?' said Tyndale. 'The Bishop of London,' said Packington. 'Oh, that is because he will burn them,' said Tyndale. 'Aye, marry,' quoth Packington. 'I am the gladder,' said Tyndale, 'for these two benefits shall come therefore, I shall get money of him for these books, to bring myself out of debt, the whole world shall cry out upon the burning of God's word, and the overplus of the money that shall remain to me shall make me more studious to correct the said New Testament, and so newly to imprint the same once again, and I trust the second will much better like you, than ever did the first.' And so forward went the bargain, the Bishop had the books, Packington had the thanks, and Tyndale had the money."*

After this transaction, the Bishop returned to England, in time to take part in a convocation of the higher clergy, summoned in November. Its session concluded in December, with the issuing of "a fierce and terrible proclamation" against the importing, printing, reading, or teaching of specified books "in the English tongue, as well as in Latin and other languages, replete with most venemous heresies, blasphemies, and slanders, intolerable to the clean ears of any good Christian man," and renewing the penalties of previous enactments against heresy. In noble preëminence among the books proscribed were all the publications of Tyndale, the "Revelation of Antichrist" by Frith, and the "Supplicacyon for the Beggers."

But this proclamation had but little effect to prevent a continued importation and an extended study of these books; and early in 1530, Tyndale published a translation of the five books of Moses, one or two of which had appeared separately before, and a work of his own, with the ominous title, "The Practice of Prelates." It was intended as an exposition of the means by which the Church had acquired temporal power, and of the grasping spirit of the prelacy. Tracing this down to his own times, Tyndale exhibited in a clear light the ambitious and unprincipled character of Wolsey, and attributed to him many of the evils of the late years. The book closed with an argument against the king's divorce, and an earnest warning to him to beware of false and

* Hall's *Chronicle*, 1809, p. 762.

evil advisers. The same qualities which distinguish his other works are to be found in this, and it reached England to be welcomed and condemned like them.

The proclamation of December, stringent as it was, having proved insufficient to accomplish its object, "the prelates and clerks of the Church, and the chief learned men of the universities," were called together again in May to consider what more was to be done to check the growing evil. After careful deliberation, they published a list of the heresies found in the prohibited books, and a long bill to be read in public by the preachers, denouncing these works, and declaring that "the divulging of the Scripture at this time in the English tongue to the people would rather be to the farther confusion and destruction than edification of their souls"; but fearful lest this might add to the general excitement upon this subject, a clause was added, stating that the king would have a faithful translation made, that he might, perhaps, at some future time, give it to his people.* Hugh Latimer was in a minority of the assembly who opposed these proceedings, and not long afterward, trusting to the favor of the king, he addressed to him a bold letter, denouncing the measures which had been adopted, and urging him to fulfil his promise "even to-day, before to-morrow." But Henry was now occupied with other matters.

On the 29th of November, Wolsey died. His last words were words of opposition to the new sect, his enmity to it closing only with his life.† His death was speedily followed by that of Margaret, the governess of the Low Countries.

Upon this event, Hackett returned at once to England, and was succeeded as envoy by one Stephen Vaughan, a man of more character and ability than his predecessor. The desire to get Tyndale to England had not ended with the death of Wolsey; it was now shared equally by Cromwell and the king. Special instructions were given to Vaughan with regard to searching him out; and so early as the 26th of January, 1531, he writes to the king that he had sent three letters to Tyndale to three different places, not knowing where he was, in the hope of persuading him to go to England upon promise of the king's safe-conduct. On the same day,

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* Collier's *Ecclesiastical History*, 1840, IV. 140.

† Cavendish, *Life of Wolsey*, Singer's edition, pp. 389 – 392.

he writes to Cromwell, — "It is unlikely to get Tyndale to England when he daily heareth so many things from thence which feareth him. . . . . The man is of a greater knowledge than the king's highness doth take him for, which well appeareth by his works. Would God he were in England."

With this letter the correspondence ceases for a time, but is renewed in April by a letter from Vaughan to the king. Among other directions, the king had desired him to obtain an early copy of the work which Tyndale was preparing in reply to More's Dialogue; and this letter commences with an account of Vaughan's having obtained a poor manuscript copy of a portion of the book, which he was transcribing to send to the king. It goes on as follows: —

"The day before the date hereof, I spake with Tyndale without the town of Antwerp; and by this means. He sent a certain person to seek me, whom he had advised to say, that a certain friend of mine, unknown to the messenger, was very desirous to speak with me; praying me to take pains to go unto him to such a place as he should bring me. . . . . Doubtful what this matter meant, I concluded to go with him, and followed him, till he brought me without the gates of Antwerp, into a field lying nigh unto the same, where was abiding me this said Tyndale.

"At our meeting, 'Do you not know me?' said this Tyndale. 'I do not well remember you,' said I to him. 'My name,' said he, 'is Tyndale.' 'But Tyndale,' said I, 'fortunate be our meeting.' Then Tyndale, 'Sir, I have been exceeding desirous to speak with you.' 'And I with you, — what is your mind?' 'Sir,' said he, 'I am informed that the King's Grace taketh great displeasure with me for putting forth of certain books, which I lately made in these parts, but specially for the book named the Practise of Prelates, whereof I have no little marvel, considering that in it I did but warn his grace of the subtle demeanour of the Clergy of his Realm toward his person, and of the shameful abusions by them practised, not a little threatening the displeasure of his grace and weale of his Realm. In which doing I shewed and declared the heart of a true subject, which sought the safeguard of his Royal person and weal of his commons, to the intent that his grace thereof warned might, in due time, prepare his remedies against their subtle dreams. If for my pains therein taken, — if for my poverty, — if for mine exile out of mine natural country, and being absent from my friends, — if for my hunger, my thirst, my cold, the great danger wherewith I am everywhere compassed, and finally if for innumerable other hard and sharp sicknesses which I endure, not yet feeling

their asperity by reason I hoped with my labors to do honor to God, true service to my prince, and pleasure to his commons: how is it that his grace, this considering, may either by himself think, or by the persuasions of other be brought to think, that in this doing I should not show a pure mind, a true and incorrupt zeal and affection to his grace? Was there in me any such mind, when I warned his grace to beware of his cardinal, whose iniquity he shortly after proved according to my writing? Doth this deserve hatred? . . . . . Again, may his grace, being a Christian prince, be so unkind to God which hath commanded his word to be spread throughout the world, to give more faith to the wicked persuasions of men, which, presuming above God's wisdom, and contrary to that which Christ expressly commandeth in his Testament, dare say that it is not lawful for the people to have the same in a tongue that they understand, because the purity thereof should open men's eyes to see their wickedness? Is there more danger in the king's subjects than in the subjects of all other princes, which in every of their tongues have the same under privilege of their sufferance? As I now am, very death were more pleasant to me than life, considering man's nature to be such as can bear no truth.'

"Thus, after a long communication had between us, for my part making answer as my poor wit would serve me, which was too long to write, I assayed him with gentle persuasions, to know whether he would come into England. . . . . But to this he answered that he neither would nor durst come into England, albeit your grace would promise him never so much surety; fearing lest your promise made should shortly be broken by the persuasion of the clergy, which would affirm that promise made with heretics ought not to be kept. . . . . .

"After these words, he then being something fearful of me, lest I should have pursued him, and drawing also towards night, he took his leave of me."

This was a bold letter to send to the king. It contained truths which he was little accustomed to hear, and Cromwell's reply proves that its tone was far from giving satisfaction at court. "His Highness thinks ye bear much affection to Tyndale," he says, "whose works being replete with so abominable slanders and lies, imagined and only feigned to infect the people, declareth him both to lack grace, virtue, learning, and all other good qualities." Vaughan is directed to desist from further attempts to persuade Tyndale to enter England, and to turn his attention to Frith; but at the

close of the letter, with a change of purpose, Cromwell desires that one more attempt should be made with Tyndale. On the 20th of May, two days after the receipt of this letter, Vaughan writes to the king as follows : —

"I have again been in hand to persuade Tyndale; and to draw him the rather to favor my persuasions, and not to think the same feigned, I showed him a clause contained in Master Cromwell's letter, containing these words following : — 'And notwithstanding other the premises, in this my letter contained, if it were possible, by good and wholesome exhortations, to reconcile and convert the said Tyndale from the train and affection which he now is in, and to excerpte and take away the opinions sorely rooted in him, I doubt not but the King's Highness would be much joyous of his conversion and amendment; and so being converted, if then he would return into his realm, undoubtedly the King's Royal Majesty is so inclined to mercy, pity, and compassion, that he refuseth none which he seeth to submit themselves to the obedience and good order of the world.' In these words I thought to be such sweetness and virtue, as were able to pierce the hardest heart of the world; and as I thought, so it came to pass. For after sight thereof, I perceived the man to be exceeding altered, and to take the same very near unto his heart, in such wise that water stood in his eyes; and he answered, 'What gracious words are these!' 'I assure you,' said he, 'if it would answer with the King's most gracious pleasure to grant only a bare text of the Scripture to be put forth among his people, like as is put forth among the subjects of the Emperor in these parts, and of other Christian princes, — be it of the translation of what person soever shall please his Majesty, I shall immediately make faithful promise never to write more, nor abide two days in these parts after the same; but immediately repair into his realm, and there most humbly submit myself at the feet of his Royal Majesty, offering my body to suffer what pain or torture, yea, what death, his grace will, so that this be obtained. And till that time I will abide the asperity of all chances, whatsoever shall come, and endure my life in as much pains as it is able to bear and suffer,' . . . . . with many other words which it were too long to write."*

* The originals of these interesting letters are in the British Museum; portions of them only have been printed by Anderson, and by Offer in his Life of Tyndale. These letters laid Vaughan under the suspicion of being inclined to favor the doctrines of the Reformers. He, however, denied the charge, and although he wrote to Cromwell in a very distinct and able manner, condemning the course which was adopted toward the heretics, he retained his station for many years.

With this letter the correspondence ceases for many months, and this is the last interview between Vaughan and Tyndale of which we have any record.

The passages which we have quoted present a striking view of the position and character of Tyndale. They afford additional and convincing testimony of his entire self-devotion and his earnest sincerity. They display him unsustained by any earthly support, laboring almost against hope, bearing faithfully the sorrows and disappointments which pressed upon him, and finding a recompense for all trials in the desire of accomplishing the work which had been intrusted to his charge.

About this time Tyndale published his Answer to Sir Thomas More's Dialogue. It is written with great ability, refuting chapter by chapter of More's work, and successfully defending the doctrines of the Reformers while attacking those of the chancellor. In no respect, however, does it compare more favorably with More's Dialogue than in the absence of invective and extravagance of expression. The book was too powerful to be neglected, and it no sooner reached England than the chancellor set at work to answer it.*

The year 1531 was marked by important events in England. Parliament met in January, and a Convocation assembled at the same time. During a troubled session, the king, by an arbitrary exercise of power, forced the clergy to buy their pardon for having formerly submitted to the legatine authority of Wolsey, by giving him an immense sum of money, and compelled them to recognize him as protector and supreme head of the church and clergy of England. This last concession was, however, limited for the present by the insertion of the clause, "in so far as is permitted by the law of Christ." The effect of these measures was to

* It has been much the custom to speak of Sir Thomas More as the first great master of English prose-writing. Sir James Mackintosh, by some strange forgetfulness, even goes so far as to call him "the first writer of a prose which is still intelligible." More's History of Richard III. was written some years before Tyndale began to write; but neither this, nor any other of his works, can be compared with those of Tyndale in excellence of style. The choice of words and the arrangement of sentences are less according to modern usage; and in place of the concise point and eloquent earnestness of Tyndale's pages, there is a heavy diffuseness, an inelegant strength, pervading those of the chancellor. But Tyndale's liberality of sentiment has prevented even the style of his works from being generally appreciated in England.

increase the zeal of the bishops in the persecution of the heretics.

John Tyndale, the brother of the translator, a merchant, was punished for having received and distributed copies of the New Testament, for "sending five marks to his brother beyond the sea, and for receiving and keeping with him certain letters from his brother." During the summer, Thomas Bilney, a Cambridge preacher, who, two years before, had been forced by Wolsey to abjure, was again seized. He had abjured with bitter misgivings, and on his return to Cambridge, in 1529, feeling that he had deserted the truth, "he was in such anguish and agony that nothing did him good, ... for he thought that the whole Scriptures were against him and sounded to his condemnation."* He determined to speak out what was in his heart, and leaving Cambridge this summer, he began to preach in the country, from house to house, and sometimes in the fields, till at last he was apprehended near Norwich, and after a short imprisonment, during which he displayed great constancy and faith, he was burned.†

The death of Bilney was followed not long after by that of Richard Bayfield. Several years before, he had been obliged to fly abroad on account of his opinions, and Foxe says that he was "beneficial to Master Tyndale and Master Frith, for he brought substance with him, and was their own hand, and sold all their books." For the few last years he had done good service in bringing books into England, till at length he was betrayed, and after a cruel imprisonment and examination, he also was condemned to be burned. On the 2d of November he was committed to the flames, and continued in prayer to the end without moving.‡ A month later, More, and Stokesley,§ the successor of Tunstal in the bishopric of London, delivered over to the sheriffs of the city, to be burned, one John Tewksbury, a man who, like Bayfield, had formerly abjured, but was now strong to die for his faith. On the 20th of December he was led to the stake.

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* Latimer's *Works*, (reprinted by the Parker Society, 1845,) II. 51.

† Foxe, II. 211.

‡ Foxe, II. 238.

§ Hall says Stokesley was "a man of great wit and learning, but of little discretion and humanity, which caused him to be out of favor with the common people."

The effect of such examples as these was not lost upon the faithful companions of these men. They were ready to say, —

"Ibimus, ibimus
Utcunque præcedes, supremum
Carpere iter comites parati."

Neither was it lost upon the people generally, who, comparing the faith and fortitude of the heretics with the lives and bearing of their persecutors, drew no inferences favorable to the established clergy.

"Would God! it might please the King's Majesty," writes Vaughan in December, "to look into these kinds of punishments; which in my poor opinion threaten more hurt to his realm, than those that be his ministers to execute the same tortures and punishments do think or conjecture; and by this reason only, — it shall constrain his subjects in great number to forsake his realm and to inhabit strange regions and countries, where they will practise not a little hurt to the same. Yea, and whereas they think that tortures, punishments, and death will be a mean to rid the realm of erroneous opinions, and bring men in such fear that they will not once be so hardy to speak or look, — be you assured, and let the King's grace be thereof advertised at my mouth, that his highness shall duly prove that in the end it will cause the sect to wax greater, and those errors to be more plenteously sowed in his realm than ever before."

Again, a few days later, he writes: —

"I hear of divers, as well men as women, whose persons or names I know not, nor will know, to be fled out of England, for fear of punishment, bringing with them all that ever they can make. So that by this means it is likely that new *Tyndales* shall spring, or worse than he."

Early in January, 1532, Parliament met again, and had been in session only a short time, when they passed an act against the levying of annates*; and in order to give the king more influence at Rome, it was left to him to confirm or infringe this act at his pleasure. After an important session, Parliament was prorogued in May, and More, see-

* "A year's rent of all the bishoprics that fell vacant; a tax which was imposed by the court of Rome for granting bulls to the new prelates, which was found to amount to considerable sums." — Hume, IV. 107.

ing the tendency of the course which was now pursued to lead to a breach with Rome, proved the sincerity of his religious convictions by resigning the great seals two days after the prorogation. He continued, however, for some months longer to act as chancellor.

Even during the session of Parliament, one of the disciples of the new learning, James Bainham, had been cruelly examined and burned ; and Latimer, not yet firm in the faith, as in years afterwards, was brought before a committee of the bishops on charges of heresy, and yielded so far as to declare that he " had misordered himself very far, in that he had so presumptuously and boldly preached."

In the course of the summer, Frith, having left Tyndale, returned to England. His object is not known. He had been in the country but a short time, when More and Stokesley, hearing of his arrival, instantly used all means to arrest him, sending out spies, and promising great rewards for any tidings of him, so that he was not in safety even among his friends. After a long pursuit, he was at last betrayed into their hands, and imprisoned in the Tower. A short time before his arrest, he had written, at the request of a " Christian brother," a little tract concerning the sacrament. A copy fell into Sir Thomas More's hands, and he determined to answer it. The answer was printed, but for a time was held back from the public. Frith, however, happened to obtain it, and, prisoner as he was, he resolved to build a little more on his " sure and invincible foundations," and employed the slow hours of his imprisonment in defending his views against the arguments of the ex-chancellor.

Meanwhile, Tyndale had continued to labor steadfastly. Early in the year he published an Exposition of the Sermon on the Mount. He had never written more earnestly, and his work was well fitted to animate his followers in the trials which surrounded them. In the great sorrow which now came upon him in the imprisonment and danger of his friend, he did not falter. Fortunately, two of his letters to Frith have been preserved. In the first, written probably in January, 1533, he writes : —

" Brother, beloved in my heart, there liveth not in whom I have so good hope and trust, and in whom my heart rejoiceth, and my soul comforteth herself as in you ; not the thousandth part so much for your learning, and what other gifts else you

have, as because you will creep alow by the ground, and walk in those things that the conscience may feel, and not in the imaginations of the brain; in fear and not in boldness. . . . . If there were in me any gift that could help at hand, and aid you if need required, I promise you I would not be far off, and commit the end to God. My soul is not faint, though my body be weary. But God hath made me evil-favored in this world, and without grace in the sight of men, speechless and rude, dull and slow witted; your part shall be to supply what lacketh in me: remembering that as lowliness of heart shall make you high with God, even so meekness of words shall make you sink into the hearts of men."

The other letter which is preserved was written in the succeeding May. As the months had passed, the hope of Frith's release had grown fainter and fainter. The time was near at hand when the alternative of abjuration or martyrdom must be presented to him. He was ready for the decision. He had written to his friends from the Tower, — "I have ever thought that to walk after God's word would cost me my life at one time or another." Tyndale writes to strengthen and support him, and the trial which awaited his friend was his own deepest grief.

"Dearly beloved," he writes, "commit yourself wholly and only unto your most loving Father, and most kind Lord, fear not men that threat, nor trust men that speak fair; but trust him that is true of promise and able to make his word good. Your cause is Christ's gospel, a light that must be fed with the blood of faith. . . . . If you give yourself, cast yourself, yield yourself, commit yourself wholly and only to your loving Father, then shall his power be in you and make you strong, and that so strong that you shall feel no pain, which should be to another present death; and his spirit shall speak in you, and teach you what to answer according to his promise: he shall set out his truth by you wonderfully, and work for you above all that your heart can imagine. . . . . Fear not the threatening therefore, neither be overcome of sweet words, with which twain the hypocrites shall assail you. Neither let the persuasions of worldly wisdom bear rule in your heart, no, though they be your friends that counsel you. Let Bilney be a warning to you; let not their visure beguile your eyes. Let not your body faint. He that endureth to the end shall be saved. If the pain be above your strength, remember, Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, I will give it you; and

pray to your Father in that name, and he shall cease your pain, or shorten it. The Lord of peace, of hope, and of faith be with you. WILLIAM TYNDALE.

". . . . . Sir, your wife is well content with the will of God, and would not for her sake have the glory of God hindered."*

On the 10th of June, Frith was taken from the Tower and carried to Croydon, "that there should be no concourse of people at the examination," to be examined by a commission appointed by the king, consisting of Cranmer, now archbishop of Canterbury, the bishops of London and Winchester, Audley the Chancellor, the Duke of Suffolk, and the Earl of Wiltshire. On his way, an opportunity is said to have been given to him by his attendants to escape, but he refused to take advantage of it. The examination lasted several days. Throughout the whole he preserved his constancy and self-possession. He was sent back to the Tower, and on the 20th of the month was examined again in St. Paul's by the bishops of London, Winchester, and Lincoln. He was condemned by them, and was delivered over to the secular power to be burned. For a few days he was confined in a dungeon in Newgate. A young man named Andrew Hewet, a heretic, was condemned to be burned with him. On the morning of the 4th of July, they were carried to Smithfield, and there "these two blessed Martyrs committed their souls into the hands of God."†

During Frith's confinement, affairs of importance had been going forward in the state. The marriage of Henry with Anne Boleyn had been consummated. The Parliament of the year had continued that course of measures which had been commenced some years before, and was gradually undermining the power of the Church of Rome in England. More had laid aside the duties of the chancellorship, and was now devoting himself entirely to his controversial pursuits. The first part of his "Confutation of Tyndale's Answer" had appeared in 1532, and the second part followed in this year.‡ His state of feeling was more bitter, and his style of argument more unworthy, than before. We

* Foxe, II. 307 – 309.

† Foxe, II. 256.

‡ This enormous work occupies, in the edition of 1557, 473 closely printed, double-column, folio pages.

must quote some passages from it, displeasing as they are, as a commentary upon his character, and an illustration of the manner of controversy which the age allowed. Very near the beginning he says : —

"Now when Tyndale calleth his heresies by the name of faith, and maketh men to serve the devil while they wene to serve God, what abominable idolatry is this! If it be idolatry to put trust in the devil, and serve the devil with faith, it is worse than idolatry to make men wene they serve God with faith, whilst they despite him with a false belief. And if it be very infidelity to do as the Turks do, — bid men believe in Mahomet's Alchoran, it is more infidelity to do as Tyndale hath done, — purposely mistranslate Christ's holy gospel to set forth heresies as evil as the Alchoran."

A little farther on, after enumerating some of Tyndale's heresies, he says : — "These pestilent infidelities, and these abominable kinds of idolatries, far exceed and pass and incomparably more offend the majesty of our Lord God, than all the setting up of Bel, and Baal and Beelzebub and all the devils in hell." Afterwards he bears this striking testimony to the zeal of the Reformers : — "Nor no man is there anywhere living more studious and busy to do himself good, than these envious wretches be laborious and fervent to do all other men harm in body, substance, and soul."

Within a few months after the appearance of the last portion of the "Confutation," More published another long work, entitled "The Apology of Sir Thomas More." It was a defence of his former works against the charges which had been brought against them at home of prolixity, unfairness, and violence. His reply went to support their truth, though he says, — "I see that those folks which would find my faults cannot yet happen upon them; but after long seeking and searching for them, for all their business taken thereabout, are fain to put for faults in my writing, such things as well considered shall appear their own faults for the finding." Again he says, — "Where they find fault that I handle these folk so foul, how could I other do ?"*

But we have quoted enough from these books. They present a view of More's character which has been neglected

* Sir James Mackintosh, in his Life of More, says, "More humbly excuses himself in his Apology for his severity of language."

by his biographers, but without a knowledge of which no true estimate of it can be formed. The spirit of the age affords but little excuse for the faults which are displayed in them; intolerant as it was, More went beyond it in bigotry. The life of Christ was familiar to him, but the lesson which he drew from it must be found elsewhere than in his defence of what he considered Christ's church.

The separation of the Church of England from that of Rome proceeded with rapid steps during the next two years. Its more important events are too familiar to be detailed here. One of its happiest effects was the gradual mitigation of severity toward heretics, and the consequent spread of enlightened opinions, so that its final accomplishment affords a striking instance of the passions and selfishness of man becoming means to advance the designs of God.

The opposition to the change was almost confined to a party among the bishops, at whose head was Gardiner, Bishop of Winchester. Despairing of accomplishing any thing in England in opposition to the will of the king and the popular feeling, it appears that they turned their thoughts against the great promoter of the schism abroad, and determined upon his destruction.

There had never before been so great a demand for the translation of the New Testament, although still prohibited by authority in England, and Tyndale was actively engaged at Antwerp in revising his translation and printing new editions of it. It being ascertained where he was living, a young man named Henry Philips, accompanied by a monk in disguise as his servant, was sent to Antwerp early in 1535, to accomplish Tyndale's arrest. The story cannot be told better than in the simple words of Foxe.

"William Tyndale being in the town of Antwerp, had been lodged about one whole year in the house of Thomas Poyntz, an Englishman, who kept there a house of English merchants. About which time came thither one out of England whose name was Henry Philips, a comely fellow like as he had been a gentleman, having a servant with him, but wherefore he came, or for what purpose he was sent thither, no man could tell.

"Master Tyndale divers times was desired forth to dinner and supper amongst merchants, by the means whereof this Henry Philips became acquainted with him, so that within short space Master Tyndale had a great confidence in him, and brought him

to his lodging to the house of Thomas Poyntz, and had him also once or twice with him to dinner and supper, and further entered such friendship with him, that through his procurement he lay in the same house of the said Poyntz: to whom he showed moreover his books and other secrets of his study, so little did Tyndale then mistrust this traitor."

After remaining for some weeks at Antwerp, Philips found that he was too much exposed to observation to succeed in his purpose, and retired for a short time to Brussels. Here he gained over the government to his aid, and watching his time, when there was a fair at Bergen to which Poyntz and other English merchants had gone, he returned to Antwerp, accompanied by the Procurer-General and other officers. He called in the morning at Poyntz's house.

"About noon he came again, and went to Master Tyndale, and desired him to lend him forty shillings; for, said he, I lost my purse this morning, coming over at the passage between this and Mechlin. So Master Tyndale took him forty shillings, the which was easy to be had of him if he had it, for in the wily subtilties of this world he was simple and unexpert. Then said Philips, Master Tyndale you shall be my guest here to-day. No, said Master Tyndale, I go forth this day to dinner, and you shall go with me, and be my guest where you shall be welcome. So when it was dinner time, Master Tyndale went forth with Philips, and at the going out of Poyntz's house was a long narrow entry, so that two could not go in a front. Master Tyndale would have put Philips before him, but Philips would in no wise but put Master Tyndale afore, for that he pretended to show great humanity. So Master Tyndale, being a man of no great stature, went before, and Philips, a tall comely person, followed behind him; who had set officers on either side of the door upon two seats, which being there might see who came in the entry; and coming through the same entry, Philips pointed with his finger over Master Tyndale's head down to him, that the officers which sat at the door might see that it was he whom they should take, as the officers that took Master Tyndale afterward told Poyntz, and said to Poyntz when they had laid him in prison, that they pitied to see his simplicity when they took him. Then they took him and brought him to the Emperor's attorney or Procurer-General, where he dined. Then came the Procurer-General to the house of Poyntz, and sent away all that was there of Master Tyndale's, as well his books as other things, and from thence Tyndale was had to the castle of Vilvoorde, eighteen English miles from Antwerp, and there he remained until he was put to death."

As soon as the English merchants had learned of this outrage, they applied officially to the court of Brussels for the release of Tyndale. Their application was disregarded, and an appeal was then made to England, and it was reported that the king had sent letters, desiring that Tyndale might be discharged, so great a change had been made by the events of the last few years. But no letters came, and at last Poyntz addressed an earnest appeal to his brother in England, a gentleman who had had some connection with the court, desiring him to present the matter directly to the king. He writes to him, that "by the means that this poor man, William Tyndale, has lain in my house three quarters of a year, I know that the King has never a truer-hearted subject to his Grace this day living" He tells him that Tyndale's death would be one of the highest pleasures to the enemies of the Gospel, and that he fears he will shortly be condemned; "for there are two Englishmen at Louvain taking great pains to translate out of English into Latin those things that may make against him. . . . . Brother, the knowledge that I have of this man causes me to write as my conscience binds me, for the King's Grace should have of him at this day as high a treasure as of honor. One man living [there is not] that has been of greater reputation. Therefore I desire you that this matter may be solicited to his grace for this man, with as good effect as shall be in you, or by your means to be done; for on my conscience there be not many perfecter in this day living, as knows God, who have you in his keeping."

Whether this letter produced any effect is not known; but it is certain that, before the end of September, Cromwell had sent letters with regard to Tyndale's release to various persons of influence in the Low Countries. The answers to these letters were intrusted to Poyntz to carry to England; he there had to wait for some weeks, till at last, receiving further despatches, he returned and delivered them to the council at Brussels. Here he waited for his answer, and it appeared likely that Tyndale would be released. But Philips was still there, and alarmed at this prospect, knew of no other remedy but to accuse Poyntz as a succourer of Tyndale, as holding the same opinions, and as being alone interested in his release. Upon this accusation, Poyntz was arrested, and given into the custody of two officers. He underwent a long examination, was not allowed communication

with his countrymen, and from November to February was kept in strict confinement. At last, seeing no other course, he made his escape at night, and, although pursued, succeeded in reaching England in safety.

The last hope of aid had now expired. But the whole life of Tyndale had prepared him for this end. The time of his imprisonment was occupied in defending his views against the doctors of Louvain, who had entered into a disputation with the imprisoned, solitary heretic. New editions of his books were called for while he was in prison. The cause for which he had labored was every day gaining ground, and rumors of its progress must have reached him to cheer and strengthen him. After he had been in prison more than a year, an advocate was offered to him to defend him on his trial; but he refused to have one, saying that he would make answer for himself. No account of his trial remains; "but after much reasoning when no reason would serve," he was condemned to death. There was no timid doubt, no faithless fear in him.

"Sapiens, sibique imperiosus,
Quem neque pauperies, neque mors, neque vincula terrent."

On the 6th of October, 1536, he was led forth to die. He was bound to the stake, — his last words were, "Lord, open the king of England's eyes!" He was strangled, and his body was then burned.

To a man like Tyndale, death could have come only as a blessing from God. The sorrows, the trials, the toils of life were over. The reward had come.

"The virtue of those men," says Professor Smyth, "is only the greater, who in the midst of difficulty and discouragement labor much, though they may have been taught by reading, reflection, and perhaps experience, to expect but little." Such is the praise which is due to Tyndale. A life like his deserves special remembrance in these days. The times in which we live are so happy, so free from religious, that is, from the worst, persecution, that we are likely to forget our blessings from their very commonness. There is but little opportunity for the exercise of the self-devotion and faith of the days of the Reformation, but in their place we are exposed to self-seeking devotion, to affected earnestness. We are likely to have the worthless substitute instead of the priceless original. There can be no

better remedy for this than to honor the true virtues in the lives of the martyrs of the past, and to cultivate in our hearts a desire for excellence like theirs.

"And here," says Foxe, "to end and conclude this history of William Tyndale with a few notes touching his private behavior in diet, study, and especially his charitable zeal and tender relieving of the poor. First, he was a man very frugal and spare of body, a great student and earnest laborer, namely, in the setting forth of the Scriptures of God. He reserved or hallowed to himself two days in the week, which he named his days of pastime, and those days were Monday the first day in the week, and Saturday the last day in the week. On the Monday he visited all such poor men and women as were fled out of England by reason of persecution into Antwerp; and those, well understanding their good exercises and qualities, he did very liberally comfort and relieve; and in like manner provided for the sick and diseased persons. On the Saturday, he walked round about the town in Antwerp, seeking out every corner and hole where he suspected any poor person to dwell (as God knoweth there are many), and where he found any to be well occupied, and yet overburdened with children, or else were aged or weak, those also he plentifully relieved. And thus he spent his two days of pastime as he called them. And truly his almose was very large and great, and so it might well be, for his exhibition, which he had yearly of the English merchants, was very much, and that for the most part he bestowed upon the poor as afore said. The rest of the days in the week he gave him wholly to his book wherein most diligently he travailed. When the Sunday came, then went he to some one merchant's chamber or other, whither came many other merchants, and unto them would he read some one parcel of Scripture either out of the Old Testament or out of the New, the which proceeded so fruitfully, sweetly, and gently from him, (much like to the writing of St. John the Evangelist) that it was a heavenly comfort and joy to the audience to hear him read the Scriptures; and in likewise after dinner he spent an hour in the aforesaid manner. He was a man without any spot or blemish of rancor or malice, full of mercy and compassion, so that no man living was able to reprove him of any kind of sinne or crime, albeit his righteousness depended not thereupon before God, but only upon the blood of Christ and his faith upon the same; in the which faith constantly he died as was said at Vilforde, and now resteth with the glorious company of Christ's Martyrs blessedly in the Lord, who be blessed in all his saints. Amen.

"And thus much of William Tyndale, Christ's blessed servant and martyr."

ART. IV. — 1. *Jane Eyre, an Autobiography.* Edited by CURRER BELL. Boston: Wilkins, Carter, & Co. 1848. 12mo.

2. *Wuthering Heights.* By the Author of Jane Eyre. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848. 2 vols. 12mo.

3. *The Tenant of Wildfell Hall.* By ACTON BELL, Author of Wuthering Heights. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848. 2 vols. 12mo.

4. *Hawkstone: a Tale of and for England in* 184–. Fifth American Edition. New York: Stanford & Swords. 1848. 2 vols. 12mo.

5. *The Bachelor of the Albany.* New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848. 12mo.

6. *Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings.* By SIR E. BULWER LYTTON, BART. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848. 8vo.

7. *Grantley Manor, a Tale.* By LADY GEORGIANA FULLERTON. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848. 12mo.

8. *Vanity Fair, a Novel without a Hero.* By WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY. With Illustrations by the Author. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848. 8vo.

THERE was a time when the appearance of a clever novel would justify its separate examination in a Review, and a nice discussion of the claims of its Mr. Herbert or Lady Jane to be enrolled among men and women. But in this age of ready writers, romances must be reviewed in battalions, or allowed to pass unchallenged. Every week beholds a new irruption of emigrants into the sunny land of fiction, sadly disturbing the old balance of power, and introducing a fearful confusion of names and habits. Within a few years, all the proprieties of the domain have been violated by the intrusion of hordes of ruffians, pickpockets, and vagabonds. Sir Charles Grandison finds himself face to face with Jack Sheppard, and no scorn sparkling in the eyes of Die Vernon can abash the impudence of Mr. Richard Turpin. The swagger of vulgar villany, the lisp of genteel imbecility, and the free and easy manner of Wapping, are now quite the rage in the Elysian fields of romance. Another evil is the comparative absence

of individualities, amid all the increase of population. Opinions have nearly supplanted characters. We look for men, and discern propositions, — for women, and are favored with woman's rights. Theologians, metaphysicians, politicians, reformers, philanthropists, prophets of the general overturn and the good time coming, the march-of-intellect boys in a solid phalanx, have nearly pushed the novelist aside. The dear old nonsense, which has delighted the heart for so many centuries, is so mixed up with nonsense of another kind, that it cannot be recognized either in drawing-room or kitchen. The sacred flame still burns in some sixpenny or ninepenny novellettes, the horror of the polite and the last hope of the sentimental; but it burns in a battered copper lamp, and among ruins.

Accordingly, in the novels whose titles grace the head of the present article, our readers must not expect to find, in its full perfection, that peculiar aspect of human weakness of which the novelist is the legitimate exponent. They must be content with a repast of matters and things in general, among which may be named some good philosophy, several dishes of controversial theology, much spicy satire, a little passable morality, a little impertinent immorality, and a good deal of the philosophy of history and the science of the affections.

The first three novels on our list are those which have proceeded from the firm of Bell & Co. Not many months ago, the New England States were visited by a distressing mental epidemic, passing under the name of the "Jane Eyre fever," which defied all the usual nostrums of the established doctors of criticism. Its effects varied with different constitutions, in some producing a soft ethical sentimentality, which relaxed all the fibres of conscience, and in others exciting a general fever of moral and religious indignation. It was to no purpose that the public were solemnly assured, through the intelligent press, that the malady was not likely to have any permanent effect either on the intellectual or moral constitution. The book which caused the distemper would probably have been inoffensive, had not some sly manufacturer of mischief hinted that it was a book which no respectable man should bring into his family circle. Of course, every family soon had a copy of it, and one edition after another found eager purchasers. The hero, Mr. Rochester, (not the same

person who comes to so edifying an end in the pages of Dr. Gilbert Burnet,) became a great favorite in the boarding-schools and in the worshipful society of governesses. That portion of Young America known as ladies' men began to swagger and swear in the presence of the gentler sex, and to allude darkly to events in their lives which excused impudence and profanity.

While fathers and mothers were much distressed at this strange conduct of their innocents, and with a pardonable despair were looking for the dissolution of all the bonds of society, the publishers of Jane Eyre announced Wuthering Heights, by the same author. When it came, it was purchased and read with universal eagerness ; but, alas ! it created disappointment almost as universal. It was a panacea for all the sufferers under the epidemic. Society returned to its old condition, parents were blessed in hearing once more their children talk common sense, and rakes and battered profligates of high and low degree fell instantly to their proper level. Thus ended the last desperate attempt to corrupt the virtue of the sturdy descendants of the Puritans.

The novel of Jane Eyre, which caused this great excitement, purports to have been edited by Currer Bell, and the said Currer divides the authorship, if we are not misinformed, with a brother and sister. The work bears the marks of more than one mind and one sex, and has more variety than either of the novels which claim to have been written by Acton Bell. The family mind is strikingly peculiar, giving a strong impression of unity, but it is still male and female. From the masculine tone of Jane Eyre, it might pass altogether as the composition of a man, were it not for some unconscious feminine peculiarities, which the strongest-minded woman that ever aspired after manhood cannot suppress. These peculiarities refer not only to elaborate descriptions of dress, and the minutiæ of the sick-chamber, but to various superficial refinements of feeling in regard to the external relations of the sex. It is true that the noblest and best representations of female character have been produced by men ; but there are niceties of thought and emotion in a woman's mind which no man can delineate, but which often escape unawares from a female writer. There are numerous examples of these in Jane Eyre. The leading characteristic of the novel, however, and the secret of its charm, is the

clear, distinct, decisive style of its representation of character, manners, and scenery; and this continually suggests a male mind. In the earlier chapters, there is little, perhaps, to break the impression that we are reading the autobiography of a powerful and peculiar female intellect; but when the admirable Mr. Rochester appears, and the profanity, brutality, and slang of the misanthropic profligate give their torpedo shocks to the nervous system, — and especially when we are favored with more than one scene given to the exhibition of mere animal appetite, and to courtship after the manner of kangaroos and the heroes of Dryden's plays, — we are gallant enough to detect the hand of a gentleman in the composition. There are also scenes of passion, so hot, emphatic, and condensed in expression, and so sternly masculine in feeling, that we are almost sure we observe the mind of the author of Wuthering Heights at work in the text.

The popularity of Jane Eyre was doubtless due in part to the freshness, raciness, and vigor of mind it evinced; but it was obtained not so much by these qualities as by frequent dealings in moral paradox, and by the hardihood of its assaults upon the prejudices of proper people. Nothing causes more delight, at least to one third of every community, than a successful attempt to wound the delicacy of their scrupulous neighbours, and a daring peep into regions which acknowledge the authority of no conventional rules. The authors of Jane Eyre have not accomplished this end without an occasional violation of probability and considerable confusion of plot and character, and they have made the capital mistake of supposing that an artistic representation of character and manners is a literal imitation of individual life. The consequence is, that in dealing with vicious personages they confound vulgarity with truth, and awaken too often a feeling of unmitigated disgust. The writer who colors too warmly the degrading scenes through which his immaculate hero passes is rightly held as an equivocal teacher of purity; it is not by the bold expression of blasphemy and ribaldry that a great novelist conveys the most truthful idea of the misanthropic and the dissolute. The truth is, that the whole firm of Bell & Co. seem to have a sense of the depravity of human nature peculiarly their own. It is the yahoo, not the demon, that they select for representation; their Pandemonium is of mud rather than fire.

This is especially the case with Acton Bell, the author of Wuthering Heights, The Tenant of Wildfell Hall, and, if we mistake not, of certain offensive but powerful portions of Jane Eyre. Acton, when left altogether to his own imaginations, seems to take a morose satisfaction in developing a full and complete science of human brutality. In Wuthering Heights he has succeeded in reaching the summit of this laudable ambition. He appears to think that spiritual wickedness is a combination of animal ferocities, and has accordingly made a compendium of the most striking qualities of tiger, wolf, cur, and wild-cat, in the hope of framing out of such elements a suitable brute-demon to serve as the hero of his novel. Compared with Heathcote, Squeers is considerate and Quilp humane. He is a deformed monster, whom the Mephistopheles of Goethe would have nothing to say to, whom the Satan of Milton would consider as an object of simple disgust, and to whom Dante would hesitate in awarding the honor of a place among those whom he has consigned to the burning pitch. This epitome of brutality, disavowed by man and devil, Mr. Acton Bell attempts in two whole volumes to delineate, and certainly he is to be congratulated on his success. As he is a man of uncommon talents, it is needless to say that it is to his subject and his dogged manner of handling it that we are to refer the burst of dislike with which the novel was received. His mode of delineating a bad character is to narrate every offensive act and repeat every vile expression which are characteristic. Hence, in Wuthering Heights, he details all the ingenuities of animal malignity, and exhausts the whole rhetoric of stupid blasphemy, in order that there may be no mistake as to the kind of person he intends to hold up to the popular gaze. Like all spendthrifts of malice and profanity, however, he overdoes the business. Though he scatters oaths as plentifully as sentimental writers do interjections, the comparative parsimony of the great novelists in this respect is productive of infinitely more effect. It must be confessed that this coarseness, though the prominent, is not the only characteristic of the writer. His attempt at originality does not stop with the conception of Heathcote, but he aims further to exhibit the action of the sentiment of love on the nature of the being whom his morbid imagination has created. This is by far the ablest and most subtile portion of his labors, and indicates

that strong hold upon the elements of character, and that decision of touch in the delineation of the most evanescent qualities of emotion, which distinguish the mind of the whole family. For all practical purposes, however, the power evinced in Wuthering Heights is power thrown away. Nightmares and dreams, through which devils dance and wolves howl, make bad novels.

The Tenant of Wildfell Hall is altogether a less unpleasing story than its immediate predecessor, though it resembles it in the excessive clumsiness with which the plot is arranged, and the prominence given to the brutal element of human nature. The work seems a convincing proof, that there is nothing kindly or genial in the author's powerful mind, and that, if he continues to write novels, he will introduce into the land of romance a larger number of hateful men and women than any other writer of the day. Gilbert, the hero, seems to be a favorite with the author, and to be intended as a specimen of manly character; but he would serve as the ruffian of any other novelist. His nature is fierce, proud, moody, jealous, revengeful, and sometimes brutal. We can see nothing good in him except a certain rude honesty; and that quality is seen chiefly in his bursts of hatred and his insults to women. Helen, the heroine, is doubtless a strong-minded woman, and passes bravely through a great deal of suffering; but if there be any lovable or feminine virtues in her composition, the author has managed to conceal them. She marries a profligate, thinking to reform him; but the gentleman, with a full knowledge of her purpose, declines reformation, goes deeper and deeper into vice, and becomes at last as fiendlike as a very limited stock of brains will allow. This is a reversal of the process carried on in Jane Eyre; but it must be admitted that the profligate in The Tenant of Wildfell Hall is no Rochester. He is never virtuously inclined, except in those periods of illness and feebleness which his debaucheries have occasioned, thus illustrating the old proverb, —

> "When the devil was sick, the devil a monk would be,
> When the devil was well, the devil a monk was he."

He has almost constantly by him a choice coterie of boon companions, ranging from the elegant libertine to the ferocious sensualist, and the reader is favored with exact accounts of their drunken orgies, and with numerous scraps of

their profane conversation. All the characters are drawn with great power and precision of outline, and the scenes are as vivid as life itself. Everywhere is seen the tendency of the author to degrade passion into appetite, and to give prominence to the selfish and malignant elements of human nature; but while he succeeds in making profligacy disgusting, he fails in making virtue pleasing. His depravity is total depravity, and his hard and impudent debauchees seem to belong to that class of reprobates whom Dr. South considers "as not so much born as damned into the world." The reader of Acton Bell gains no enlarged view of mankind, giving a healthy action to his sympathies, but is confined to a narrow space of life, and held down, as it were, by main force, to witness the wolfish side of his nature literally and logically set forth. But the criminal courts are not the places in which to take a comprehensive view of humanity, and the novelist who confines his observation to them is not likely to produce any lasting impression, except of horror and disgust.

The next work on our list is Hawkstone. This is a theological novel, the hero of which is a knight-errant of the Church of England. Though the book contains many powerful and some pathetic scenes, and is written with considerable force and beauty, events are made so subsidiary to doctrines, that it can hardly claim the dubious honor of being called a novel. Its authorship is ascribed to Professor Sewall, of Oxford, a learned gentleman, who took a prominent part in the disgraceful scene at that university on the occasion of presenting President Everett with an honorary degree. From his connection with that paltry outburst of religious and political bigotry, the character of his opinions may be inferred. He looks upon the world through a pair of theological spectacles, and instead of seeing things as they are, he views them altogether in relation to his creed. Were he a fanatic, we might excuse his illiberality, for passion is some extenuation of dogmatism; but the bigotry of our author is of that cool, smooth, contemptuous, self-satisfied kind, which irritates without stimulating. Assuming to speak by the authority of the Church, he quietly makes his own perceptions the limits of human intelligence, and from his pinnacle of self-content judges mankind. His whole wisdom consists in opposing the world as it is, and taking exactly the

opposite view of every question from that held by liberal men. He is not content with stigmatizing Chartists, Radicals, and Whigs, but takes every opportunity to inform his readers what poor creatures are Sir Robert Peel and the Duke of Wellington. It is difficult to say whether he most dislikes Papists or Dissenters; but we should judge there was more rancor in his representations of the former than of the latter. To be sure, the sects he despises may have the consolation of knowing, that he has represented his own church in the person of a young clergyman whom every reader must consider an impertinent puppy; but he has done it with a beautiful unconsciousness of the fact.

We hardly know of a book which shows a greater ignorance of the world, or more intolerance and dogmatism, based on so small a foundation of common sense. If the writer had confined himself to theology, and contented his egotism with connecting all dissent from his own dogmas with folly or sin, he might be allowed to pass with a herd of other self-constituted popes, of whom Ranke makes no mention; but when he invades every department of moral, social, and political science, and views with a certain pitying contempt the labors of great and good men, convicting them of ignorance, presumption, or wickedness, because they do not hold the same extreme notion of the functions and offices of the Church of England which he is pleased to entertain, it is difficult to treat his absurd intolerance with common courtesy. In his speculations on political economy, especially, he revels in all the impertinence of ignorance, and wantons in helpless and hopeless fatuity. He has discovered that it is a sin to take interest on money, and has made a masterly assault on the law of supply and demand. In his next work he will probably take ground against the attraction of gravitation. The only allusion he makes to the United States is quite in character; he speaks pityingly of "that unhappy country." He did not probably think, at the time, that the country was happy in possessing persons who would call for five editions of his book, and that it would be ushered into notice by a puffing preface from an eminent clergyman. In truth, we think the author of Hawkstone does us injustice; we have our full share of those peculiar ideas of church and state, of which Oxford is the nursing mother.

Hawkstone is interesting in one respect, as it exhibits the

degree of dogmatism of which every true Englishman is capable, and in which he is equalled only by the Russian serf. Education seems to work but little change in him, as far as regards the solidity of his self-esteem, though it may mitigate the blindness and ferocity of its expression. Here is a writer having all the characteristics of a scholar and a gentleman, whose mind from early youth has been trained in what are called liberal studies; and yet he has acquired no power of learning from other minds, no toleration for what he considers error, no comprehension either of heart or head. It is true, that this bigotry is one cause of England's colossal power. It makes every man self-sufficient, and, at the same time, places him in antagonism to other nations. The moment the mind of the nation rose from its local ethics to general principles of reason or morality, its manners and institutions, and with these its material supremacy, would pass away.

Very different from Hawkstone, both in style and opinion, are the sparkling and pungent Bachelor of the Albany, and The Falcon Family. Both are not so much novels as dashing essays on life and manners cast in a narrative form; but they are replete with brilliant common-sense, and the interest they lack in regard to events and characters is supplied by the unflagging vigor and elastic spring of the style, and the perpetual sparkle of satire and epigram. The author's mind preserves that due balance between sharpness and good-nature which is the condition of pleasantry, and he touches in a light and graceful, but decisive manner, on a hundred topics, without exhausting one. His style is strown with verbal felicities, and there are passages exhibiting one continuous glitter of the glancing lights of fancy and wit. Occasionally a string of sentences go off in epigrams, one after another, like a series of percussion-caps.

The author is a sensible but superficial English Whig, and like all his class, whether brilliant or stupid, he has a contempt for extremes, without understanding the internal causes which lead men into extremes. The most exhilarating portions of his novels are those in which he subjects the pedantic absurdities of the "earnest" men of the day to a process of merry caricature, or with a few probing witticisms emancipates the air shut up in a political bubble. He takes life himself in evident good-humor, and is troubled very little with

the mysteries of his nature or his mission to the human race. He does not appear to think that the eyes of the world are upon him, or that his utterance of an axiom is to make an era in the history of humanity. But it must be admitted that, in avoiding bathos, he also avoids depth, and purchases his persiflage at the expense of all serious thought. Life with him is composed of two portions, a portion to be enjoyed and a portion to be laughed at, and with this comprehensive philosophy it cannot be expected that he should succeed in the exhibition of character or passion. Most of his personages are embodied epigrams, or rather jokes elevated to the dignity of persons. There is a great difference between being jocose and being a jest.

In Harold, the Last of the Saxon Kings, Sir Bulwer Lytton has attempted an historical romance, and has certainly displayed scholarship, research, and remarkable talent in the undertaking. But we fear that the work derives little help from the subject. The author is master of a style which is singularly attractive, and contrives to give a degree of interest to every thing his pen touches, whether he treats it well or ill. No one can read Harold without feeling the force of this charm; but we think it is less felt in this novel than in many of his less ambitious productions. Neither in Harold, nor in The Last of the Barons, does he evince the power of a great historical novelist. The great defect of Harold, especially, is its heterogeneousness. Fact and fiction are either placed side by side, or huddled together, instead of being fused into one consistent narrative. Harold, the Saxon king of history, and Harold, the hero of Sir Bulwer Lytton's romance, so modify each other, that the result somewhat resembles Mrs. Malaprop's Cerberus, — he is "two gentlemen at once." Indeed, though it cannot be said that the author is utterly devoid of imagination, he does not possess the faculty for any available purpose of history or romance. As he unconsciously blends his own morbid feelings with his representations, he cannot vividly reproduce the persons and events of a past age in their original life and coloring, as the historian Thierry has done in his Norman Conquest; and therefore, though his imagination, considered separately, may be larger than that of many graphic and picturesque historians, he has not in any degree their power of historical imagination. We think that this will be evident to any clear-headed person

who will take Harold and Duke William as they appear in the charming pages of Thierry, and compare them with the same princes as conceived by Sir Bulwer Lytton. If this defect in regard to historical personages was balanced by a power of combining the elements of human nature into new forms of character, through the creative processes of the imagination, he might still be a great novelist ; but in this respect, also, Bulwer is deficient. Though in romance and the drama, the power of creating or delineating character supposes a healthy mind, gifted with a sure vision of external objects, and capable of a quick sympathy with opposite natures, this power is still often possessed in a limited degree by men who can create original characters, but are incapable of reproducing real persons. In Godwin's Life of Chaucer, and in his historical productions generally, his kings, dukes, barons, and rebels are as dead as those of Mr. Hallam ; and yet the power of vital conception cannot be denied to the author of Caleb Williams and St. Leon. Though a creative imagination is thus sometimes possessed by persons deficient in its inferior form of historical resurrection, all ample minds will be found to possess both. An intellect thoroughly alive cannot be content either with names of persons or with aggregates of abstract qualities, but by its very nature conceives living beings.

Now we must profess our inability to discover any capacity in Sir Bulwer Lytton to conceive character at all. With considerable respect for his talents and accomplishments, we think that he always fails in every attempt demanding creative energy or clear representation. As an historical novelist, he stands half-way between Scott and James, between truth and stupidity. He is often true to the external fact, but never penetrates to its internal meaning. The readers of his novels are made acquainted with life and character in the past or present, as his own ingenious and brilliant, but morbid and discoloring, mind has conceived them, — not as they are in themselves. He is an illustration of Kant's theory, that the qualities of objects are not perceived by the mind, but projected from it ; and accordingly all his novels, whether the hero be Pelham or Warwick, Devereux or Harold, leave a similar impression.

This absence of objective perception, this confinement of the mind within itself, is not only fatal to Bulwer's claims to

dramatic delineation, but it explains the sombre and unsatisfying tone of his productions. There is a singular lack of cheerfulness in his novels, and they are accordingly read without any refreshment to the mind. Compare him with Fielding, or Goldsmith, or Scott, or Dickens, novelists widely differing from each other, and it will be readily seen how different are his feverish excitement and hectic flush from their healthy and bracing tone. After reading one of Bulwer's novels, we have a feeling that mankind is composed of scoundrels and sentimentalists, and that the world is effete. The atmosphere is that of a hot-house, not the exhilarating breeze of the moors. The vices of the novelist have that character of sickly licentiousness which we might expect from the rhetorical character of his virtues. He is not a free-spoken fellow like Fielding, and in his whole writings there is not one burst of downright hearty sensuality, such as we often meet with in the pages of Tom Jones ; but instead of this, we have a plentiful quantity of the "self-improved morals of elegant souls," in which adultery and seduction are gracefully adorned in alluring sentiments, and saunter, with a mincing gait, to the pit that is bottomless.

In Harold, to be sure, there is a marked improvement in our author's literary morals. As Thomas Moore wrote pretty little hymns to offset his pen's early peccadilloes, so Bulwer in the present novel ventures on Platonic love to compensate for the peculiar kind of passion he has inculcated in other novels. It must be delightful news to many good people, that the author of Pelham and Paul Clifford has sown his wild oats, and now ranks "in the first file of the virtuous"; and as he formerly seemed to object to marriage because it interfered with the natural rights of passion, he now has no other quarrel with it than that it is needless to the pure love of the soul. The lady whom history pronounces to be Harold's mistress Bulwer converts into the object of Harold's spirit love ; while he follows history in giving Harold a wife, but one whom he marries as a matter of state convenience and policy. This is a notable reconciliation of the conflicting claims of earth and heaven, which will doubtless much edify the saints.

There are two besetting peculiarities of Bulwer's mind, which are more prominent, perhaps, in Harold than in any other of his novels. These are an affectation of philosophy

and an affectation of noble sentiments. By the former, we do not mean that air of thoughtful ennui, which is one characteristic of his diction; we refer rather to his assiduous personification of abstract terms, his emphatic mode of uttering commonplaces, and his way of reaching climaxes in dissertation by fiercely printing axiomatic phrases in capital letters. These are cheap substitutes for depth of thought; but to us they are more endurable than his substitutes for depth of feeling. His fine sentiments and delicate emotions can hardly impose on any mind which has arrived at the consciousness of sentiment and emotion, or understands the difference between elegance and genuineness. They are the cheap manufactures of ambitious rhetoric, contrived with malice aforethought to awaken the reader's admiration. The heart never speaks its own language in Bulwer's writings. No outbreak of genuine passion seizing and shaping its own expression, no touch of humanity falling from the pen with a beautiful unconsciousness, ever surprises and delights us in his pages. There is one infallible test of a man's sincerity which Bulwer's expression of sensibility cannot stand for a moment. Natural emotion compels the mind to lose itself for the time in the objects which stir and arouse it. Now Bulwer, instead of celebrating the beauty and grandeur of what he feels, is continually celebrating the beauty and grandeur of his feelings. This is the exact difference between real and rhetorical passion, and it is a difference of some moment.

Indeed, allowing to Bulwer the merit of wit, fancy, learning, an ingenious mechanical apparatus of understanding, and considerable power of appropriation, he is still, in all that relates to the living movements of the heart and brain, the most superficial writer that ever acquired the reputation of a great novelist. As his capacity, such as it is, is under the control of a morbid egotism and a still more morbid vanity, his productions appear more like the consequences of intellectual disease than as intellectual nutriment. This disease is as regularly taken by persons at a certain age of the mind, as the measles are at a certain age of the body. If Bulwerism, however, saves any intellect from Byronism, it doubtless has its uses. The varioloid is bad in itself, but it is better than the small-pox. The great English poet's vitality may be the vitality of poison, but still it is life.

We cannot pass from Bulwer to Lady Georgiana Fuller-

ton without taking a perilous leap. Grantley Manor is a novel having the rose-color of Young England and the purple light of Puseyism on its pages, and doubtless presents a very one-sided view of many important matters with which it deals; but it evinces talent of a very high order, and is one of the most pleasing novels of the season. The author is perhaps too elaborate, occasionally, in her diction, and is stirred too often by an ambition for the superfine, to catch that flowing felicity of style which should be the aim of the novelist, — a style in which sentences should only represent thought or fact, and never dazzle away attention from the matter they convey. But with some faults of manner, and some blunders in plot, the novel evinces considerable dramatic power, and has a number of striking characters. The interest is well sustained, though rapidity of movement in the story is ever subsidiary to completeness of delineation in the characters. Perhaps the chief element in the plot, and the source of all the agony which torments the principal personages, is too provokingly slight to be strictly probable; but it serves its purpose of developing the piety of Ginevra and the selfishness of Neville. No one can criticize the novel with any justice to the writer, without keeping constantly in mind, that her object is not so much a consistent or even probable story, as a forcible and subtile representation of character, when influenced by such events as are best calculated to bring out all its hidden virtues or vices. Thus, Neville, who is about as abject a combination of arrogance, selfishness, and littleness of spirit as ever was chosen for a hero, would probably pass in ordinary life for a free, hearty, independent, and high-toned gentleman. One event converts him into a compendium of small vices, such as Sir Forcible Feeble himself might hoot at. Besides, his degradation was necessary to bring out all the resources of Ginevra's nature; and it is but common gallantry to admit the right of a lady-writer to abase the hero rather than the heroine, when it is necessary to degrade either.

Ginevra is an original and beautiful delineation, the foundation of whose character is imagination intensified by passion and purified by religion. So fine a union of sensibility and fortitude, of impulse and will, is a rare appearance in a popular novel. Margaret, her half-sister, a sweet, good-natured creature, with her magnanimous superficiality of feeling, is

well conceived and sustained, though the writer ventures on some perilous edges of experiment in her case, and barely saves her, in two or three instances, from being a failure. Walter is genuine and manly in general, with an occasional touch of sickliness and feebleness. Though far from being a lady's man, he is unmistakably a man delineated by a lady. Colonel Leslie is a bore and a blunder. Perhaps, to those who appreciate results from the difficulties in the way of their production, the delineation of the amiable but commonplace old people of the novel will be considered a great proof of the writer's skill in character. It evinces much of the shrewdness and nicety of Miss Austen, — qualities which we should hardly expect to see in connection with so strong an idealizing tendency, and with so much passionateness.

Vanity Fair, by W. M. Thackeray, one of the most brilliant of English magazine-writers, is an attempt, somewhat after the manner of Fielding, to represent the world as it is, especially the selfish, heartless, and cunning portion it. The author has Fielding's cosy manner of talking to his readers in the pauses of his narrative, and, like Fielding, takes his personages mostly from ordinary life. The novel, though it touches often upon topics which have been worn threadbare, and reproduces many commonplace types of character, is still, on the whole, a fresh and vigorous transcript of English life, and has numerous profound touches of humanity and humor. Sir Pitt Crawley, a sort of combination of Sir John Brute, Sir Tunbelly Clumsy, and Squire Western, is a very striking piece of caricature; but though exceedingly ludicrous, is hardly natural. George Osborne, Dobbin, and Amelia are characters almost literally true to nature, and are developed with consummate skill and fidelity. Mr. Osborne, we fear, is too fair a representative of the English man of business of the middle class, — selfish, arrogant, purse-proud, cringing to superiors, and ferocious to inferiors, rejoicing in a most profound ignorance of his own meanness and cruelty, and ever disposed to rise on the ruin of his neighbours. That disposition in English society, of every class, to trample on the one immediately beneath it, and to fawn on the one immediately above it, Thackeray felicitously represents in this portrait and in other characters. Nothing can be more edifying than Mr. Osborne's conversations with his son George, on his intimacy with men of rank who fleece

him at cards, and on his duty to break off a match with Amelia after her father has become bankrupt. But the finest character in the whole novel is Miss Rebecca Sharp, an original personage, worthy to be called the author's own, and as true to life as hypocrisy, ability, and cunning can make her. She is altogether the most important person in the work, being the very impersonation of talent, tact, and worldliness, and one who works her way with a graceful and effective impudence unparalleled among managing women.

Of all the novels on our list, Vanity Fair is the only one in which the author is content to represent actual life. His page swarms with personages whom we recognize at once as genuine. It is also noticeable, that Thackeray alone preserves himself from the illusions of misanthropy or sentimentality, and though dealing with a host of selfish and malicious characters, his book leaves no impression that the world is past praying for, or that the profligate have it. His novel, as a representation of life, is altogether more comprehensive and satisfying than either of the others. Each may excel him in some particular department of character and passion, but each is confined to a narrow space, and discolors or shuts out the other portions of existence. Thackeray looks at the world from no exclusive position, and his view accordingly includes a superficial, if not a substantial whole; and it is creditable to the healthiness of his mind, that he could make so wide a survey without contracting either of the opposite diseases of misanthropy or worldliness. His book is adorned, after a fashion which is common among the novelists of his class, with illustrations designed by the author himself; but so far as we can judge of these from the engraved copies of them in the American edition, they do him no honor as an artist. They are stiff and witless caricatures.

ART. V. — 1. *Principles of Political Economy, with some of their Applications to Social Philosophy.* By JOHN STUART MILL. London: John W. Parker. 1848. Boston: Republished by Little & Brown. 2 vols. 8vo.

2. *A Treatise on the Succession to Property Vacant by Death; including Inquiries into the Influence of Primogeniture, Entails, Compulsory Partition, Foundations, &c., over the Public Interests.* By J. R. MCCULLOCH, ESQ., Member of the Institute of France. London: Longmans. 1848. 8vo. pp. 193.

MR. MILL needs no introduction to the readers of this Journal. Three years ago, we reviewed at some length his System of Logic, and the favorable opinion we then expressed of it seems to have been confirmed by the judgment of the whole class of readers — not so numerous a one, in this country, as we could wish — who are either able or willing to peruse more than the title-page of a book on abstract science. Political Economy is not quite so thorny and unpromising a topic as Logic, and in this age, indeed, more perhaps than in any other, we might suppose that it would be a favorite subject of study. Unluckily, it treats of wealth only in the abstract, and while it lays bare many of the causes of national grandeur and decline, it affords to individuals very little aid in what is to them the most important of all enterprises, that of making their fortunes. It is the science, but not the art, of money-making; and, as frequently happens in the other sciences, its general principles often seem to conflict very seriously with the practical rules — *axiomata media*, as Lord Bacon calls them — which common men draw immediately from their own experience in the counting-room and the stock-market. There is a common prejudice, therefore, against the reasoning and the conclusions of the political economists, a prejudice which is much increased by the dissensions and disputes which prevail among the economists themselves. Who shall decide when doctors disagree? is the question that is triumphantly asked, both by the booby merchant who has blundered into a fortune, and by the booby, if not dishonest legislator, who passes laws without any consideration of their ultimate effects on the material interests of the community, though he very

carefully estimates the bearing which they will have on his own popularity with his constituents. There is no subject pretending to the rank of a science, of which American legislators, merchants, and manufacturers are so profoundly and wilfully ignorant, as that of political economy; though there is none which it more concerns them to be acquainted with, whenever they would look beyond the present moment, either for their own interests, or for those of the public. We rejoice that they may now have the services of so competent a teacher as Mr. Mill, whose admirably pure and lucid style, correct method, copious illustrations, and stringent reasoning, carry light and conviction to some of the darkest problems and most vexed questions of the science, so as to remove the prejudices of the misinformed, and give understanding even to the simple.

Two considerations recommend the present treatise to the attention of a large number of persons who do not usually concern themselves much about the doctrines of Adam Smith and his followers. The first is, that it is written up, if we may so phrase it, to the present time, — not only containing the latest improvements in the theory of the subject, but drawing many of its illustrations from recent events of great moment in the commercial world, such as the renewal of the Bank charter in 1844, and even the commercial crisis and the Irish famine of 1847. It is satisfactory to be able, even now, to contemplate these events in the light of general principles, and thus to escape in some measure from the perplexing influence of immediate but temporary results and recent excitement, while the facts are still fresh in the recollection of all. The second recommendation of the book is, that it treats not merely of the production of wealth, but of its distribution, considered as affecting the general welfare of the community; in our author's own phrase, he expounds the principles of the science "with some of their applications to social philosophy." In this respect he follows the example of Adam Smith, who, by his comprehensive treatment of the subject, embracing many questions of legislation, morals, and civil polity, which are inseparably connected with the doctrines of political economy strictly so called, gave so much popularity and influence to his great work on the Wealth of Nations. Later writers, wishing to treat of a distinct and independent science, and to mark its boundaries

with great exactness, have not attempted to follow him in this wide range of speculation, and have thus greatly diminished the importance and effectiveness of their labors. By looking only at the economical aspect of the questions which they discussed, they have come to be regarded as hard-hearted and unsafe theorists, and by a large portion of the community their doctrines are viewed with suspicion and dislike. Mr. Mill, by going back to Adam Smith's example, has gained for himself the opportunity of considering the great social problems of the day, the practical solution of which is even now convulsing a great part of the civilized world. A most valuable portion of his book is the clear and decisive refutation that it affords of the theories of the Saint Simonians, the Fourierites, the Communists, and other half-insane speculators, who have reduced France to her present degradation and misery, and have found too many proselytes even on this side of the Atlantic.

But our author is no blind conservative; in England, indeed, he must be considered as belonging to "the extreme left" among the writers on politics, economical science, and social philosophy. His doctrines respecting the ownership of land, the descent of property, the regulation of the currency, and other matters, go certainly to the verge, as most persons will think, of sweeping and hazardous innovation. He has a sort of hereditary right to be a bold speculator upon matters affecting the whole framework of society. His father was a prominent and far the ablest member of the little school which Jeremy Bentham collected around him, and all his opinions were deeply colored by the theories of that eccentric, but original and profound thinker. The early training of the son, we presume, was in the same school; but he has long since risen to independence in speculation, and now judges with great freedom and correctness the doctrines and character of his old teacher, the great patriarch of radical theorists. He is a far safer guide than Bentham, being singularly free from the pride of system, and from the inconsistencies into which one is betrayed by a disposition to censure all the existing institutions of society. Retaining his early predilection for examining the fundamental ideas upon which every received doctrine rests, attaching no weight to prescription in matters of opinion, and boldly following out his speculations to whatever result they may lead him, having

regard only to the correctness of his data and his deductions from them, he is an agreeable and instructive companion even when we cannot accept all his conclusions. On the whole, both as a writer and a thinker, he must be considered as decidedly at the head of the English speculatists of the present day. No one shows a more entire mastery of abstract subjects, or greater power of recommending and enforcing his views and arguments by forcible and perspicuous language and pertinent illustrations.

A complete exposition of the principles of political economy, with their applications to recent events and to the most important problems of social philosophy, by a writer so admirably qualified for the task, is a highly interesting and valuable work. We rejoice that the enterprise of our liberal publishers in Boston, Messrs. Little & Brown, has so soon placed it within the reach of American readers, in a very neat and correct edition, hardly inferior to the English copy in elegance, and quite moderate in price. It is to be hoped that it will immediately be made the text-book in all our colleges where the science is taught, to the exclusion of the very imperfect manual by J. B. Say, a work of some merit in its day, but now quite behind the age. The bulk of this treatise is no valid objection to its use for this purpose; a judicious teacher will easily direct the attention of his pupils to such portions of it as are most important for present information, or most applicable to the circumstances of this country. Some chapters in it are abstruse, though made as clear as the nature of the subject will permit; but the greater part of it is within the comprehension of diligent, though youthful, students.

Political economy, as a science, is quite as much dependent as politics and ethics upon the principles of the human mind. It is, in truth, a generalization of the habits and dispositions of men in reference to labor and the acquisition of wealth. Its laws are the laws of human nature, expressed in terms which show their relation to the outward means of supporting man's life and satisfying all his wants and desires. Wealth is an aggregation of valuable things, which have become valuable because they are objects of desire, and are more or less difficult of attainment. The principles of political economy are founded on observation of the manner in which the independent members of any society compete with or aid

each other in the attempt to create or acquire these things. They go upon the supposition, that man is disposed to accumulate beyond what is necessary for the immediate gratification of his wants, that his desire to make and store up provision for the future is in fact unbounded, that his disposition to labor is mainly controlled by this desire, that he is sagacious enough to see what branches of employment are most profitable, and eager enough to enter them, so that competition constantly tends to bring wages and profits to a level. The science, then, is more closely allied with the philosophy of the human mind than with natural history; the *values* which are considered in it are not outward and tangible things, but abstract conceptions, which, indeed, are often arbitrary or fictitious, since value in use so frequently differs from value in exchange.

A student of this science, therefore, will usually be successful in proportion as he is shrewd and sharp-sighted as an observer of human nature, and sagacious in unweaving the intricacies of the motives and dispositions of men. It will never do for him to take his stand upon a single principle of the mind, though it be usually a prominent and governing one, and push that, by logical deduction, to its remotest consequences. This was the great fault of such economists as Ricardo, Malthus, and Say, men who attempted to build up the whole science by successive inferences from one or two cardinal positions, and thus gained a deceptive appearance of method at the expense of correctness. They did not make sufficient allowance for the complexity of motives and variety of circumstances which govern human conduct, and they attempted to show what must be, in place of explaining what is. The *a priori* method is not often successful in the conduct of any inquiry; it is easier and safer to ascend from facts to principles, than to make principles a guide to facts. The error that is often committed in the latter case may be easily covered up by giving a very abstract form to our statements, and by the exclusion of all qualifying circumstances; but a wide discrepancy is then visible between theory and experience, which makes common persons very suspicious of the accuracy of the reasoning employed and of the conclusions which are supported by it. Mr. Mill is a diligent and accurate observer, and to this cause, no less than to his sagacity in the explanation of phenomena, and to his dialectical

skill, the excellence of large portions of his work is to be attributed. His remarks on the manner in which the effects of competition are modified by custom, and on the effective desire of accumulation as influenced by peculiarities of national character, are highly judicious and instructive. His general observations show that sound, vigorous good-sense, always a leading trait in the English mind, which in its highest degree we call practical wisdom.

We must extract a passage or two, to justify this encomium, though scraps give one but a faint idea of a quality which exists only by diffusion, and seldom juts out in bold points. The following remarks are taken from the chapter on the cause of the various degrees of productiveness of productive agents.

"Individuals, or races, do not differ so much in the efforts they are able and willing to make under strong immediate incentives, as in their capacity of present exertion for a distant object, and in the thoroughness of their application to work on ordinary occasions. In this last quality the English, and perhaps the Anglo-Americans, appear at present to surpass every other people. This efficiency of labor is connected with their whole character; with their defects, as much as with their good qualities. The majority of Englishmen and Americans have no life but in their work; that alone stands between them and ennui. Either from original temperament, climate, or want of development, they are too deficient in senses to enjoy mere existence in repose; and scarcely any pleasure or amusement is pleasure or amusement to them. Except, therefore, those who are alive to some of the nobler interests of humanity (a small minority in all countries), they have little to distract their attention from work, or to divide the dominion over them with the one propensity which is the passion of those who have no other, and the satisfaction of which comprises all that they imagine of success in life, — the desire of growing richer, and getting on in the world. This last characteristic belongs chiefly to those who are in a condition superior to day-laborers; but the absence of any taste for amusement, or enjoyment of repose, is common to all classes. Whether from this or any other cause, the national steadiness and persistency of labor extends to the most improvident of the English working classes, — those who never think of saving, or improving their condition. It has become the habit of the country; and *life in England is more governed by habit, and less by personal inclination and will, than in any other country, except perhaps China or Japan.* The effect is, that where hard labor

is the thing required, there are no laborers like the English; though in natural intelligence, and even in manual dexterity, they have many superiors." —Vol. I. pp. 123, 124.

Energy of labor, however, he goes on to say, is not an unqualified good, nor one which it is desirable to nourish at the expense of other and higher attributes of human nature. As much as the industrial spirit requires to be stimulated in such a case as that of the negroes of Jamaica and Demarara, after their emancipation, "so much does it require to be moderated in such countries as England and the United States."

"There, it is not the desire of wealth that needs to be taught, but the use of wealth, and appreciation of the objects of desire which wealth cannot purchase, or for attaining which it is not required. Every real improvement in the character of the English or Americans, whether it consist in giving them higher aspirations, or only more numerous and better pleasures, must necessarily moderate the all-engrossing torment of their industrialism; must diminish, therefore, so far as it depends on that cause alone, the aggregate productiveness of their labor. There is no need, however, that it should diminish that strenuous and business-like application to the matter in hand, which is one of their most precious characteristics. . . . . .

"Foreigners are generally quite unaware that to these qualities in English industry the wealth and power which they seek to emulate are in reality owing, and not to the 'ships, colonies, and commerce' which these qualities have called into being, and which, even if annihilated, would leave England the richest country in the world. An Englishman, of almost every class, is the most efficient of all laborers, because, to use a common phrase, his heart is in his work. But it is surely quite possible to put heart into his work without being incapable of putting it into any thing else. The desirable medium is one which mankind have not often known how to hit: when they do labor, to do it with all their might, and especially with all their mind; but to devote to labor, for mere pecuniary gain, fewer hours in the day, fewer days in the year, and fewer years of life." — Vol. I. pp. 125, 126.

From the very effective refutation of the principles of Communism we borrow the next passage, which seems as remarkable for felicity of expression, as for the accuracy and spirit with which it delineates one aspect of human nature. Every clear-sighted observer must admit its truthfulness, and see that it affords an argument to which there is no reply against the abolition of property.

"Assuming, however, all the success which is claimed for this state of society by its partisans, it remains to be considered how much would be really gained for mankind, and whether the form that would be given to life, and the character which would be impressed on human nature, can satisfy any but a very low estimate of the capabilities of the species. Those who have never known freedom from anxiety as to the means of subsistence are apt to overrate what is gained for positive enjoyment by the mere absence of that uncertainty. The necessaries of life, when they have always been secure for the whole of life, are scarcely more a subject of consciousness or a source of happiness than the elements. There is little attractive in a monotonous routine, without vicissitudes, but without excitement; a life spent in the enforced observance of an external rule, and performance of a prescribed task: in which labor would be devoid of its chief sweetener, the thought that every effort tells perceptibly on the laborer's own interests or those of some one with whom he identifies himself; in which no one could by his own exertions improve his condition, or that of the objects of his private affections; in which no one's way of life, occupations, or movements, would depend on choice, but each would be the slave of all: a social system in which identity of education and pursuits would impress on all the same unvarying type of character, to the destruction of that multiform development of human nature, those manifold unlikenesses, that diversity of tastes and talents, and variety of intellectual points of view, which, by presenting to each innumerable notions that he could not have conceived of himself, are the great stimulus to intellect and the mainspring of mental and moral progression. The perfection of social arrangements would be to secure to all persons complete independence and freedom of action, subject to no restriction but that of not doing injury to others: but the scheme which we are considering abrogates this freedom entirely, and places every action of every member of the community under command." — Vol. I. pp. 247, 248.

Here is an illustration of the fact we have already intimated, that the crack-brained speculatists who have recently attempted to turn the world upside down in France, and have come hither also, are not so much at fault in their abstract reasoning as in their observations of human nature. They would fain remodel society, when they are profoundly ignorant of the springs of human conduct, and of the manner in which character is affected by outward circumstances. It is easy for them to point out the misery and degradation of one class in the community, and the useless opulence of

another, and in their philanthropic frenzy to propose an equal division of goods as a remedy for both these evils. But they are not aware that the sight of these two extremes, the fear of falling into the one and the hope of rising to the other, is the constant stimulus which keeps up the energy and activity of the human race, through which alone these goods are created. Make men secure of a provision for all their wants, take away from them all objects of ambition, destroy both anxiety and emulation, — for these are the certain results of enforced equality of property and condition, — and after a few years, even if there remained any thing to be divided among them, which there would not be, for their wastefulness under such circumstances would equal their indolence, they would become useless and discontented drones, devoured by ennui, or eager for wrangling and fighting with each other as the only means of relieving their otherwise stagnant existence.

But the theorists tell us, that the necessity of laboring for the good of the community would supply the place, as a motive to action, of the necessity which each individual now feels of laboring for himself. We answer, that the common adage, "What is every body's business is nobody's," is enough to show the folly of this supposition, which implies lamentable ignorance of the dispositions of mankind. The commonest observation proves, that, to make a man industrious, you must show him that the fruits of his industry will be wholly his own; if he is to share them equally with a thousand others, who have not shared the particular effort which produced them, he will throw aside his implements of labor in disgust, or relinquish them on the first approach of weariness. The motive to exertion must be immediate, or it will not be sufficiently pungent. It matters not, if you prove to him by a demonstration, that his individual welfare is inseparably connected with the interests of the whole community. Men do not act from such far-sighted calculation as this; they look first to their own interests at the present moment. Practically, each one will argue thus: — "I am but a unit in a vast multitude, and the effect which my idleness or industry at this time will have on the general welfare will be a quantity too small to be appreciated; and little as the general stock will be diminished by my refusal to work, my personal share of that diminution or loss, being the quotient after

another partition among the whole multitude, will be an infinitesimal of the second degree, an atom that I cannot distinguish, — while the effort necessary to overcome my present unwillingness to labor will be considerable. I will remain idle, then." This is very selfish and short-sighted reasoning, it is true ; but it needs very little knowledge of human nature to convince one that it is the only way in which the bulk of mankind will reason, and very little calculation of consequences to see what would be the result, if every member of the community should thus think and act.

Of course, we shall be told that men must be educated, and taught to act with more foresight and less selfishness, and from considerations of duty and benevolence, instead of blindly following the impulses of the moment. Certainly, let them be educated, and their moral condition be improved by all means ; when they have become universally intelligent, philanthropic, and industrious, and are no longer actuated by selfish motives, property may well be abolished, and society may exist under any form, for the social state then cannot fail to be a happy one, however constituted. Meanwhile, as this work of improving the character of the whole race will probably be a slow and tedious one, and as the new institutions will not be practicable till it is completed, it might be well to commence with the opulent classes alone, who are comparatively few in number, and who, when converted and made purely benevolent and unselfish, will need no persuasion, no new framework of society, to induce them to share their goods equally with their less fortunate brethren. Human nature, as it is now constituted, it is evident, is not compatible with the maintenance of your new institutions ; and any such improvement in it as might render it fit for their support would take away the necessity of making any change.

But we pass on from the consideration of these dreams of half-insane reformers to matters of more practical importance. Mr. Mill's views of the operation of the Bank charter act of 1844, and of the effect of an excessive issue of bank-notes upon commercial affairs generally, will be new to most persons in this country, and are certainly deserving of consideration, whatever may be the ultimate opinion as to their soundness. His theory in the main is that which has been advocated in England by Messrs. Tooke and Fullarton, especially by the former, in his History of Prices. It is,

that the rate of interest, or what is usually termed the scarcity of money, does not in any measure depend upon the greater or less abundance of the currency, whether this be composed of specie or of circulating notes; but upon the quantity of floating capital which forms the supply of the loan-market, and upon the demand for it which is created by speculating operations. Trade may be unduly extended, through the expansion of the credit system, months before any unusual call is made for money; and therefore the excessive issue of bank-notes which then takes place, unless prevented by legal enactments, is the consequence, not the cause, of speculation and over-trading. The testimony of all the private bankers who were examined before Parliament went to show, that their issues were always limited by the briskness or stagnation of trade in their vicinity, and that they could not send forth an unusual amount at any time without having it immediately returned upon their hands. The reason of this is obvious; what is really borrowed by the applicant is not money, but the goods that he purchases with the money; or rather, he borrows in order to fulfil the engagements that he contracted some months before in purchasing those goods. Money is only an instrument for facilitating barter, whether goods are immediately exchanged for other goods, or for credit, — that is, for a promise to furnish the other goods at a future day. Money is the oil which lessens the friction of the machinery in these transactions, but it is not the motive power, nor the raw material, nor the manufactured article; consequently, its relative abundance cannot determine the amount or number of those transactions. This is settled by the quantity of floating capital in the country, which is disposable for purposes of trade, or what amounts to the same thing, which enters the loan-market in search of investment.

Mr. Mill's conclusion is, "that bank-notes, bills, or checks, as such, do not act on prices at all. What does act on prices is credit, in whatever shape given, and whether it gives rise to any transferable instruments capable of passing into circulation, or not." Speculation is often at its height when the money-market is in a very contracted state, that is, when the issues by the banks of their own notes are at a minimum. The speculation may continue, and prices be maintained at an unnatural elevation, and still no unusual demand

will be made on the banks for accommodation, and consequently the amount of notes in circulation will not be increased. The number and extent of the purchases made cause prices to rise ; but advances from bankers are not applied for in order to purchase, but in order to hold on without selling when the term of credit has expired, and prices have not yet risen high enough for the magnificent expectations of the dealers, or perhaps have begun to fall.

Thus the war with China in 1839 caused an advance in the price of tea to be expected. The retail dealers at once began to lay in large stocks beyond the probable demand from their customers for months to come. This they were enabled to do, because at first they seemed to buy for the legitimate purposes of their regular trade, and not on speculation. "One was mentioned, who, having a capital not exceeding 1,200*l.*, which was locked up in his business, had contrived to buy 4,000 chests, value above 80,000*l.*" This was done without the outlay of actual capital or currency in any shape. At last, a violent reaction came, because the high prices had brought many cargoes of tea into the country, and at the same time had diminished the consumption ; while the expiration of the credit season compelled many of the dealers to push their stocks into the market at any price. The demand for money now began, as these persons wished to avoid the necessity of selling at a ruinous reduction of price. Excessive issues of bank-notes certainly did not cause this speculation, and a contraction of them would not have prevented it ; on the contrary, a moderate increase of bank accommodation, at the moment when the tide turned, might have "eased off" the reaction, and caused prices to fall less hurriedly. Hence the beneficial consequences of government intervention in 1847, when the ministry illegally suspended the operation of the act of 1844, and the mere expectation of relief from the Bank of England arrested the panic.

We are led to the same conclusion, says Mr. Mill, "if we consider the proportion which the utmost increase of bank-notes in a period of speculation bears, I do not say to the whole mass of credit in the country, but to the bills of exchange alone. The average amount of bills in existence at any one time is supposed considerably to exceed a hundred millions sterling. The bank-note circulation of Great Britain and Ireland is less than thirty-

five millions, and the increase in speculative periods at most two or three. And even this, as we have seen, hardly ever comes into play until that advanced period of the speculation at which the tide shows signs of turning, and the dealers generally are rather thinking of the means of fulfilling their existing engagements, than meditating an extension of them: while the quantity of bills in existence is largely increased from the very commencement of the speculations." — Vol. II. pp. 66, 67.

We are now prepared to understand Mr. Mill's explanation of the commercial crisis in England in 1847.

"It is not universally true that the contraction of credit, characteristic of a commercial crisis, must have been preceded by an extraordinary and irrational extension of it. There are other causes; and the most recent crisis, that of 1847, is an instance, having been preceded by no particular extension of credit, and by no speculations; except those in railway shares, which, though in many cases extravagant enough, yet being carried on mostly with that portion of means which the speculators could afford to lose, were not calculated to produce the wide-spread ruin which arises from vicissitudes of price in the commodities in which men habitually deal, and in which the bulk of their capital is invested. The crisis of 1847 belonged to another class of mercantile phenomena. There occasionally happens a concurrence of circumstances tending to withdraw from the loan-market a considerable portion of the capital which usually supplies it. These circumstances, in the present case, were great foreign payments, (occasioned by the high price of cotton and the unprecedented importation of food,) together with the continual demands on the circulating capital of the country by railway calls and the loan transactions of railway companies, for the purpose of being converted into fixed capital and made unavailable for future lending. These various demands fell principally, as such demands always do, on the loan-market. A great, though not the greatest, part of the imported food was actually paid for by the proceeds of a government loan. The extra payments which purchasers of corn and cotton, and railway shareholders, found themselves obliged to make, were either made with their own spare cash, or with money raised for the occasion. On the first supposition, they were made by withdrawing deposits from bankers, and thus cutting off a part of the streams which fed the loan-market; on the second supposition, they were made by actual drafts on the loan-market, either by the sale of securities or by taking up money at interest. This combination of a fresh demand for loans with a curtailment of the capital disposable for

them raised the rate of interest, and made it impossible to borrow except on the very best security. Some firms, therefore, which by an improvident and unmercantile mode of conducting business had allowed their capital to become either temporarily or permanently unavailable, became unable to command that perpetual renewal of credit which had previously enabled them to struggle on. These firms stopped payment: their failure involved more or less deeply many other firms which had trusted them; and, as usual in such cases, the general distrust, commonly called a panic, began to set in, and might have produced a destruction of credit equal to that of 1825, had not circumstances which may almost be called accidental given to a very simple measure of the government a fortunate power of allaying panic, to which, when considered in itself, it had no sort of claim." — Vol. II. pp. 56 – 58.

The years 1846 and 1847, which were so disastrous for England, formed a period of remarkable prosperity for this country. The crops were abundant, and our surplus of agricultural produce found a ready and extensive market in Europe, turning the course of exchange largely in our favor. Specie flowed into the country, and prices rose, not from mere speculation, which was kept down through the uncertainty and apprehension created by the war with Mexico, but because those who had sold large crops of grain, the price of which in former years would hardly pay for bringing it from the interior to the sea-coast, were now more able to purchase. This increase of business, and the full employment of all means of internal transportation, caused large dividends to be made on manufacturing, railroad, and canal stocks, and directed much floating capital into those channels of investment where it becomes fixed. Great enterprises were commenced in building new railways and large manufacturing establishments, which gradually drained the loan-market; and as these works required considerable time for their completion, those who had taken stock in them contracted engagements to furnish capital for years to come. This year (1848), consequently, has been marked by a long-continued "scarcity of money," as it is called, with which the currency and the conduct of the banks have had nothing to do. No one has thought of blaming these institutions, which were so much censured in former seasons of commercial difficulty. The rate of interest has been enormously high for the last

eight months; yet there have been few failures and but little panic. It is not money, but capital, which is deficient; the capitalists, deceived by two years of unusual prosperity, have undertaken enterprises which are beyond their strength.

But we have followed Mr. Mill far enough in these desultory remarks to show what is the general character of his speculations, and to bespeak for him the confidence of our readers. He is no wild theorist, but takes sober and comprehensive views, which he expounds with great moderation, clearness, and ability. We may follow him with more assurance, then, when he comes to treat of the great problem on which the future welfare, almost the existence, of his country depends, — the situation of the laboring classes in Great Britain and Ireland. We have of late repeatedly considered this subject at some length in this journal,* but it is still fresh in interest and copious in instruction, some of the gravest questions respecting the tendencies of modern civilization, and the temporal welfare of the human family, being dependent for an answer on the results of the great experiment which is now going forward in England. We call it an experiment, because to the present condition of the English and Irish people no parallel can be found in any other country on the globe, nor in the former history of the same people down as far certainly as the middle of the last century. Nowhere else is all the soil, or the whole food-producing power of the country, monopolized by less than one three-hundredth part of the inhabitants, while full half of the population are dependent entirely on wages, which are already reduced so low that most of the common laborers with their families are literally on the brink of starvation. Nowhere but in England is vastly the larger portion of the real and personal property owned by less than two hundred thousand individuals, while eight millions of their countrymen have no property whatever, and their labor, even when they have employment, which they cannot always obtain, produces hardly enough to support life on the poorest and scantiest fare. Three millions of these are in a pauperized condition, one half of this number claiming public charity every year. Enormous as these evils are, they are rapidly

* See *North American Review*, for October, 1847, p. 461, and for July, 1848, p. 119.

and steadily increasing; the wealth of the prosperous class increases even more swiftly than their numbers diminish, while the poor multiply at a frightful rate, and grow poorer every day. Nowhere else is it the avowed policy of the laws to foster this shocking inequality of wealth, the division of landed estates being opposed by legal obstacles which are practically insurmountable, and the aggregation of personal property being favored alike by the laws, the habits and desires of the owners, and by natural causes. The present state of the laboring population of England and Ireland is one of unequalled destitution and suffering, and while present tendencies continue to work without check, they have nothing to look forward to but an increase alike of their numbers and their misery.

Can this state of things continue a generation or two longer without producing a social convulsion as awful as any which is yet recorded in history? The British government, upheld by a great majority of the wealthy and educated classes, seem to think that it can; at any rate, they are still trying the experiment. But in Ireland the experiment has already failed; maddened by suffering, the wretched inhabitants have once already broken out into civil war, which has been crushed, indeed, by the gigantic military power of the government, though not without some sacrifice of life. Hopeless of success, not knowing what they are fighting for, the people are always ready to follow the impulse of a few miserable demagogues, and rush upon the bayonets and cannon which are pointed to receive them. They can but die, and what has there been in the condition of four millions of the Irish people for the last few years which could render life desirable? They know that they are miserable, they have a vague belief that their misery is the consequence of oppression and wrong, and they now seek only for vengeance. One political nostrum after another has been tried, in the hope of appeasing them, and has utterly failed. As if political measures alone — Catholic emancipation, the extension of the franchise, the vote by ballot, or even the repeal of the Union — could fill up the yawning gulph of Irish famine! The people asked for bread, and the government and the demagogues alike have offered them a stone. If the six points of Chartism should be granted to them to-morrow, does any one believe that the social condition of the people

would be in the slightest degree ameliorated? In ordinary years, Ireland produces vastly more food than is necessary for her own subsistence, the export of it being the chief branch of traffic that remains to this unhappy land. It is certain, therefore, that the only immediate cause of Irish misery is the enormous inequality in the distribution of wealth, whether this inequality be chiefly attributable to the people, the laws, or to former misgovernment and oppression. There can be no dispute, that the evil manifests itself through this inequality, and that no remedy for it can be effectual which does not tend very rapidly to a more even distribution of land and food, to say nothing of the other forms of property. Yet in Parliamentary debates on Irish affairs, this immediate cause of pauperism, famine, crime, turbulence, and rebellion is seldom, if ever, mentioned. Even the Irish members would be uneasy, if the rights and obligations of property came to be discussed; the institution is sacred, and its amendment is no more to be thought of than its abrogation.

The case of England is not quite so bad, though few who have read the evidence adduced in our former articles will deny that the same causes are working there towards the same inevitable result, and "little more than one generation," to adopt Mr. Thornton's language, "might suffice to convert England into an Ireland of human misery and degradation." The situation of the third kingdom is well described by Mr. Laing, who says, after a full investigation of the evidence, that "Scotch destitution has gone a step beyond English, and arrived, like that of Ireland, at a point at which all other evils are swallowed up in the urgent and ever-present danger of literal death by starvation." If our readers will now remember that England is much the wealthiest country in the world, that full half of the population of the three kingdoms have no share whatever in this wealth, but subsist entirely on wages, the average of which is only enough to support life in such a manner as we have just described, that the whole population increases at the rate of sixteen *per cent.* in ten years, and that at least three fourths of this increase is of the laboring class who have no property, they will have before them the chief elements of what is called the Condition-of-England question. Of all themes for the consideration of the economist, the legislator, and the philanthropist, we know of none that equals this in interest and importance.

We looked, then, with much curiosity for the opinions of a bold and original thinker, like Mr. Mill, on this great subject. The defects and evils in the present constitution of society, the modes of supplying or remedying them, and the probable results of leaving them as they are, or of applying only insufficient means of prevention or cure, are topics upon which he has speculated widely in former publications, and always with great sagacity, comprehensiveness, and good sense. In his present work, while going over the whole ground of political economy, he could not fail to consider, in all its relations and tendencies, the actual state of the laboring classes of Great Britain ; especially as his plan included the application of the principles of economical science to social philosophy. By this enlargement of the range of his inquiries, he has virtually admitted the justice of M. Sismondi's complaint, that the English economists hitherto have studied only *chrematistics*, or the art of money-making, while the science of political economy includes, as its name imports, not only the production of wealth, but the political regulation of society, as if it were a household, — that is, its government and direction with a view to the general well-being, the equal distribution of the means of happiness among all its classes and members. Are not some measures which tend to increase the wealth, and, perhaps, even the political power and importance of a nation, destructive in a greater or less degree of some of its higher interests, and especially of the individual happiness of its people ? Those who contend that such a conflict of aims is impossible must maintain that riches are every thing, the sum of all good, or else that the pursuit of them, under all circumstances, and to the utmost extent, is perfectly consistent with every other enterprise in which an intellectual and moral being can be engaged. The wealth of a nation consists of the aggregate wealth of all its members, and it may be advantageous for the power and political importance of a state that this wealth should all be owned by a very few persons, since it will thus be more accessible when the government needs to expend it for the national defence, and it is only when accumulated in large masses that capital produces its grandest and most striking results. It is by this aggregation of wealth in the hands of a few, that England has become the most opulent and powerful nation on the face of the earth ; at what cost she has

risen to this proud eminence, let the present terrible condition of her laboring classes throughout the three kingdoms answer. And yet her political economists and statesmen, her great landlords, wealthy manufacturers, and merchant princes, continue to defend and support the system of legislation which produces these shocking results.

Mr. Mill does not acknowledge either the justice or the expediency of favoring the concentration of riches, and leaving the bulk of the community destitute or dependent. He recognizes the great truth, that "property is only a means to an end, not itself the end"; and consequently, even if capital when in large masses should be a more effective agent of production than when distributed more evenly, the legislature ought not to favor its aggregation, if it should appear that this enlarged production was not a sure means of promoting the general welfare and the highest interests of the community. Here is the vice of that narrow definition of political economy to which we have alluded, that, by restricting the inquiry to the means of increasing wealth, writers upon this science have been led to advocate measures which tend to diminish the sum of human happiness, and which are repelled alike by the sense of justice and the feelings of common humanity. We yield our hearty assent to the doctrines expressed in the following passage, which is entitled to more weight in the estimation of the judicious, because it immediately succeeds, in Mr. Mill's work, that decisive refutation of the theories of the Communists and the Saint-Simonians upon which we have already remarked.

"There has never been imagined any mode of distributing the produce of industry, so well adapted to the requirements of human nature on the whole, as that of letting the share of each individual (not in a state of bodily or mental incapacity) depend in the main on that individual's own energies and exertions, and on such furtherance as may be obtained from the voluntary good offices of others. It is not the subversion of the system of individual property that should be aimed at; but the improvement of it, and the participation of every member of the community in its benefits. The principle of private property has never yet had a fair trial in any country; and less so, perhaps, in this country than in some others. The social arrangements of modern Europe commenced from a distribution of property, which was the result, not of just partition, or acquisition by industry, but of con-

quest and violence ; and notwithstanding what industry has been doing for many centuries to modify the work of force, the system still retains many traces of its origin. The laws of property have never yet conformed to the principles on which the justification of private property rests. They have made property of things which never ought to be property, and absolute property where only a qualified property ought to exist. They have not held the balance fairly between human beings, but have heaped impediments upon some, to give advantages to others ; they have purposely fostered inequalities, and prevented all from starting fair in the race. That all should, indeed, start on perfectly equal terms is inconsistent with any law of private property : but if as much pains as has been taken to aggravate the inequality of chances arising from the natural working of the principle had been taken to temper that inequality by every means not subversive of the principle itself ; if the tendency of legislation had been to favor the diffusion, instead of the concentration of wealth, to encourage the subdivision of the large masses, instead of striving to keep them together ; the principle of individual property would have been found to have no real connection with the physical and social evils which have made so many minds turn eagerly to any prospect of relief, however desperate." — Vol. I. pp. 252, 253.

These remarks in their full extent are applicable only to England. In this country, in France and several other nations of Continental Europe, the policy of the law does not favor the inequality of private fortunes, but operates against it, and in some cases so strongly that many persons are disposed to think that the subdivision of property thereby effected is excessive. We hold, however, that no approach to equality in this respect can be injurious, which leaves unquestioned to every individual the right to enjoy for life the full amount of his own earnings and exertions. This will nourish sufficiently the desire of accumulation, and thus keep industry and frugality alive in the community, while it will always insure the command of capital in masses large enough for undertaking great industrial operations.

Mr. Mill goes on to expound his opinion as to the mode in which succession to property vacant by death should be regulated, so as to insure the proper diffusion of wealth and the equality of chances for all classes and members of society. He would take away the right of inheritance, as distinguished from bequest, altogether ; the property of intestates, whether

of land or movables, should escheat to the state, to be distributed anew among its members, yet always with some regard to the expectations naturally created in the children of the deceased by the style of life in which they have been brought up. After making due provision for them, which in no case should exceed that which is considered as a moderate competency in the class of society in which they had moved, the remainder of the property should be added to the common stock. The right of collateral relations to inherit should be abrogated entirely, the state not being bound to make even a pecuniary provision for them, as they do not now expect any thing when there are direct heirs. Mr. Bentham and other eminent writers long since recommended, that when there were no heirs either in the ascending or descending line, the state should take all. The provision even for children, Mr. Mill thinks, ought not to be more than enough for their individual support; for the means of supporting a wife and family, every man should depend on his own exertions. Our author's opinions all tend to the discouragement of marriage, on the ground that it is necessary to check the growth of the population.

The right of bequest is admitted as an incident to a man's natural right to enjoy his earnings, and to dispose of them as he sees fit. But as this admission would go far to render the preceding regulations inoperative, as it would induce nearly every person to make a will, Mr. Mill rather inconsistently proceeds to limit bequests almost as strictly as inheritances from intestates. Entails should never be allowed, and when property is left for public uses, the testator should not be allowed to prescribe the details of its application for ever. Even in the simplest case, our author would limit, "not what any one might bequeathe, but what any one should be permitted to acquire by bequest or inheritance. Each person should have power to dispose by will of his whole property; but not to lavish it in enriching some one individual, beyond a certain maximum, which should be fixed sufficiently high to afford the means of comfortable independence." This restriction, he thinks, while it would insure the distribution of property, would also induce individuals to devote more of their wealth to objects of public usefulness, "either by direct bequests to the state, or by the endowment of institutions; as is already done very largely in the United States, where

the ideas and practice in the matter of inheritance seem to be unusually rational and beneficial." The principle of the French law, a compulsory partition among the children, he condemns, because the misconduct of a child ought to operate as a forfeiture of its claim, and the certainty of inheriting a fortune tends to encourage idleness, filial disobedience, and profligacy. We suspect, however, that the French plan, or some combination of it with the American system, is the only practicable mode of insuring the distribution of wealth with any near approach to equality. Mr. Mill puts too much upon the state, by burdening it with a multitude of details which could not be provided for by general legislation, nor safely left in each case to the discretion of particular magistrates. A law, to work well, must be simple and concise in its enactments. The provision to be made for each of the direct heirs of an intestate, and the sum which any one person should be permitted to acquire by bequest, should vary, he thinks, according to the amount of the property left, the expectations of the parties, and several other circumstances. How shall these variations be determined with precision in a general law, applicable to every case? And how could the state dispose of the numerous parcels and little remnants of properties, which would accrue to it under such a system, without great waste and injustice?

The case of property in land is so peculiar as to deserve separate consideration. So far as the productive power of the earth is not the consequence of the labor which has been expended upon it, it cannot be made private property, on the principle which secures to a man only the fruits of his own toil and skill. As the original qualities of the soil were not created by individuals, so they cannot justly be appropriated by them, but belong to the public stock of the human family, who at first enjoyed them in common. It is only when the value added to the land by cultivation exceeds that of its natural fertility, that exclusive ownership of it becomes justifiable. Such cases are not infrequent; sometimes the whole value is the product of industry, as when bogs are drained, or land is reclaimed from the sea. "One of the barrenest soils in the world, composed of the material of the Goodwin Sands, the Pays de Waes in Flanders, has been so fertilized by industry as to have become one of the most productive in Europe." The principle, then, is plain

enough; the proprietor of land has a good title to it only when he is also its improver, and when his improvements are nearly or quite equal in value to the original fertility of the soil. This is not always the case with great estates, even in England; the land is often so deeply mortgaged, that its nominal proprietor has no surplus income to invest in the soil with a view to future profit. To do so to advantage, moreover, he must have made a study of the science of agriculture; and Mr. Mill says the "great landlords have seldom seriously studied any thing."

"Landed property in England is thus very far from completely fulfilling the conditions which render its existence economically justifiable. But if insufficiently realized even in England, in Ireland those conditions are not complied with at all. With individual exceptions (some of them very honorable ones), the owners of Irish estates do nothing for the land but drain it of its produce. What has been epigrammatically said in the discussions on 'peculiar burdens' is literally true when applied to them; that the greatest 'burden on land' is the landlords. Returning nothing to the soil, they consume its whole produce, minus the potatoes strictly necessary to keep the inhabitants from dying of famine; and when they have any notion of improvement, it consists in not leaving even this pittance, but turning out the people to beggary, if not to starvation. When landed property has placed itself upon this footing, it ceases to be defensible, and the time has come for making some new arrangement of the matter.

"When the 'sacredness of property' is talked of, it should always be remembered that this sacredness does not belong in the same degree to landed property. No man made the land. It is the original inheritance of the whole species. Public reasons exist for its being appropriated. But if those reasons lost their force, the thing would be unjust." — Vol. I. p. 272.

This is but a brief abstract of Mr. Mill's views respecting the distribution of property; but it is enough to show that they are well considered and defensible, however much they may conflict with existing notions. Those who wish to see the argument on the opposite side stated with some force and elegance, though with but a meagre array of facts in its support, may turn to the work by Mr. McCulloch, the title of which stands second at the head of this article. His object is to defend English institutions as they are, and accordingly he fights stoutly for primogeniture, entails, and all other con-

trivances for preventing the division or alienation of estates. We shall take some notice of his reasoning and conclusions hereafter; but for the present we must follow the abler and more comprehensive treatment of the subject by Mr. Mill.

The scheme for the division of property in its passage from one generation to another, which we have just explained, is not proposed by its author with direct reference, as it seems, to the immediate effect which it would have in improving the condition of the majority of the English and Irish people. It is rather a speculative sketch of what Mr. Mill considers as just in itself, and desirable for its economical consequences and its effects on the constitution of society at large, than a plan to alleviate or remove the present sufferings of the laboring classes. Mr. Mill, we are sorry to see, reasons after the old fashion of the English economists upon this great and perplexing subject; in his opinion, the whole evil consists in low wages, and the only remedy, the only means of raising the rate of wages, is to check the growth of the population. He is a follower of Malthus to the full extent, and therefore almost a fatalist in his view of the evils which now afflict society, and of the inevitable aggravation of them, if the opinions and conduct of the poor in relation to marriage and the increase of their kind do not undergo a total change. He endeavours to speak hopefully of the prospect that the laboring people will learn to be prudent in this respect, and looks to an effective system of national education as the chief agent in making the change; but it is easy to see that his fears predominate, as he admits that "education is not compatible with extreme poverty." Yet on the possibility of converting the common people to Malthusianism, both in opinion and practice, "depends the acquittal or the condemnation of the industrial system prevailing in this country, and regarded by many writers as the *ne plus ultra* of civilization, — the permanent dependence of the whole laboring class of the community on the wages of hired labor. The question we are considering is, whether of this state of things overpopulation and a degraded condition of the laboring class are the inevitable consequence." Substitute for the very gentle phrase, "a degraded condition of the laboring class," its true meaning, namely, a state of utter destitution and misery, exposed to the constant and imminent peril of starvation, and we accept the question as here proposed, and maintain an affirmative answer.

Like all the professed followers of Malthus, Mr. Mill is somewhat dogmatic in his enunciation of the theory, and quite impatient of any doubt or question as to its correctness. The propositions of which it is made up, he says, "may now be regarded as axiomatic," though "a sentimental horror of Malthus," which is as rife in France as in England, "every now and then gives birth to some ephemeral theory, speedily forgotten, of a different law of increase in different circumstances." This positiveness arises from a perception of the unquestionable correctness of the *data* on which the theory is founded, and of the chief features of the theory itself, while the general reluctance to accept it proceeds from involuntary dread of the shocking conclusions which it has been made to support, and from disgust at the consequences of its practical application. The doctrine of Malthus is sometimes understood, in its extended sense, to comprise the whole body of these inferences from it, together with its immediate application as advice to men for the government of their conduct and the regulation of society; and it is when thus understood, that the common sense and natural feelings of mankind shrink from it with that strong aversion, which Mr. Mill designates as "sentimental horror," for it presents a view of human nature, and of the destiny of the race, which no one but a fatalist or a "hard-hearted political economist" could look at with equanimity or resignation. Taken in the more restricted meaning, which is always used when the theory is controverted or denied, Malthusianism contains nothing but one or two truisms about the law of increase that is common to the human race with the whole animal creation, which have no practical importance whatever, except for the purpose to which they were first applied by Malthus himself, namely, to confute an absurd speculation by Godwin as to the perfectibility of the social state. Upon this ambiguity of meaning, as we shall show, depends the whole controversy as to the law of population, and its consequences upon the well-being of society.

The proposition upon which the whole theory rests is this, — that the power of increase of any race of animals, the human species included, is indefinite or incapable of exhaustion; and if it were exercised to the utmost, without any check from external circumstances, the earth would not be large enough, — we do not say merely, to afford subsistence, —

but even to give standing-room to the beings who would claim a place upon it. The capacity of increase is necessarily in a geometrical progression; for each pair being capable of procreation, if the race, under certain circumstances, increases within thirty years from ten thousand to twenty thousand, a mere continuance of the same cause and the same circumstances would enlarge the number, within the next thirty years, to forty thousand, and the third period would carry it to eighty thousand. Go on in this manner, and it is evident that within a few centuries the earth might literally be overstocked with human beings; if they could stand shoulder to shoulder, as thickly as the stalks of wheat in a cultivated field at harvest-time, every plain, valley, and hill-top, the surface even of every sea and ocean, might yet be covered with them; and there would still be a call for room, for the next thirty years would inevitably double even this immense assemblage, which we have supposed to be already like the sands of the sea for multitude.

Strictly speaking, this is the whole doctrine of Malthus, and certainly its truth, whatever we may think of its practical importance, is undeniable. This law of possible increase in a geometrical progression belongs to every species both of the animal and vegetable kingdom of which we have any knowledge; it is an immediate and logical inference from the self-evident fact, that every pair, whether of the earliest or the latest generation, whether forming part of a very small or an immensely numerous community, is equally capable of continuing or multiplying its kind. Its prolific power is not at all affected by the greater or smaller number of its fellow-creatures which may be already in being. And this doctrine or fact is quite sufficient to refute the dreams of Godwin, who held that society might be brought to perfection, all moral and physical evil being done away, or, in other words, all checks to this capacity of increase being removed, and yet man might be at liberty to follow nature, or to gratify all his original inclinations and desires, without any necessity for watchfulness, prudence, or self-restraint. Malthus made this decisive reply, that even if all *other* evil could be removed, *this* certainly would remain, that the rapid and indefinite increase of mankind under such circumstances would soon cause the earth to be over-peopled, and the insufficient supply of food for so vast a number would necessarily create

again contentions and wars, and thus bring back the whole train of sufferings and disasters which Mr. Godwin hoped to banish for ever.

We say that Malthusianism, in this simple form, is undeniable, and yet that it has no applicability to the present state of human affairs, and we have no immediate concern in establishing its truth or falsehood. If a speculatist in natural philosophy should undertake to demonstrate that the sun was gradually but surely expending its stock of light and heat, constant drafts being made upon it in those immense floods of radiance and warmth with which it now inundates every part of the solar system, and there being no means of supplying the waste, so that the time must inevitably come, in the lapse of ages, when this now glorious orb will appear utterly dark and cold, we should listen to his evidence certainly with attention and respect, as to the announcement of a curious truth in science; but if any individual, on the strength of this supposed discovery, should preach up the instant necessity of economizing with the utmost care our fuel and oil, should advise people to go to bed at sundown in order to save candles, and to warm themselves by flannels instead of fires, his friends would reasonably be alarmed for his sanity, and would urge him to retire for a while to a madhouse.

Yet the Malthusians reason and exhort after the same fashion, and call all people insane who will not listen to them. They preach a crusade against matrimony, and proclaim war to the knife against the multiplication of the species. Dr. Chalmers and Miss Martineau, *par nobile*, were driven almost frantic by seeing that people would be so foolish and obstinate as to get married; they would have had an act of Parliament declaring the *jus trium liberorum* to be transportation, and they affirmed that John Rogers, the first martyr, richly merited his doom.* Even so sober a thinker as Mr. Mill loses all patience and discretion in reprobating the blindness of people upon this subject. He insidiously attempts to allure the women over to his side, by advocating their "emancipation" and their right to receive as high wages as men, saying that the law and custom which ordain that a female "shall have scarcely any means open to her of gaining a livelihood

* "Mr. Rogers was burned in Smithfield, February 4, 1555, a pardon being offered him at the stake, which he refused, though he had a wife and ten small children unprovided for."— Neal's *History of the Puritans.*

except as a wife and mother, is one of those social injustices which call loudest for remedy." He is comforted, however, by believing that the true doctrine, "as soon as it attained any prevalence, would have powerful auxiliaries in the great majority of women"; for on the wife always "devolves, along with all the physical suffering, and at least a full share of the privations, the whole of the intolerable domestic drudgery resulting from the excess." Pray economize fuel and oil, good people, for one of these days the sun will surely be burnt out.

The great and palpable error of the Malthusians consists in assuming, without a particle of evidence, without condescending even to argue the matter, that the time has already come, that population has reached its limits, and that there is even now a deficiency of food, so that the only mode of increasing the happiness of the lower classes is to lessen their numbers. When asked to furnish proof of this assertion, they immediately begin to talk of something else, — of low wages, starving Irish, insufficient employment, and the like, and invariably end by appealing to the rapid and immense effects of increase in a geometrical progression, and so concluding that, if the time has not yet come, *it will be here very shortly, which amounts to the same thing.* Now we utterly deny that any evil of this sort is at hand, or that its near approach is to be dreaded; nay, we believe that it is quite as far off as Mr. Godwin's dream of the perfectibility of society, which certainly does not lie on *this* side of the millennium. The absurdity of talking about the necessary pressure of population upon the means of subsistence, as an explanation of the evils with which society is *now* oppressed, was well exposed, a number of years ago, by Colonel Thompson, in his admirable Catechism on the Corn Laws. We borrow a part of his pungent exposition of the subject.

"If it should be urged, that there must always come a time when population will press against food, and therefore there is no use in attempting to escape it; this would be like urging, that there is no use in a man's escaping from murder now, because he will not be immortal afterwards. There is all the difference in the world between enduring an evil by the will of Providence and by the act of man. Human life, in the whole, is but the procrastination of death; but that is no reason why men should die just now for other men's convenience. There may come a

time when there will be no coal to burn, no iron to make tools, and perhaps no salt left in the sea; but this is no reason why men should not make something of the interval which must intervene. The time when population will press irremediably against food must, to a great manufacturing and naval people, be almost as remote as the time when there will be no salt left in the sea. And come when it may, it must always come gradually, which is by itself no small diminution of the mischief. The maximum of contingent evil in prospect is only equal to what it is proposed to bring on at once; and all the *world* must be cleared and peopled before the evil can arrive."

Our position is, that in the most thickly populated country on earth, the number of the people is yet very far within the limit of the subsistence which the land is capable of affording, even if we look only to the capacities of their own soil, and not to the immeasurable supplies which their commerce and wealth might pour in upon them from other shores. To adopt the favorite metaphor of the Malthusians, the weights which are now actually keeping down the spring of population — that spring which they think is always ready to fly up with the full force of a "geometrical progression" — are war, vice, unnecessary or curable disease, ignorance, idleness, bad habits, bad government, and inequality of wealth fostered by bad laws. Remove these, one by one, or in a mass, and there will be room for an almost indefinite expansion of the compressed force, and a consequent increase of human happiness, before the ultimate check, which may be considered as a weight hanging much higher up, comes into action through the absolute inability of the earth to contain and support more. In truth, it is demonstrable, both from reason and experience, that population never *can* rise to the point where it will meet this last and insuperable obstacle. Among the lower weights to be first removed are ignorance, vice, and the widely spread misery caused by laws whose sole purpose is to compel a frightful and unnatural inequality of condition; these are the causes which render men imprudent and reckless, and induce them to burden themselves with a family, because they are already starving, they cannot be worse off, and there is no hope of improving their estate. Whatever tends to keep men hopelessly poor is a direct encouragement, the strongest of all incentives, to an increase of population. Take away the causes of misery, remove the insurmountable

barriers which now keep the various classes of society apart, and educate the people, and there will be no fear of an excess of numbers. Take away the lower weights which keep down the spring, and it will never rise high enough to meet the upper one. The bounty of nature never fails; it is not the increase of population which causes the misery, but the misery which creates the excess of population.

Ireland is an instance directly in point to bring the doctrines of the Malthusians to a test. They say that the island is over-peopled, and that their excessive number is the cause of the wretchedness of the inhabitants. But in ordinary years, Ireland not only supplies food for her whole population, but her exports of the cereal grains alone amount to five millions sterling, and of meat, butter, and cheese to at least half as much more. It is absurd, then, to say that the population is here pressing against the limit of subsistence; and if the doctrine does not hold true in this case, to what country in the civilized world is it applicable? Another view of the question leads to the same result. If the land were parcelled out, and if the same modes of cultivation obtained, in Ireland as in the Netherlands, it is demonstrable that the soil would furnish abundance of food for twenty-six millions of inhabitants, instead of supporting, as it now does, but nine millions, one half of whom are constantly on the brink of starvation.* Is it too much to say, then, that, in the strongest case which can be produced, the doctrine of Malthus has no application, no practical value whatever, and never can have any, at least for centuries to come?

The North American Indians, when their hunting-grounds generally exceeded ten square miles for every member of the tribe, and the soil for the most part was of great fertility, were often severely pinched by famine. For this reason, infanticide was not unknown among them, and the savage wars that were waged between neighbouring tribes operated still further as a check upon the population. So far, then, as the mere lack of food proves excess of numbers, the Malthusian might as well have preached abstinence from marriage to them as to the Irish. In both cases, the bounty of Providence is not exhausted, but men do not make proper use of the means that are within their reach for satisfying their

* See *N. A. Review* for July, 1848, p. 158.

bodily wants; it matters not whether they leave the soil untilled altogether, or send a large portion of its product out of the country, though millions are famishing at home. As food is the only great article of export from Ireland, it is, in truth, the coin through which the wretched people pay their rent to their opulent absentee landlords. The princely incomes of the Duke of Devonshire, the Marquis of Conyngham, the Earl of Kenmare, the Marquis of Waterford, and others, are made up by taking from each of the cottier tenants of their vast estates the pig, the whole crop of grain, and part of the potatoes which he has raised during the year, — the laborer himself and his family being left to eke out what remains with boiled sea-weed, to beg, or to starve. Who can wonder that such treatment, continued for two centuries, should have reduced "the finest peasantry in the world" to the condition and habits of savages, rendering them fierce, reckless, idle, turbulent, and cruel, so that the only hope of the philanthropist for them, seeing this utter depravation of their character, is that large numbers of them may speedily perish, leaving room for a new generation to spring up under happier auspices? It is mockery, under such circumstances, to speak of the excess of population as the only source of these manifold evils, or to complain of the perversity of the people in continuing to multiply their kind, and bring up their children to this "heritage of woe." With quite as much truth might the Malthusian urge the want of standing-room as the want of food, when he seeks to inculcate prudence as to the growth of families; no one can help seeing that there is abundance of both.

There is but one consideration that gives any plausibility to the theory of Malthus. Certainly, no one, under present circumstances, would advise either an English or an Irish laborer, who is dependent entirely on wages, to diminish his chance of keeping out of the workhouse by taking upon himself the support of a wife and children. What would be imprudence for an individual would be imprudence also in the whole class or body of men to which he belongs, or whose position in life resembles his own. The economists do right, then, at the present time, in dissuading the laboring poor from marriage. But we do not hereby acknowledge that the actual wretchedness of this class is the consequence of their having already multiplied up to the farthest limit at

which the earth will supply them with food. Much less do we accept the doctrine which tends to make the wealthier classes in Great Britain hard-hearted and indifferent at the sight of the sufferings of the poor, since it teaches that this misery is their own fault, the inevitable result of their own perversity and improvidence in keeping up their numbers too high. On the contrary, the very fact, that it is now imprudent for them to marry, is what they have most right to complain of, since it is *not* their own fault, but that of the laws and the aristocratic institutions of their country. If the policy of the English law, for the last half-century, had favored the distribution of fortunes as directly as it has actually encouraged their aggregation, or if it had been only neutral in this respect, as it is in this country, and had allowed property to take its natural course of an equal division among all the children when the parent had expressed no wish to the contrary, the laboring classes of England, like the peasantry of France and Switzerland, and the inhabitants of our own land, might now be free to follow their own inclinations without incurring the charge of imprudence. Their right to do so would be established by a fact of the first importance in the eyes of a Malthusian; they would not have become so numerous as they now are. The population of France, under the law which compels an equal division of the parent's estate among his children, increases at the rate of only five *per cent.* in ten years, while the rate for England is more than thrice as great. Yet no one supposes that the Englishman is naturally more careless and improvident, or more inclined to excess, than his neighbour across the Channel.

Mr. Mill and his brother economists make the great mistake of confounding the undue relative number of a class with a general excess of the population. The former evil might be corrected by portioning out society anew, through the gradual influence of altered laws, so that the divisions or castes which are too thin in number might be recruited from those which are in excess, and the proper balance be thus restored without the necessity of adopting any measures which would affect the bulk of the people. The latter difficulty, if it ever really existed, could be removed only by war, pestilence, famine, or a general adoption of the doctrines of Malthus. The number of persons in Great Britain who are entirely dependent on the wages of hired labor is

unquestionably much too great; the proportion of this class to the whole people is probably ten times as large as in any country in Continental Europe. Diminish their number, then, by all means. But how? The Malthusian economists assume that the only mode of effecting this end is to check the natural growth of the whole population, to lessen the yearly average of marriages and births. But would it not be equally effectual, and more practicable, to recruit from them the classes which are strikingly deficient in numbers, and thus restore the proper balance of society? It is certainly an anomaly and an evil, that more than half of the people of the United Kingdom should be hired laborers, who have neither capital nor land; but is it not equally anomalous and injurious to the welfare of the whole nation, that only 85,000 persons should own all the land,* and less than 200,000 possess four fifths of the whole property, both real and personal? Restore "the yeomen" of England, of whom her poets, historians, and statesmen made so much account a century or two since, though they now exist only in fiction; convert the greater part of the hired laborers into peasant proprietors, and we shall hear no more complaints about the lowness of wages or the excess of population. It may be difficult to accomplish this object without peril to the present political constitution of England; but we can assure Mr. Mill that it will be more easily effected than any general alteration of the habits of the working classes produced by their conversion to Malthusianism. Surely, the greatest of all absurdities is the attempt to convince destitute, ignorant, and starving millions of the truth of a theory in political economy, and so to persuade them to put a check upon their inclinations, and not to burden the state with more children. The true mode of raising the rate of wages is to alter the relative numbers of employers and employed, not to diminish the total population.

The present undue proportion of hired laborers to the

* In the very rough estimate, which we presented in our last number, (pp. 133, 134,) of the whole number of landed proprietors in the three kingdoms, we were careful to avoid error only on the side which was favorable to our argument, and were well aware that the number given was probably much too large. *The Times*, newspaper, has recently stated that the land-owners of Ireland do not exceed 8,000, while we allowed 24,000. The number for the United Kingdom is probably much nearer 50,000 than 85,000.

other classes of English society, which is the real evil that the Malthusians have in view, though they grossly mistake it for proof that the island is over-peopled, is chiefly attributable to the heartless policy which the great land-owners have so long pursued, of reducing the quantity of human labor employed in agriculture to a minimum, of extending the system of large farms, and cultivating them, as far as possible, by the application of machines, and of driving off the dispossessed rural tenantry to the towns and manufacturing districts, so as to avoid the necessity of maintaining them under the Poor Laws. With how much barbarity and injustice this policy has been carried out, especially in the Scotch Highlands and the most wretched districts of Ireland, where immense domains have been literally "cleared" of their human encumbrances, though these were the descendants of the ancient co-proprietors of the soil, and had never resigned their rights, we showed on a former occasion. The work is still going on in England by the rapid absorption of small farms into large ones, and, as Mr. Mill tells us, "by preventing cottages from being built, or by pulling down those which exist"; — a measure which he objects to, however, since it only keeps down the number of those "liable to become locally chargeable, without any material effect on population generally." How far this depopulation of the rural districts has been carried, and how rapidly it is still going on, is shown in a very striking manner by the proportion of the agricultural to the total population at different periods. In Queen Elizabeth's time, from two thirds to three fourths of the whole nation were engaged in tilling the soil, a proportion which will not be deemed excessive, for a larger one now obtains in this country, and the ratio is probably quite as high on the average in most countries on the Continent. But in England, the non-agricultural population now exceeds twelve millions, while the number of the cultivators of the ground is but little more than one fourth as large. The following table, from the last Census Report, giving the proportion in which the classes engaged in agricultural, commercial, and miscellaneous pursuits stood to each other at different periods, shows with what rapidity, of late years, this change has been effected. The numbers show the rates *per cent.*, the whole nation being divided into these three classes.

Years.	Agricultural.	Commercial.	Miscellaneous.
1811	35	44	21
1821	33	46	21
1831	28	42	30
1841	22	46	32

Within thirty years, then, the agriculturists have fallen from more than one third to little over one fifth of the total population. For a parallel to this, we must go back to that depopulation of the rural districts in Italy which accompanied, if it did not cause, the decline and fall of the Roman empire in the West. Who can wonder that, under such a system, the supply of food is not adequate for the wants of the people? As it is well known that the natural growth of the rural population is far more rapid than that of the urban and manufacturing classes, even the foregoing figures, striking as they are, do not tell the whole story as to the speed with which the great land-owners of England are "clearing" their vast estates.

Mr. Mill insists strongly on the fact, that, as the advancing numbers of the people call for more food, the want must be supplied by cultivating soils more sterile than the worst which were formerly under culture, "or by applying additional labor to the old soils at a diminished advantage." This is the use which the Malthusians make of Ricardo's theory of rent, striving to show that an increase of population under any circumstances is an evil, as it creates a necessity for more labor with constantly diminishing returns. The statement is paradoxical, for it applies as well to an infant colony established in a vast territory, on a virgin soil, as to a crowded country like England. Does our author seriously mean, that an increase of population in Australia, or in the valley of the Mississippi, is a misfortune? Yet this is a legitimate inference from the theory; and he says explicitly, "A greater number of people cannot, in any given state of civilization, be collectively so well provided for as a smaller." But his argument amounts to nothing, for, by the very terms of the statement, if there is more work to be done, there are more hands to do it; and as it is demonstrable that even in Ireland (until its population shall be thrice as great as it is at present) the labor of one person upon the soil must produce more than is necessary for his personal subsistence, the more hands there are employed in agriculture, the greater will be

the surplus for those engaged in other occupations. That the surplus will not increase *in the same ratio* with the number of agricultural laborers is a fact of no importance ; before the growth of the population can be checked by absolute deficiency of food, there must cease to be *any* surplus, and the earth must not yield enough even for the subsistence of him who cultivates it. We may have as much dread of *this* contingency as of the sun's expending its whole stock of light and heat, or of there being no salt left in the sea. Mr. Mill confounds the *net* profits of capital employed on the land with the *gross* product of the soil itself. The former, indeed, go on diminishing with the increase of the population ; and therefore the great land-owners seek to depopulate their estates, and the economists preach up abstinence from marriage.

A fallacy pervades the whole reasoning of the Malthusians on the relation of the supply of food to the growth of the population. More grain is raised because there are more men who need it, and not more men are raised because there is more grain to feed them with. Procreation is not stopped because there is no more grain, since misery and the peril of starvation only cause people to multiply faster. But agriculture is stopped when there are no more mouths calling for food ; a cessation of demand causes a cessation of supply here, because the husbandman is looking only for pecuniary gain. But in the case of population, a want of demand does not occasion a want of supply, since men are urged by their natural inclinations, and not by the state of the children-market, or by the desire of profit. They do not always marry because they want children, but because they want a wife. It is true that the call for more food, which is created by an increase of numbers, will not be " an effectual calling," unless the people have the means to purchase it with ; but these they will never lack, if the wealth of the country is distributed according to the natural course of things, — that is, in exact proportion to the increase of each family, all the children sharing alike. At any rate, if the demand be rendered ineffectual from this cause, the real evil, the real check upon population, is not the insufficient supply of food, but the want of property. Turn the matter as we may, it is not the niggardliness of nature which is the source of misery, but the devices of man and the injustice of the laws.

The true law of the increase of population in a civilized society is not hard to find, though it is difficult to express all the modifications that it undergoes from a change of circumstances. In a normal state, the inclination of people to marry is controlled by their opinion of the effect which marriage will have upon their position in life. If they have no fear that the additional expense thus incurred will depress them to a lower rank in society, or interfere with their hopes of rising in the world, they will follow the impulse of natural affection and desire. The eldest son in a wealthy family, where the right of primogeniture prevails, will marry because his future is secure. The miserable laborers on his father's estate, who do not taste meat once in a month, will marry because *their* future is secured in another way; nothing can sink them in the world, and no degree of prudence or self-denial can ever raise them above a laborer's estate. The younger sons in noble or wealthy families remain single, because matrimony to them would be certain degradation; and as the marriage of only one person out of a family cannot do more than keep up the number in the class, and often may not effect even that, these families constantly tend to die out; and if it were not for promotions to their rank from the middle classes, the upper orders of society would gradually disappear. Of course, this gradual diminution of numbers tends strongly to the concentration of wealth, especially when the property is tied up by entail on the male line. Estates, when once united by marriage or collateral inheritance, can never be divided again by a multiplication of heirs.

In the intermediate conditions of life, the frequency of marriages will still depend on the same rule, though its operation will be affected by the general circumstances of the country, and by the particular position of individuals. In a newly settled region, children are a help to the parents' advancement, because labor is so valuable; in a more thickly populated country, they are a hindrance. But even in the latter case, those who are in easy circumstances will marry, while those who can but just maintain themselves in the condition in which they were born will often remain single. This last case is that of the peasantry of Continental Europe, who cultivate their own little farms, and are perpetually admonished by the moderate size of their properties that any increase of their number must lead, not indeed to starvation, but to a forfeiture of their position as land-owners.

The general effect in the Old World, then, may be thus stated, — that the numbers of the poor increase most rapidly, the middle classes more slowly, and the upper or wealthier ones not at all. This is strikingly illustrated in Sweden, where the census and the registration of births, deaths, and marriages are taken with reference to the division of the people into three classes. The official returns for 1835 give the following results. The whole number reckoned as belonging to the class of the nobility was 10,556, and the yearly excess of births over deaths among them was 7, or one for every 1,508. There were 67,101 "persons of property and station," and the yearly excess for this class was 105, or one for every 640. The peasantry numbered 2,239,918, and the births among them in one year exceeded the deaths by 20,884, which is one for every 107. Among the nobility, 13 *per cent.* of the married males were but 25 years of age or under; among the peasantry, 37 *per cent.* were married at this early age. In wretched Ireland, more than one half of the males who are over 17 years old are married.

Observe, now, that in not one of the cases enumerated does the prospect of obtaining a bare subsistence, or the fear of starving, operate to foster or prevent the growth of the population. The half-famished Irish peasant marries, though morally certain that the lot of his offspring will be harder than his own. In all other situations, if doubts be entertained as to matrimony, they refer only to the loss or gain of social advantages, never to a question of life or death. Actual hunger, as an epidemic and a chronic disease, is nowhere known in the civilized world, save in the British Isles, and therefore the apprehension of it never crosses people's minds to influence their conduct. Commerce brings the uttermost parts of the earth together for all matters of vital concern, and wealth lays every clime under contribution to satisfy both the natural and artificial wants of man. The whole stock of food in the world, and the facilities for increasing it, are so great, and exceed so obviously any possible demand for it for centuries to come, that the necessity of providing a sufficient store of it does not usually enter into the calculations of men, as they take it for granted that an abundance can always be had, though at a fluctuating price. Agricultural products are but one of the myriad forms of wealth for the time being, and absolute privation

of them is not possible, except as one phase of excessive poverty, which is never a general complaint, if it be not directly fostered by the laws. The unequal distribution of food, and the consequent extreme suffering of the poorest class in the community, is but the manifestation in its worst form of the inequality of wealth. There is no more a real and insuperable difficulty, imposed by the penuriousness of nature or the defective care of Providence, in supplying the poor with food, than there is in giving them standing-room on the earth, or in providing them with clothes and domestic utensils. The doctrine of Malthus, in respect to its application to the present affairs of the world, is but a melancholy humbug.

We have but little space left in which to consider Mr. McCulloch's defence of the English system of laws that regulate the succession to property; and in truth not much is needed. The principal argument in favor of the monstrous inequality of fortunes of which they are the chief cause is, that it is absolutely necessary for the preservation of an hereditary aristocracy. This will be satisfactory to all who believe that the few who are born to the certain possession of vast estates are more likely to be virtuous, intelligent, and capable than any other persons in the community. It does not agree very well, however, with Dr. Johnson's apology for the custom of primogeniture, when he said that it had the merit of making "only one fool in a family." Nor is it quite consistent with what Mr. McCulloch himself remarks in another connection, that, "if you would develop all the native resources of a man's mind, you must make him aware of his inferiority in relation to others, and inspire him with a determination to rise to the same or a higher level"; and that "it is not to those placed by their fortunes at the head of society, but to those in its humbler walks who have raised themselves to eminence, that mankind are indebted for the greater number of those inventions and improvements which have made such vast additions to the sum of human happiness." But we do not need to discuss the merits of aristocratic rule in the abstract; the practical question is, whether the blessings it confers upon the country at large are enough to make up for the misery which it entails upon the lower classes; whether the support of the dignity and influence of a House of Lords is a fair offset for an Irish

famine and rebellion, and for seven millions sterling annually expended on the English poor. Doubtless, it is desirable to have a body of fifty thousand wealthy landed proprietors in the state, many of whom are accomplished gentlemen and fit to be hereditary legislators ; but, unluckily, they cannot be had without bringing with them a million and a half of paupers every year, and reducing the rate of wages, on which half of the nation are entirely dependent, to the lowest point that will sustain life on the poorest and scantiest fare.

But it is feared that the motive for accumulation will not be strong enough, if it is not stimulated by a sight of the splendor and luxury in which the great landlords live, and the influence and consideration which they enjoy. To this Mr. Mill's answer seems sufficient, that "in America there are few or no great hereditary fortunes ; yet industrial energy and the ardor of accumulation are not supposed to be particularly backward in that part of the world." Economists generally make a great mistake, when they put so much stress upon the necessity of keeping up the incentives for people to get rich. Human nature requires no urging in this respect. Wealth is coveted originally, no doubt, for some ulterior motive, — for the enjoyments that it will bring ; but it soon comes to be loved for its own sake, the passion and the habit of money-making leading to the sacrifice of every object for which riches at first seemed desirable. The certain and undisturbed possession of a fortune for one's own lifetime is motive enough for exertion ; we do not believe that the springs of industry and economy would be sensibly relaxed, if a man's power over his wealth should cease entirely at his death, the state then appropriating it, and giving but a small portion to his children.

However this may be, Mr. McCulloch is wrong in supposing that the sight of great estates tied up perpetually in the same families is so effectual a stimulus to industry as if the same amount of wealth were more equally distributed, and passed frequently from hand to hand, the alternations of fortune being frequent, and the chance to every individual of being successful sooner or later being consequently increased. To induce men to buy tickets in a lottery, there must not only be great prizes in the wheel, but some chance, however small, of drawing one within a definite period. Every lawyer who begins practice may hope one day to be-

come Lord Chancellor, for as that splendid office is not handed down by hereditary descent, some member of the bar must obtain it; and this hope, slight as it is, is one of the springs which keep up the activity and learning of the profession. But a country gentleman with a thousand a year sees no possibility of his becoming a Duke of Buccleuch with an income two hundred times as great; and therefore the country gentleman usually does nothing but hunt foxes and go to Newmarket. To take great estates out of the market, as is done in Scotland, tying them up for ever in the same families, making alienation, division, — and we may add, improvement, — alike impossible, is in fact to lessen the number of the prizes of industry, and so far, while rendering one man improvident, wasteful, and idle, to lessen the hopes and deaden the exertions of all others. Go to the other end of society, and you find the same cause working out similar results. What hope has an Irish cottier, a Tipperary boy, exert himself as he may, of ever obtaining more generous fare than buttermilk and sodden potatoes? and who can wonder that, without such hope, he should become the reckless, lazy, and quarrelsome beggar that he is? What encouragement is it to him, that, from the door of his mud cabin, he can see the magnificent but deserted abode of his absentee landlord, who comes over once in a year or two to look after his Irish estates which yield him an income of £ 20,000 a year? It shows the almost indomitable energy of the English character, that the sight of these extremes of opulence and misery descending in the same lines from one generation to another, the accident of birth alone determining who shall continue in them through life, has not long ago extinguished ambition and effort, and rendered society torpid and motionless. In the learned professions, indeed, and in manufactures and trade, there is some room for changes of fortune, and therefore some incitement to activity. But even here the deadening influence of a fixed hereditary transmission of employment and social condition is felt. We have heard of one family in London which has sold tea at retail, on the same stand, through five generations. The institution of castes among the Hindoos affords the only parallel to such a social state, though even the Pariahs might compassionate "the irretrievable helotism of the working classes" in Great Britain, and the Brahmins wonder at the prejudices of the English aristocracy.

What a contrast to this state of things is afforded by the aspect of society here in America! Wealth here circulates as rapidly as the money which is its representative. A great fortune springs up, like the prophet's gourd, in a night, and is dissipated by some unforeseen accident on the morrow. Every one is made restless and anxious by this exposure to sudden change; but one great good comes of it, that it keeps down permanent discontent, and stifles the jealousy that is usually nursed by social differences and inequalities of fortune. How is it possible, indeed, that the poor should be arrayed in hostility against the rich, when the son of an Irish coachman — we are not supposing a case — becomes the governor of a State, and the grandson of a *millionnaire* dies a pauper? Hence the institution of property is really more secure here than in any other country on the globe, because it is defended, not only by those who are partakers for the time being of the power and enjoyment which it confers, but by those who hope — nay, who actually expect — to share with them in this respect hereafter; and these two classes embrace the whole of the community. Men are generally unreasonable enough to defend their expectations with more zeal and ardor than their actual possessions; to rob one of an expected benefit, which has been the object of his hopes and exertions for months or years, is usually felt by him as a more serious injury than the taking away of wealth of which he has long considered himself as the undoubted owner, and therefore has spent no thought upon it. The consequence of the whole is an unceasing energy and activity in the pursuit of wealth, which accomplish greater wonders than all the modern inventions of science, which actually generate enthusiasm of character, and are regarded by foreigners with surprise and distrust, as the token of some constitutional disease in the body politic. Even the Irish immigrant here soon loses his careless, lazy, and turbulent disposition, and becomes as sober, prudent, industrious, and frugal as his neighbours. Nearly all the enormous fortunes that have been gathered in this country are the growth of a single lifetime, and therefore, even if they were more evenly distributed than they now are at the death of their founders, there would not be a smaller number of them in the succeeding generation. Consequently, they are regarded as the prizes of industry, economy, and enterprise,

and the sight of them stimulates and sustains exertion, instead of chilling and repressing it, which is the effect produced by the fixedness in certain families of the vast hereditary estates in our mother land. To begin with little or nothing is no discouragement here, while it is the almost certain commencement, in England, of a lifetime of toil and penury.

That riches are not the only good, however, and that the constant strain of the faculties, the restlessness, the feverish anxiety to get on, which are seen in the eager pursuit of them, are not the most desirable habits or traits of character, nor the most conducive to the real welfare either of the individual or of society, we are quite as ready as Mr. Mill to admit. But the following lively picture, which he draws, of this aspect of American life, though true in some respects, is overcharged in others, and is unfaithful because incomplete.

"I confess I am not charmed with the ideal of life held out by those who think that the normal state of human beings is that of struggling to get on; that the trampling, crushing, elbowing, and treading on each other's heels, which form the existing type of social life, are the most desirable lot of human kind, or any thing but the disagreeable symptoms of one of the phases of industrial progress. The Northern and Middle States of America are a specimen of this stage of civilization in very favorable circumstances; having, apparently, got rid of all social injustices and inequalities that affect persons of Caucasian race and of the male sex, while the proportion of population to capital and land is such as to insure abundance to every able-bodied member of the community who does not forfeit it by misconduct. They have the six points of Chartism, and they have no poverty: and all that these advantages do for them is that the life of the whole of one sex is devoted to dollar-hunting, and of the other to breeding dollar-hunters." — Vol. II. pp. 308, 309.

No, Mr. Mill, it is not all. The energies which are first awakened in the pursuit of wealth soon find other objects on which to expend themselves, and the gratifications of the taste and the intellect are as eagerly sought here as in the Old World. Hereditary fortunes unquestionably give more spare time to their possessors; but abundance of leisure is not the only requisite for the attainment of the higher graces of life. Activity of mind is at least equally essential, and

those who are born to vast estates and high social position are more apt to allow their faculties to rust from disuse, or to turn them in search of trivial or gross amusement, than those who are obliged first to achieve these advantages by their own efforts. Letters, science, and the arts find ardent votaries even in this paradise of dollar-hunters; the progress of invention in the elegant as well as the useful arts is probably more rapid here than in Great Britain. Yankee ingenuity has long been proverbial, and Mr. Mill allows himself to be blinded by the representations of mere caricaturists, if he supposes that this ingenuity is all expended in devices how to grow rich. We have philanthropists and reformers, too, who are not deficient either in numbers or in zeal; whatever we may think of the wisdom of their proceedings, they certainly are not seeking for wealth; yet they strive, and cry, and jostle each other with an earnestness and vigor, compared with which the exertions of the money-changers seem tame and feeble. We have just proved to the world, that the passion for military glory is as rife on the banks of the Ohio and the Mississippi as among the countrymen of Frederick the Great and Napoleon. Or, to take a more agreeable illustration, compare Lowell with Manchester in respect to the care which is taken for the moral and intellectual training of the operatives, and then say over which city the statue of Plutus should be placed as the sole presiding deity. During the past twenty years, more has been accomplished here in the cause of popular education than the joint efforts of the Parliament, the Church, and the landed gentry have effected in England since the beginning of the century. Forty *per cent.* of the English people cannot write their names; while the last census found but one half of one *per cent.* of the population of Massachusetts in this condition, and most of these were probably recent immigrants from Great Britain.

While Mr. Mill is commenting on this eagerness in the pursuit of wealth, which appears to him so prominent a trait in the American character, he seems to forget the remark that we have already quoted from him, on the great liberality with which this wealth is expended for public objects. Rapid alternations of fortune do not lead to contracted views of the use of riches, or to penurious habits; we may be a speculating, but we are not a miserly people. A fortune which

has been spedily won, and is liable to be quite as speedily lost, is usually held very freely, or with an open hand, while it is in the individual's possession; that which has been slowly amassed from very small savings, and by the practice of rigid economy through a long period of years, is commonly hoarded with a jealous and sordid care. In a country like England, if the founder of such a fortune has had any other motive than a mere love of pelf, it is, probably, that his hardly earned wealth might be held undivided and inalienable in his own family through future generations. An object so remote as this seldom enters the mind of an American, and if it did, he would see but little chance of its attainment; he is more likely to covet immediate applause, and the transmission of his name with honor to posterity, through the endowment of a public institution or the furtherance of some scheme of general utility.

Besides, the previous habits of the rich have a great effect on their ability, as well as their disposition, to be charitable and munificent. He who inherits an entailed estate inherits along with it a scale of expenditure which is quite equal to its income; and if, as is frequently the case, the estate was mortgaged when it came to him, he is very likely to transmit it with all the additional encumbrances the law will allow to his successor. One great cause of the miseries with which unhappy Ireland is afflicted is the deeply encumbered condition of the landed property there; the landlord is not able to assist his tenantry, even if he would. His creditors are more merciless to them than to himself, because the payment of the interest depends on the punctual collection of the rents, while the principal is secure as a permanent lien on the ground. Rich men in this country are more inclined to munificence from the very fact that they were not born rich, but have achieved a fortune by their own exertions. A man begins poor, and therefore with frugal habits, and consequently hardly knows what to do with the income of a large property when he has acquired it. He has no ancestral castle to maintain in due state, and no county to contest at each succeeding election. Nay, the custom of the country, the force of public opinion, is such, that he *cannot* make his personal expenditure equal to his income, even if he wished. He must not keep a carriage and four, nor have a footman to stand behind his more modest equipage, nor

clothe his servants in livery,* nor adopt many other of the badges by which some persons try to convince the world that they are people of consequence. We are accused of being fond of titles, it is true; but the epithets of Major, Colonel, and Honorable *cost nothing* but civility, and so do not help a man to spend his fortune. We do not tolerate gold lace, nor cocked hats, nor footmen with powdered heads and gold-headed canes.

The effect of this limitation of one's personal expenses is very salutary. The most natural and sensible way of deriving personal gratification from newly acquired wealth, and of making a show of it in the eyes of the world, is to give largely to public charities. The sums which are contributed here by individuals for the support of schools, colleges, churches, missions, hospitals, and institutions of science and beneficence, put to shame the official liberality of the oldest and wealthiest governments in Europe. A New England button-maker, the architect of his own fortune, endows most munificently an academy, and founds two or three college professorships, during his lifetime, scorning to make only a tardy provision for them in his will out of wealth which cannot be carried beyond the grave. The benefactions of the inhabitants of Boston alone, a city which had a population of only 25,000 in 1800, though it is now nearly five times as large, have amounted during the present century to at least six millions of dollars. A single institution, Harvard College, as we learn from the excellent sketch of its history just published by its Treasurer, Mr. Samuel A. Eliot, has received during the last twenty years — including some bequests that are payable at a future but not very distant day — more than $850,000. So well established is this *custom* of liberality, that very wealthy people are in a manner constrained to make large bequests for public objects in their wills; and if one occasionally fails to comply with the general expectation in this respect, his memory incurs so much ob-

* We must caution some of our readers in England not to believe that the Americans abstain from these things because they are afraid that they shall be "lynched," if they adopt them; they are deterred by a more salutary fear, — that of being laughed at even by the mob. It is necessary to say, also, that we write from Boston, and speak of what we are best acquainted with, the New England character. In New York, we are sorry to say, these fooleries have recently obtained some favor, though not among the respectable people of wealth.

loquy, that sometimes his heirs have been shamed into an attempt to atone for his neglect. As to subscriptions paid during the lifetime of the donors, if the object be one of generally acknowledged utility, the call to give assumes very much the aspect of a demand. And it is a remark which can be very easily verified, that the most numerous and magnificent gifts and bequests are made, not by men who have inherited their fortunes, but by those who have amassed them by their own exertions.

We comment upon these things in no boastful spirit, for it is not the character of our people, but of our social institutions, of our laws affecting the descent of property, that we wish to defend. We speak of the comparative effects, both moral and economical, of a republican and an aristocratic polity, of a system of laws which aims at the distribution, and one which favors the aggregation, of property, — acting upon two equally enlightened nations, who are mainly of the same blood, and speak the same language, and whose respective situations are as nearly alike as those of two great nations ever can be. Too great stress has been placed by English economists upon the advantage that we enjoy in our abundance of fertile territory. The immense colonial dominion and greater wealth of England go very far towards balancing this supposed advantage; the way from Massachusetts to Wisconsin and Iowa is nearly as long, and quite as costly, as that from Liverpool to Nova Scotia and the Canadas. The present condition of Spanish America, with its thin and almost stationary population, and its vast uncultivated, though fertile, plains and valleys, is a further proof that the prosperity of our own people is not attributable merely to our favorable location, and that the inhabitants of a country do not necessarily tend to a rapid increase because they are abundantly supplied with the necessaries of life. Capital and land are not mere instruments for the production of wealth, in which character alone Mr. Mill is disposed to regard them, but necessary means for the support and happiness of the whole nation; and in this capacity, like rain and other fertilizing agents for the soil, they produce the more effect, the more evenly they are distributed.

One mode in which the broad diffusion of wealth operates for the encouragement of industry and the growth of capital seems to have almost escaped the notice of the English econ-

omists. When the mass of the people are wretchedly poor, they consume little, and the field of employment for their own labor is therefore very limited. Poverty tends to generate poverty, for as the effectual demand for, or ability to purchase, commodities is diminished, the commodities themselves cease to be produced, and capital remains stationary. If the nation is not rich enough to consume any thing but potatoes, they will have no employment except in raising potatoes, and as the labor of one in this field will produce enough for the subsistence of many, there will be a great surplus of unemployed labor, and the Malthusians, with their usual facility in jumping at conclusions, will cry out that there is a surplus of population, or what is the same thing in their theory, a deficiency of food. But the truth happens to be precisely the reverse. In this case, there is not a deficiency, but a superfluity, of potatoes, and therefore the land which might be applied to raising a larger stock of them is applied to cultivating other edible products which can be sent out of the country, to find elsewhere a people who are in need of them, and are able to buy them. This is the exact description of Ireland. Three fourths of the people are literally too poor to create a demand for any thing but potatoes; it is not the penuriousness of nature which is the source of the difficulty, not land which is wanting, but wealth. And there is no absolute lack even of wealth; the nation, taken as a whole, is enormously rich, but all their wealth is in the hands of a very few persons, where the policy of the law has placed it by a very ingenious device to counteract the operation of nature, and to make sure, in every case, that all the power, all the political influence, should belong to "the greatest fool in the family." The native Irish are in truth very poor, for they do not own even Ireland; a great part of the country is the property of a few English landlords, most of whom are absentees.

It is little to say, under such circumstances, that Ireland affords hardly any market either for British or Irish manufactures. There is scarcely any field there for the mechanic arts, for the numberless small occupations which are created by a due regard for the comforts and conveniences of life. The tailor cannot live there, because the people wear nothing but rags, which, like the great landed estates of the country, have been in the family for several generations. The shoe-

maker is obliged to go beyond his last, because his countrymen are obliged to go barefoot. The blacksmith, the glazier, the house-painter, the carpenter, the mason, and a dozen other mechanics, cannot obtain a livelihood, because the people live in mud cabins, or ditches covered with thatch. The furniture of these cabins consists of a bench, some straw to lie upon, and an iron pot; consequently, there is little employment for the small tradesmen who sell crockery, wooden and tin ware, cutlery, and the like. Of course, there is no demand for soap or candles; and even the butcher and the baker are out of office, because the people eat neither meat nor bread. Potatoes are the only article in demand; and the Irish are too poor to *buy* even these, so that, if their own crop of them is destroyed by the rot, they starve.

Our readers may suspect that this picture is too highly colored; but we refer them to the published evidence of such travellers as Inglis and Kohl, to the report of the "Times Commissioner," reviewed in our last number, and to the accounts of the famine of the last year. Let them look, then, at the enormous incomes of the Irish Church and the great landed proprietors, and say if this extreme poverty of the mass of the people arises from the absolute lack of wealth in the country, or from the hideous inequality of its distribution. What effect would be produced, if those high mounds of riches, which tower over every district in Ireland, were dug down and scattered broadcast over the land? And what prevents this from being accomplished but those laws of primogeniture and entail, which Mr. McCulloch thinks are necessary for the support of the British aristocracy? The effects of a general diffusion of the stock of national wealth, and the consequent multiplication of these small arts and trades through the increased demand for their products, are very strikingly shown in this country. The United States afford a far better market for manufactured goods than any country of equal population on the globe, because the universal prosperity of the community enables them to consume more. A statistical survey of the domestic manufactures of Massachusetts,* taken by authority of the State in 1845, shows, that, with a population of only 800,000, more than

* See *American Almanac and Repository of Useful Knowledge* for 1847, p. 190.

twenty millions of pairs of boots and shoes are manufactured here every year, employment being thus given to nearly fifty thousand persons. The manufactures of cabinet, tin, and wooden ware, of hats, caps, and bonnets, soap and candles, paper and leather, employ over twenty-two thousand hands, and the value of the annual product exceeds five millions of dollars. Of course, a large portion of these products is sent to the other States. We say nothing of the much larger manufactures of cotton, wool, and iron, because a part of these goods are exported, though the home market for them s more considerable than the foreign. The other commodities are better illustrations of the principle which we seek to illustrate, — namely, that the aggregate national product is greater when the national capital is widely distributed than when it is concentrated in a few hands, because the aggregate consumption is greater. The productive part of this consumption leads to the increase of the national wealth, the unproductive part is an index of the general well-being of the community.

But the subject is an endless one, and we cannot pursue it further without trespassing unreasonably on the patience of our readers. In what we have written upon it, both now and on former occasions, our object has been, not merely to point out the peculiar causes of that frightful anomaly in the history of civilization, the present social condition of Great Britain and Ireland, but to show by contrast the working of our own institutions, and the reasons which all the inhabitants of this country have for being satisfied with their lot. Among the English writers who have recently discussed this theme, Messrs. Laing and Thornton have paid more attention to facts, and Mr. Mill to principles. Though we cannot agree with the latter in all his speculations, and object particularly to his uncompromising defence and broad application of the theory of Malthus, we gladly acknowledge our obligations to him for much instruction on this particular subject, and for what is, on the whole, unquestionably the ablest, the most comprehensive, and the most satisfactory exposition of the whole science of political economy that has appeared since the days of Adam Smith. His book ought to take its place by the side of The Wealth of Nations in the library of every well-informed man, both in the Old and the New World.

ART. VI. — *The Life and Correspondence of the* RIGHT HON. HENRY ADDINGTON, *first* VISCOUNT SIDMOUTH. By the HON. GEORGE PELLEW, D. D., Dean of Norwich. London: John Murray. 1847. 3 vols. 8vo.

THE name of the late Lord Sidmouth is familiar to all who are conversant with the annals of Great Britain for the last sixty years. His life, commencing in 1757, just before the accession of George III., and extending to almost fourscore and ten years, embraces one of the most important eras in the history of the world. For the magnitude and variety of its events, deeply affecting, as they already have done, and are still destined to do, the social and moral condition of mankind; for the host of distinguished personages this period exhibits, whether of kings and emperors on their thrones, of statesmen wielding the destinies of nations, of ecclesiastics, both in the highest and subordinate ranks, exerting by their learning and virtues an appropriate, or by their ambition and worldliness a questionable power; of heroes military and naval, of whom were Nelson, Napoleon, and Wellington, changing by the issues of a single battle the whole position of Europe; together with a countless host in the walks of literature and art, of science and philosophy, whom the thoughtful reader may number by hundreds, — perhaps no single period in history can be selected of greater moment.

The nobleman whose life is here recorded was by his position and length of years a spectator of, and for a great portion of the time an efficient actor in, these transactions. Though confessedly inferior in genius and intellectual power to many with whom in the long course of his public career he was associated, to Pitt and Canning, to Windham, Wilberforce, Sheridan, and Fox, yet by his well-balanced mind and respectable gifts, by his industry, faithfulness, and political integrity, by his disinterestedness, firmness, and independence in the discharge of official trusts, and, crowning all, by the acknowledged excellence of his personal character, he obtained his full share of influence with his colleagues, the confidence of his sovereign, and the devoted attachment of his friends. As Speaker of the House of Commons, — that office which confers the rank of the first commoner of

England, to which he was reëlected with great unanimity in several successive Parliaments, — Mr. Addington acquired perhaps his highest reputation. "No Speaker," says Dr. Pellew, "ever succeeded better in commanding the attention of the House, or enjoyed to a larger extent its respect. He possessed much of that indescribable attraction of conversation, appearance, and general demeanour, which is so often observed to concentrate upon one the favor and affection of many." "We were all very sorry to vote against you," said Mr. Sheridan, addressing him in the name of the opposing party, on his first taking the chair; and when, twelve years afterwards, in the troublesome crisis of 1801, Mr. Addington reluctantly exchanged the place, where he had gathered so many laurels and won so many hearts, for the Chancellorship of the Exchequer and the consuming cares of the Premiership of England, he found, to his cost, that he had left a bed of roses for a bed of thorns. This is well exhibited by his biographer.

"A singular contrast is presented in Parliament, by the manner in which the Speaker of the House of Commons and the Prime-Minister of the country are respectively treated. The former is regarded as a person who can do nothing wrong; the latter as one who can do nothing right. All parties unite to confer honor on the Speaker; both leaders and followers lavish their courtesy upon him. But the case is generally very different with respect to the Prime-Minister, who is viewed rather as a common mark, against which every discontented person may discharge his shafts with impunity; and who has a phalanx of avowed opponents canvassing all his measures, refusing him the credit of success, imputing to him the blame of every failure, and watching all occasions to overthrow him. Mr. Addington experienced the usual treatment of Prime-Ministers at the very moment he vacated that chair, from whence, as from a land-locked harbour, he had so long viewed the storm raging in the political ocean around him, without being affected by it." — "During the same evening on which the grateful thanks of the House were unanimously voted to him for his conduct as Speaker, his brother was obliged to appeal to the first principles of justice in his behalf by claiming for his honorable relative, that he might not be prejudged." — Vol. I. pp. 354, 355.

The period at which Mr. Addington was thus called to the ministry was one of unexampled difficulty, demanding

high wisdom and unshrinking nerves. The workings of the French Revolution in the minds of the people in Great Britain, as well as elsewhere, diffusing sentiments unfriendly to loyalty; the rising power of Bonaparte, then fast hastening to its height; his threatened invasion in 1801, which, until the signing of the treaty of Amiens, was the subject of anxious solicitude to the whole kingdom; the whole conduct of the Peninsular war, which, from the renewal of hostilities in 1803 to the final defeat of Napoleon on the field of Waterloo, lasted full twelve years, dividing honest opinions, and furnishing in its frequent disasters and intolerable expense perpetual occasion of attack upon the ministry; the utter failure of the crown, as in the memorable cases of Horne Tooke, William Stone, and others, to obtain from juries convictions in its own prosecutions for libel and high-treason, notwithstanding the most determined efforts of judges for the purpose; and, finally, the long perplexity caused by those investigations, once and again forced upon the government, into the conduct of his queen by that worst of husbands and most selfish of princes, George IV.;— these and other causes, aggravated at intervals by the suffering and rebellious condition of Ireland, and by the distress and riots of the manufacturing districts in England, made the work of administration, at no time easy, then especially arduous and embarrassing. Place and power, so eagerly sought, so tenaciously grasped, and with such reluctance resigned, must needs have great attractions to compensate for their heavy cares. In England, where they are bestowed at the pleasure of the sovereign, but can be held only with the concurrence of the House of Commons, that "fear of change" which perplexes nations must often perplex ministers; and if, as we can readily believe upon less authority than can be shown for it, "uneasy lies the head that wears a crown," the uneasiness must be shared in full proportion by the Lord Chancellor, who keeps the king's conscience, and by the Chancellor of the Exchequer, who keeps his purse; but neither of whom can keep his own place, if the king's faithful or rebellious Commons withhold their sanction to any important measure. Few instances can be adduced of a ministry persisting to retain office, who could not command a decent majority in the House of Commons.

For the responsible offices which Mr. Addington suc-

cessively filled, he was qualified, as we have said, by the respectable endowments of his mind and the trainings of a thorough education. His father was Anthony Addington, an eminent physician, first of Reading and afterwards of London, whither he removed in 1754, and where Henry, his oldest son, was born. At twelve years of age, he was removed from private tuition to Winchester school, and became pupil of the assistant master, George Isaac Huntingford, known among scholars by his eminent attainments in Greek literature, by whom he was tenderly beloved, and with whom, even at that early age, "a friendship almost immediately sprang up, very unusual in parties occupying their relative position, and highly honorable to both." The friendship thus commenced continued till the death of Dr. Huntingford, then, by his own merits and the patronage of his grateful pupil, Bishop of Hereford and Warden of Winchester, in 1832.

"Huntingford's correspondence, during that whole period of sixty-four years, breathes a spirit of devoted attachment almost surpassing that of a parent. It soared, indeed, far beyond the common height of human friendships, regarding the personal gratification or worldly success of its object as nothing, compared with the elevation of his moral character, and his advancement in truth, fortitude, self-control, and all those manly and Christian virtues which merit, if they cannot command, success. The advice of such a man was of almost incalculable value to his youthful friend, its sole object being to instil into his mind noble and generous principles. The Christian and patriot are visible in every sentiment."

It was a distinguished happiness of Mr. Addington to have been placed thus early under such an influence, the fruits of which, as we may hereafter see, were distinctly visible through the whole course of his life. From Winchester he removed to Brazen Nose College, in 1774, and having honorably terminated his academical career, commenced the study of the law and was entered of Lincoln's Inn in 1780. In 1781, he married the daughter and co-heiress of Leonard Hammond, Esq., and immediately established himself with his young bride in a somewhat humble residence in Southampton Street, London, fully intending to prosecute his chosen profession, and quite unconscious of the events which were shortly to change his destiny. On the occasion

of his marriage, his friend Huntingford offered his congratulations "to the first and best and most valued of his pupils"; and as the letter is full of good thoughts upon a subject naturally interesting to mankind, we extract a portion.

"I know but two maxims for the matrimonial life: one is, not to think all must be happiness, complete, unmixed with anxiety; the other is, for both to preserve mutual compliance, and to give and take. Matrimony, if it heightens the joys, embitters the sorrows of life. Mutual condescension and deference to each other's opinion prevent a multitude of unnecessary and sometimes unguarded words; and, believe me, excepting one's character and the character of those we love, there is not a thing in life worth disputing about. As the master of a family, you can now set a shining example of every domestic virtue to all around you. . . . . Were I master of a house, I should make it my custom never to meet my family in the morning, nor to part with them at night, without praying for the blessing of Heaven on me and mine, convinced as I am of the infinite utility of family prayer. In those who have been well educated, it preserves a sense of reliance on God, which alone can give dignity to our sentiments and rectitude to our actions. To those who are in lower capacities, prayers are as lessons. They teach the grand points of morality and truth, and unite the several branches of a house in a more pefect harmony and benevolence."—Vol. I. p. 26.

From the same letter it appears, that, before Dr. Huntingford had become acquainted with his friend's matrimonial engagement, he had sent him three Greek odes of his own composition, intended for publication, with a request that he would criticize them, without sparing any fault. But it also appears, that in young Addington's mind the love of Greek had been quite displaced by other emotions, and the unfortunate poems, soliciting his criticism, remained unread and forgotten. How meekly their classic author submitted to the delay, and how gently he could intimate his wishes to receive back his literary offspring, after so long an absence, will be seen in the following postscript.

"Whenever you are quite at leisure, I should be obliged to you for the three copies of Greek verses which were sent you in the spring."

His last meeting with his constituents at Devizes he represents to his brother as having been a painful one to all

parties ; and a few days afterwards he received, what to his affectionate and generous spirit must have conveyed the highest pleasure, " the unanimous thanks of that constituency for the many and eminent public services which he had rendered to his country, during the many years he had represented them in Parliament ; for his patriotic conduct in obeying the call of his sovereign to take the first place in his councils ; for the respite he procured to the country, by a peace shortened only by the implacable spirit of the enemy ; for the bold, vigorous, and decisive measures he pursued when peace was no longer compatible with the honor of the nation, whereby the country was placed on a rock of security ; and, lastly, for his patriotism in retiring from the helm of state, when the intrigues of party and the voice of faction impeded the constitutional exercise of the executive government, and threatened to render abortive the wisest plans and most efficient councils." After congratulating him on his peerage, and the nation on his resuming a share in the government, the address concluded by expressing " pride and satisfaction, that a man so deserving of their thanks should have commenced his public life as their representative, and had continued to fill the same seat until the present period ; and that, during six successive elections, no circumstance had occurred by which the honor of the representative or the independence of the electors had, in any respect, been sullied."

The relations of Lord Sidmouth with his constituents were, far beyond the common measure of such connections, those of mutual confidence and respect. From the brief extract we have given from their address, it will be perceived how important were the services which their representative had rendered ; and it was mutually honorable to him and to them, as he frequently declared, that " during the numerous elections that occurred during the twenty-two years for which he represented the borough, he never was put to the smallest expense, nor experienced a single attempt to interfere with the freedom of his vote." With the exception of Mr. Wilberforce, who represented for more than a quarter of a century the county of York, we do not recall a single individual who maintained his place in the House of Commons so long under like honorable conditions. There seems to

have been much congeniality in the characters, as well as the history, of these excellent men; and the integrity, not less in this respect than in many others, of their political career stands in singular contrast with the corruption and bribery by which, in instances not a few, and at the cost of whole fortunes, some of the most distinguished men with whom they were associated purchased and repurchased their places.

It would tempt us much beyond the limits of a single article were we to survey the whole administration of Lord Sidmouth, before and after his elevation to the peerage, and during his union with, or after his separation from, Mr. Pitt. The Peace of Amiens, concluded March 27th, 1802, he justly regarded as the great act of his administration. It was altogether in accordance with his own mild and pacific character; and when, before the expiration of a year, by the artful policy of the First Consul of France, that treaty was terminated, Mr. Addington declared in the House of Commons, that he "at length engaged in hostilities only because it was no longer possible for him to remain at peace."

Of the distinguished persons with whom Lord Sidmouth was associated in the course of his eventful public life, the first and most conspicuous was William Pitt, the son of the celebrated Lord Chatham, and himself yet more celebrated by the precocity of his gifts, by the early age at which he attained his high political elevation, and by the commanding influence which he exerted over the mind of his sovereign, and over the councils of the nation, for nearly a quarter of a century. He was brought into the House of Commons by the patronage of a rich holder of boroughs, but soon aspired to the representation of the University of Cambridge, of which he was an honored son. Here, however, his youthful ambition met a salutary rebuke. He was at first treated with contempt by some of the heads and members of college, one of whom was said to have almost thrown the door in his face, and to have wondered at the impudence of the young man, thus to come down and disturb the peace of the University. But when, a few months afterwards, he appeared as the first minister of the crown, with gifts and places, bishoprics and deaneries, at his disposal, the scene was changed; and he who had been so lately rejected as unworthy of their

votes was now welcomed with fervent enthusiasm, and flattered, though in classic terms, with most unchristian adulation.*

There can be no doubt that Lord Sidmouth was treated with great duplicity and unfairness by Mr. Pitt, when the latter wished to resume office. To the preëminent gifts of this statesman, his subduing eloquence, and the commanding influence he maintained, not less within the circle of his private friendships, than over the councils of the empire, these volumes, with all other records of the times, most amply testify. But they also exhibit him, as should all faithful history, in the undeniable faults of his character, and show that, where place and power were concerned, he partook of the infirmities of mortal men. That his was a generous nature, and that he was at first sincere in his professions of friendship to Mr. Addington, there appears no reason to question. But when, with the collisions of opinion, at one time with his sovereign, and at another with his colleagues, he found himself compelled in honor, though with deep reluctance, to resign the Premiership to his friend, he betrayed the jealousy which belongs to ordinary minds. He insidiously thwarted Mr. Addington. On some occasions, he went over to the opposition, joined in the cry which was continually raised against the inefficiency of that administration, rested not till he had supplanted it, and, as is often to be observed in such cases, pursued, when in place, the same measures which, while out of it, he had himself condemned. Such is the common heartlessness of aspiring statesmen ; and the history of the friendship and alienation of these distinguished personages, a friendship commenced so auspiciously and terminated so mournfully, much as was that

* "It was on this occasion," says his biographer, that "Dr. Paley, being appointed to preach before the University of Cambridge on the day when Mr. Pitt, after his elevation to the Premiership, made his first appearance at St. Mary's, is said to have chosen this singular text, — 'There is a lad here which hath five barley loaves and two small fishes, but what are they among so many?' — John vi. 9. A lady, who had seen this story in a newspaper, inquired of Paley if it was true. 'Why, no, madam,' replied he; 'I certainly never preached such a sermon. I was not at Cambridge at the time. But I remember, that once, talking with a friend about the bustle and confusion which Mr. Pitt's appearance would cause in the University, I said that if I had been there, and was asked to preach on the occasion, I would have taken that passage for my text' " ; — of which, however, we should rather commend the wit than the decorum.

of Burke and Fox, is but another illustration of the incompatibility of faithful personal regard with the strivings of political ambition.

Nor is the history of Mr. Pitt without its monitions of another sort. The exhausting nature of his employments, the heavy cares of a place, burdensome, perhaps, beyond those of any earthly office, at the period through which he held it, combined with the temptations of a solitary life, too easily persuaded him to indulgence. He was known to drink freely of port; and on one occasion, when called upon to explain and vindicate some measure of his administration, he so clearly betrayed his infirmity, that one of his friends assured him that he had suffered deep mortification and a head-ache all the next night, in thinking of him. Mr. Pitt's reply showed, that, whatever might have been the feelings of others, he had no very compunctious visitations of conscience for himself; — "For it seemed to him," he said, "an excellent arrangement, that his friend should have all the head-ache and he all the port."

With such workings of political ambition, and such indulgences in personal habits, it might seem difficult to admit, what it has been pretended even his enemies were willing to confess, that in Mr. Pitt's failings, or in his delinquencies, there was nothing "mean, paltry, or low." We must rather accord with Lord Brougham, in his just and discriminating estimate of his character, that "of such errors no satisfactory defence can be made"; though he was amiable in private life and fondly cherished by his friends, "that the ambition cannot be pronounced very lofty, which showed that place, mere high station, was so dear to it, as to be sought without regard," as in more than one instance was shown, "to its just concomitant, power, and clung to, after being stripped of this, the only attribute that can recommend it to noble minds. Nor can any thirst for power itself, any ambition, be it of the most exalted kind, ever justify the measures which he contrived for getting rid of those former coadjutors of his own, whose leading object was reform, even if they had overstepped the bounds of law in the pursuit of their common purpose." In this remark, Lord Brougham especially refers to Mr. Pitt's conduct on the African slave-trade, and goes on to state, that while no man felt more strongly on the subject than he, and while he uttered speeches against it which all agreed

were among the finest of his noble orations, yet "for eighteen years of his life he suffered that odious traffic to grow and prosper under the fostering influence of British capital; and after letting hundreds of thousands be torn from their own country, and carried to perpetual misery in ours, while one stroke of his pen might have stopped it for ever, he could only be brought to issue, a few months before his death, the order in council which at length destroyed the pestilence.* This," concludes Lord Brougham, "is by far the gravest charge to which Mr. Pitt's memory is exposed"; and it leaves a shade resting upon his reputation as a man, which, God be praised, few would take, to be the first of orators or the greatest of ministers.

But it would be unjust to the memory of Mr. Pitt not to admit, what the author of these memoirs is earnest to assert, "that all his spontaneous feelings were most friendly, just, and honorable." "Whenever," says Dr. Pellew, "he exercised, uncontrolled, his natural generosity, and that kindliness of disposition so peculiarly belonging to him, his mind displayed its real nobility; and of this his behaviour towards Lord Sidmouth exhibited proofs, even to the last, in the delight he showed at their reconciliation, in the emotion he could not conceal at their second separation, and in the deep and affectionate sympathy he showed to his friend under his domestic trials."

From these two friends and rivals the transition is easy to their royal master, George III., a monarch whose reign is not more remarkable for its almost unprecedented duration, than for the events, pregnant and weighty, which it included. Of all his ministers, excepting perhaps Lord North, Sidmouth seems to have been most beloved by the king. He

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* "How could he," indignantly asks Lord Brougham, in his beautiful memoir of Wilberforce, contrasting the conduct of that eminent philanthropist with the course of Mr. Pitt upon this subject,—"how could he, who never suffered any of his coadjutors, much less his underlings, in office to thwart his will even in trivial matters,—he who would have cleared any of the departments of half their occupants, had they presumed to have an opinion of their own upon a single item of any budget, or an article in the year's estimates,—how could he, after shaking the walls of the senate with the thunders of his majestic eloquence, exerted with a zeal which set at defiance all suspicions of his entire sincerity, quietly suffer that the object just before declared to be the nearest to his heart should be ravished from him when within his sight, nay, within his reach, by the votes of secretaries and under-secretaries,—the mere pawns of his board?"

called him "his own Chancellor of the Exchequer," and was accustomed to address him in terms of personal friendship. He probably found in the gentle spirit of this minister a relief from the decisive and even authoritative tone which Pitt, when occasion urged or the monarch resisted, could always employ. His character is thus exhibited by Lord Brougham: —

"Of a narrow understanding, which no culture had enlarged; of an obstinate disposition, which no education, perhaps, could have humanized; of strong feelings in ordinary things, and a resolute attachment to all his own opinions and predilections, George III. possessed much of the firmness of purpose which, being exhibited by men of contracted mind, without any discrimination, and as pertinaciously when they are in the wrong as when they are in the right, lends to their characters an appearance of inflexible consistency, which is often mistaken for greatness of mind, and not seldom received as a substitute for honesty. In all that related to his kingly office, he was the slave of deep-rooted selfishness; and no feeling of a kindly nature ever was allowed access to his bosom, whenever his power was concerned, either in its maintenance, or in the manner of exercising it. In other respects, he was a man of amiable disposition, and few princes have been more exemplary in their domestic habits, or in the offices of private friendship. But the instant that his prerogative was concerned, or his bigotry interfered with, or his will thwarted, the most unbending pride, the most bitter animosity, the most calculating coldness of heart, the most unforgiving resentment, took possession of his breast, and swayed it by turns. The habits of friendship, the ties of blood, the dictates of conscience, the rules of honesty, were alike forgotten; and the fury of the tyrant, with the resources of a cunning which mental alienation is supposed to whet, were ready to circumvent or destroy all who interposed an obstacle to the fierceness of unbridled desire. His conduct throughout the American war, and towards the Irish people, has often been cited as illustrative of the dark side of his public character; and his treatment of his eldest son, whom he hated with a hatred scarcely consistent with the supposition of a sound mind, seems to illustrate the shadier part of his personal disposition; but it was in truth only another part of his public, his professional conduct; for he had no better reason for this implacable aversion, than the jealousy which men have of their successors."

The names of Wilberforce, Windham, Canning, Sheridan, and Fox continually occur in these memoirs, with

incidents and anecdotes strikingly illustrative of their characters. Some singular specimens are given of the manner in which Wilberforce was accustomed to mingle his praises and censures of his friends and their measures, and of the trials to which he not seldom subjected them, from his scrupulous conscience and uncertain judgments. "The Premier," said he, referring to Mr. Addington, "is a man of sense, of a generous mind, and pure intentions, and of more religion than almost any other politician; but, alas! he has sadly disappointed me." On the other hand, Addington always expressed the highest admiration of Mr. Wilberforce's piety, benevolence, talents, and eloquence, but could not entertain the same opinion of his judgment, firmness, and consistency in matters of business. In proof of this, he repeated the following anecdote, which is here given from the author's notes as taken at the time. "Lord Sidmouth told us, that one morning, at a cabinet meeting, after an important debate in the House of Commons, and much anxiety as to the result of the question, some one said, 'I wonder how Wilberforce voted last night.' On which Lord Liverpool observed, 'I do not know how he voted, but of this I am pretty sure, that in whatever way he voted, he repents of his vote this morning.' Lord Sidmouth added, 'It was odd enough, that, no sooner had I returned to my office, than Wilberforce was announced, who said, 'Lord Sidmouth, you will be surprised at the vote I gave last evening, and indeed I am not myself altogether satisfied with it.' To which I replied, 'My dear Wilberforce, I shall never be surprised at any vote you may give.' Pursuing the conversation, I soon convinced him that he had really voted wrong, when he said, 'Dear me! I wish I had seen you last night before the debate.'"

It was honorable to Mr. Sheridan, that, notwithstanding their wide diversity of political opinion and yet greater differences of private character, there was a cordial intimacy between him and Mr. Addington, which survived many changes, and was the source of much mutual satisfaction. "There is no man," said Sheridan to him, "who has told me more painful truths than you have; and yet you will do me the justice to believe, that there is no one for whom I feel more respect and regard. I have too many irregularities in private life to reproach myself with; but I may safely say,

that my conscience is clear towards my country." He was accustomed to pay frequent visits at Richmond Park, the country residence of Lord Sidmouth, where the charms of his conversation, and his ready acquiescence in the quiet and regular habits of the family, never failed to insure him a hearty welcome. "My visits here," said he, "may possibly be misconstrued by my friends"; as if he was expecting something from the minister. "But I hope you know, Mr. Addington, that I have an *unpurchasable* mind."

Among the prominent labors, not always successful, of Lord Sidmouth in the internal administration of the country, may be numbered the modification he attempted of the laws in regard to Dissenters; his efforts in suppressing the riots which from time to time sprang up, both in the agricultural and manufacturing districts, and were sometimes carried to deplorable excesses; and the prosecutions under his authority for blasphemous publications.

His celebrated bill relating to Dissenters, involving the whole principle of religious toleration, was welcomed, at first, with apparent cordiality; but afterwards, as its details were more fully understood, it occasioned great diversity of opinion, and was the source of no little perplexity and opposition to the ministry. We remember the intense excitement which it awakened in 1811, and the crowds of anxious Dissenters, especially of the Methodists and Presbyterians, who were accustomed on the nights of debate to gather around the houses of Parliament, and either at the bar of that of the Lords, or in the gallery of the Commons, with their eager, careworn countenances, await the result. The immediate object of Lord Sidmouth was such as must approve itself to every reflecting mind, — to guard against indecorum in the public worship growing out of improprieties in times or places, and to secure something approaching to the requisite qualifications in those who might undertake to officiate.

"The framers of that act," says that venerable prelate, Dr. Barrington, who for more than half a century adorned the Episcopal bench, and was then writing in his extreme yet vigorous old age, "conceived that the religious duties of the respective congregations would never be performed but in places exclusively appropriated to divine service, and by ministers qualified by education, by attested respectability in point of morals, and of a

proper age to add weight to their prayers, and impression to their instructions. So long as the Toleration Act was thus understood, dissenting teachers were respected by their own people, and esteemed by the Establishment. But with modern sectaries the case is very different. They assemble in barns, in rooms of private houses, or in other buildings of the most improper kind, to hear the wild effusions of a mechanic or a ploughboy, perhaps not more than fifteen years of age, destitute of the first rudiments of learning, sacred or profane." — Vol. III. pp. 40, 41.

As a curious evidence of this ignorance, the author gives an example of eighteen different ways, all of them wrong, some of them ludicrously absurd,* in which the words "dissenting, minister, teacher, preacher, and Gospel," were spelt by persons applying for licenses within the county of Middlesex, which, as including the city of London, might be supposed to furnish the most favorable examples. Other instances yet more lamentable and humiliating were brought to light from other districts and dioceses in the country; and among them the author thus describes a circumstance which occurred at the quarter sessions at Stafford.

"The magistrates assembled, having received some previous intimation that a man who could neither read nor write meant to apply for a license to become a religious teacher; and being desirous of learning whether what had been told them of the ignorance of the applicant was true, the chairman bade him take a pen and sign his name. To this he replied, 'I don't come here to write: I have no business to sign any thing.' 'No?' said the magistrate; 'read the clause in this Act of Parliament, and then you will see whether you are required to sign your name or not: please to read out.' 'I don't come here,' was the reply, 'either to read or write.' 'Pray,' said the magistrate, 'can you write?' 'I am not ashamed to say,' replied he, 'that I can't.' 'Can you read?' 'No.' 'Why, surely, it is very strange that you, who can neither read nor write, should presume to take upon yourself the important office of a religious teacher, when you are not able to peruse the Bible, which is the fountain of religion.' To this pointed reproof he replied, 'If *you* don't know what inspiration is, *I* do, for I have felt it.' He then threw down his sixpence,

* Of these we subjoin a few examples: — Precher of the Gospell; Precher of the Gosple; Miniester of the Gospel; Preacher of teacher the Gospel Bappist; a Decenting teacher, and a discenting teacher; Prashr of the Gosepll.

took up his license, and went his way to preach the Gospel which he could not read." — Vol III. pp. 42, 43.

It would seem no very arrogant assumption of civil authority to seek to protect a people from the effects of ignorance like this ; and at first the proposal met, if not the hearty approbation, at least the acquiescence, of many eminent persons among the Dissenters themselves. But the well-known jealousy of Dissent, or what by one was called its "morbid sensibility," was quickened as the debate advanced. Both Mr. Belsham, of the Unitarian denomination, and Dr. Adam Clarke, the acknowledged head at that period of the Methodist connection, who had each addressed Lord Sidmouth in the most respectful terms in published letters upon the subject, seemed to change their first impressions of it, and the ministry were finally compelled to relinquish a measure which cost them much perplexity in its preparation, and much mortification in its final relinquishment.

"Every man," says Mr. Belsham, in his address to Lord Sidmouth, for some portions of which, however, he obtained no favor with his brethren, "every man may teach or preach without molestation. Let the miserable fanatic, who fancies that he is inwardly called to reform the world, pour out his pious nonsense. His raving is harmless. He will quickly find that he can get no hearers ; and after having tried his gifts till he is tired, honest John will return to his bodkin or his awl, perhaps convinced that he has mistaken his profession, or, more probably, denouncing the vengeance of Heaven upon those who refuse to listen to so divine a teacher."

It was the error, and it proved to be the misfortune, of Addington's, as well as the preceding administration, to attempt much in the courts of justice, in which nothing was so apparent as their total failure. The prosecutions, in 1793, of Horne Tooke, Hardy, Stone, and others, charged with high treason, ended only in the defeat of government, and consequently in adding to the power of its enemies. The same results followed Lord Sidmouth's attempts to bring to punishment Hone and others for blasphemous publications, the evident design of some of which was to turn into ridicule the formularies of the Established Church, to destroy the salutary influence of the ministers of religion, and to bring Christianity itself into contempt. But it must not be forgotten,

that the effect of all such prosecutions is to diffuse the mischief which it is intended to heal. For one reader whom the intrinsic merits or demerits of an obnoxious article might obtain, a hundred will be gained by the prosecution. Curiosity, and perhaps an honest sense of injustice, or fears of violating the freedom of the press, will enlist thousands of zealous opponents, who perhaps would otherwise have never heard of the original offence ; and the offender himself will escape without dishonor, possibly with just the sort of glory which he covets, when, had he been but let alone, he and his book would have fallen together into obscurity or contempt.

" It should not be forgotten," says the biographer, in words we are happy to quote, " that a government, on such occasions as these, is placed in a very unfavorable point of view. It appears in the character of a prosecutor ; the images of past times arise on the memory, — the fires of Smithfield, the dungeons of the Inquisition, the cruel execution of penal laws. Amongst the jurors of a great metropolis, in a highly civilized state of society, there must always be found some who are indifferent to religion, and others who are hostile. Such men will go any lengths, rather than encourage the government in what they will call intolerance. It is in vain to represent to them the difference between the fair exercise of the rights of free inquiry, and the indecent and wicked abuse of such rights. They will distinguish nothing ; they will hear nothing ; and, by plausible declamation, they affect the minds of their fellows. Pious and good men, therefore, must consider, — and it is a problem which can only be determined by the particular circumstances and difficulties of each separate case, — whether it may not frequently be preferable to restrain their virtuous indignation ; and instead of interposing the shield of the law in defence of religion against every graceless and despicable assailant, to leave so sacred a cause to be protected by the good sense and good feeling of society at large. The enemies of the best interests of mankind will thus be defeated ; for they will fall into neglect and oblivion even from the very circumstance of their not being noticed." — Vol. III. pp. 204, 205.

It was with like policy and wisdom that Queen Caroline, the persecuted and, if not criminal, most unfortunate wife of George IV., resisted all attempts of her friends to bring to trial the authors of any publications against herself. However wanting in discretion in other regards, she had the good sense to perceive, that whatever of harm may be done by such libels is, by the prosecution, only indefinitely diffused ; and

that however clearly the falsehood or the exaggeration may be exposed, the sting of the calumny remains.

No inconsiderable part of the third volume of these memoirs is occupied with a narrative of the riotous and treasonable conspiracies which, from 1817 to 1820, disturbed the peace of the kingdom, and kept in perpetual requisition the vigilance of the government. In Leicestershire, Nottinghamshire, Derbyshire, and other portions of the kingdom, but especially in the manufacturing districts, disaffection spread to the most alarming extent. The lower orders frequently assembled in large bodies, and a general union was threatened of the discontented throughout the kingdom. Of these, the riots in Manchester were the most alarming, enlisting the greatest numbers, conducted with a system of organization and with a tone of defiance which indicated efforts to involve the whole country in the horrors of a revolution. The suppression of these disorders occupied, for months together, the anxious solicitude of the government, and the strong measures they were compelled to adopt exposed them to extreme abuse and danger. Lord Sidmouth, whose position at the head of the Home Office imposed upon him the weight of responsibility, and demanded personal labors that left no moments for domestic satisfaction, or for attention even to the most pressing private duties,* complained, "that at such a crisis the existing laws should be found inadequate to the difficulties and dangers with which the government had then to contend, and which could only be overcome by the law or the sword." He met with the usual fate of ministers under such circumstances; being charged by the one party with a want of the requisite decision and firmness, — a charge not confined at all to this occasion, — and by the other, for the strong measures which he actually adopted, subjected to the grossest misrepresentations, and, as says Dr. Pellew, "to a greater amount of undeserved obloquy than at any other period of his life."

There can hardly be a question, that, however the admin-

* It was at this crisis that Lord Sidmouth sustained the loss of a brother, to whom he was most tenderly attached, and who had acquired in an unusual degree the respect and confidence of his friends. And his biographer adduces it as an evidence of the absorbing nature of official duties in such high places in England, that "it was with the utmost difficulty and inconvenience he could obtain the melancholy gratification of attending the remains of his lamented brother to their last earthly abode."

istration of Lord Sidmouth might have been wanting, as was the character of the man, in firmness on other occasions, it was fully displayed on this. A comparison which the writer draws between "the different modes adopted for the dispersion of the riotous assemblages at Manchester in 1819 and at Bristol in 1831," will fully vindicate the course he pursued, and the humanity no less than the wisdom of decision in all like exigencies.

"In the former instance, a prompt and vigorous system was pursued, and the town was saved and restored to tranquillity in a few hours, at an expense of only six lives, a few criminals consigned to imprisonment, and the loss of a day's industry. But in the case of Bristol, the deadly torpor of non-interference, arising from an apprehension, on the part of the military commander, that he would not receive the support of the government, if he acted in a vigorous manner, consigned the doomed city for three days to the merciless fury of the mob, from which it was only at length rescued at the tremendous cost of the Episcopal Palace, both the prisons, the Mansion House, Excise Office, Custom-House, and numerous private dwellings of the respectable inhabitants sacked and destroyed, many lives either sacrificed by the soldiery, or destroyed in the conflagration of the city; and, to close the melancholy catalogue, twenty-one miserable criminals, of whom four were executed, condemned to death by the outraged laws of their country. This was the difference in effect between a decisive and a hesitating system of policy." — Vol. III. pp. 264, 265.

It was in a strong desire for revenge for punishments previously inflicted, superadded to an intense hatred of the government, and unquestionably to some just sense of oppression, that the atrocious conspiracy to assassinate the king's ministers, while assembled at a cabinet dinner, originated. It appears, that the ringleader in this ferocious plot, Arthur Thistlewood, had been condemned in May, 1818, to one year's imprisonment in Horsham jail, for sending a challenge to Lord Sidmouth; and on obtaining his release and returning to some treasonable practices, in which he was thwarted, he began with his accomplices to meditate a yet darker crime.

"Lord Sidmouth used to state, that he early became acquainted with the particulars of this scheme, which were of so frantic and sanguinary a character, as at first hardly to appear credi-

ble. Facts, however, too clearly proved that there were, at the least, from twenty to thirty persons, who had resolved to obtain admittance into the house, where the ministers were assembled at their customary weekly dinner, under pretence of presenting a note, and to massacre the whole; and then, taking advantage of the panic which this would occasion, to set fire to the barracks, seize the artillery, Mansion House, Bank, and Tower, and establish a provisional government! Such a plan, of which the absurdity almost equalled the criminality, the ministers would scarcely have regarded as seriously adopted, but that they knew the desperate character of the men, and had ascertained that a depôt of arms and ammunition had actually been formed at the lodgings of one of them. Lord Sidmouth had also been apprised, that on a previous occasion, when the cabinet dinner was to take place at Lord Westmoreland's, Thistlewood and one of his accomplices had resolved to wait at his Lordship's door, in order to observe the respective ministers alight from their carriages, and thus make themselves better acquainted with their persons."

The result of this execrable conspiracy needs not be repeated. It is well known, that the plot was early communicated to the government by one of the conspirators; that every step of its progress was observed and understood; and that just upon the point of its completion, and while they were preparing to proceed at the appointed hour to the house of Lord Harrowby, most of the conspirators were seized, after a desperate resistance, at their rendezvous in Cato street; and five of the principals underwent the righteous retribution of the law for their atrocious crimes. Whatever may be thought of the general policy of the government, or however just may have been the complaints of the disaffected about some of their measures, there can be but one opinion, that this was one of the most atrocious and bloody projects that ever entered into the human imagination; requiring for its execution, though not contemplating so wide a ruin, a sterner purpose and a more diabolical cruelty than even the Gunpowder Plot, in the days of King James, which aimed at the destruction of the whole Parliament of England.

It appears in the Appendix to this work, that a proposal had been made, under the auspices of Lord Sidmouth, to form an association for the encouragement of literature, by establishing a society of authors, and assigning certain premiums to works of genius, of the claims to which the members of the association were to be constituted the judges. The proposal

was submitted to the judgment of Sir Walter Scott, through a friend of Lord Sidmouth, and the reply, which does not appear in his Works, is valuable, as giving the judgment of an experienced man of letters, and for its allusions to his personal experience as an author. We have room only for a part of it.

"In the first place, I think such an association entirely useless. If a man of any rank or station does any thing in the present day worthy of the patronage of the public, he is sure to obtain it. For such a work of genius as the plan proposes to remunerate with 100*l.*, any bookseller would give ten or twenty times that sum; and for the work of an author of any eminence 3000*l.* or 4000*l.* is a very common recompense. In short, a man may, according to his talents, make from 500*l.* a year to as many thousands, providing he employs those talents with prudence and diligence. With such rewards before them, men will not willingly contend for a much more petty prize, where failure would be a sort of dishonor, and where the honor acquired by success might be very doubtful. There is therefore really no occasion for encouraging, by a society, the competition of authors. The land is before them, and if they really have merit, they seldom fail to conquer their share of public applause and private profit.

"It will happen, no doubt, that, either from the improvidence which sometimes attends genius, or from singularly adverse circumstances, or from some peculiar turn of temper, habits, or disposition, men of great genius and talent miss the tide of fortune and popularity, fall among the shallows, and make a bad voyage of it. It would highly become his Majesty, in the honorable zeal which he has evinced for the encouragement of literature in all its branches, to consider the cases of such individuals; but such cases are now-a-days extremely rare. I cannot, in my knowledge of letters, recollect more than two men whose merit is undeniable, while I am afraid their circumstances are narrow. I mean Coleridge and Maturin. To give either, or both of them, such relief as his Majesty's princely benevolence might judge fitting would be an action well becoming his royal munificence, and of a piece with many other generous actions of the same kind. But I protest that (excepting perhaps Bloomfield, of whose circumstances I know little) I do not remember any other of undisputed genius, who could gracefully accept 100*l.* a year, or to whom such a sum could be handsomely offered. That there would be men enough to grasp at it would be certain; but then they would be the very individuals whose mediocrity of genius and active cupidity of dis-

position would render them underserving of the royal benevolence, or render the royal benevolence ridiculous, if bestowed upon them.

"But the association is not merely unnecessary and useless; it will, if attempted, meet a grand and mortifying failure, and that from a great concurrence of reasons. In the first place, you propose (if I understand you rightly) to exclude ———, ———, ———, &c., for reasons moral or political. But allowing these reasons their full weight, how will the public look on an association for literary purposes, where such men, whose talents are undisputed, are either left out or choose to stay out? or what weight would that society have on the public mind? Very little, I should think; while it would be liable to all the shots which malice and wit mingled could fire against it. But besides this, I think (judging, however, only from my own feelings) that few men who have acquired some reputation in literature would choose to enrol themselves with the obscure pedants of universities and schools, — men most respectable, doubtless, and useful in their own way, — excellent judges of an obscure passage in a Greek author, — understanding, perhaps, the value of a bottle of old port, — connoisseurs in tobacco, and not wholly ignorant of the mystery of punch-making; but certainly a sort of persons whom I, for one, would never wish to sit with, as assessors of the fine arts. There are many men, and I know several myself, to whom this description does not apply. But for one who has lived all his life with gentlemen and men of the world, to mingle his voice with men who have lived entirely out of the world, and whose opinions must be founded on principles so different from our own, would be no very pleasing situation. Besides, every man who has acquired any celebrity in letters would naturally feel that the object, or rather the natural consequence, of such a society would be to *average* talent, and that while he brought to the common stock all which he had of his own, he was, on the contrary, to take on his shoulders a portion of their lack of public credit. Now this is what no one will consider as fair play; and I believe you will find it very difficult to recruit your honorary class, on such conditions, with those names which you would be most desirous to have, and without which a national institution of the kind would be a jest.

"But we will suppose them all filled up, and assembled. By what rule of criticism are they to proceed in determining the merits of the candidates on whom they are to sit in judgment? The Lake school have one way of judging, — that of Scotland another, — Gifford, Frere, Canning, &c., a third, — and twenty

others have as many besides. The vote would not be like that of the Institute; for in science, and even in painting and sculpture, there are conceded points, on which all men make a common stand. But in literature you will find twenty people entertaining as many different opinions upon that which is called taste, in proportion to their different temperaments, habits, and prejudices of education. They *could* only agree upon *one* rule of decision, and that would be to choose the pieces which were least *faulty;* for though literary men do not agree in their estimates of excellence, they coincide, in general, in condemning the same class of errors. But the poems, thus unexceptionable, belong in general to that very class of mediocrity, which neither gods, men, nor columns, not even the columns of a modern newspaper, are disposed to tolerate, and which are assuredly sufficiently common, without being placed under the special patronage of a society." — Vol. III. pp. 480 – 483.

Lord Sidmouth, amidst the incessant pressure of public duties, was no stranger to the usual allotment of domestic sorrows. In 1811, he experienced a severe affliction in the death of Lady Sidmouth, who had been for nearly thirty years the solace of his domestic hours, and his strength under the burden of official cares. She is represented as a lady of distinguished worth and excellence, whose purity and simplicity, refinement and delicacy of character, corresponding to unusual personal attractions, revealed themselves in the most engaging manner to the objects of her attachment, and impressed her memory on their hearts. As might have been expected from a man of his well-regulated and wisely balanced disposition, Lord Sidmouth submitted to this trial with a calm and chastened sorrow; and his resignation, the evident result of his established Christian faith, was beautifully expressed, both in letters to his friends and in his whole deportment long afterwards.

But a yet heavier trial awaited him in the long protracted sickness and mental alienation of his eldest son. The intellectual and moral qualities of this young man had justified the highest hopes concerning him; and as the heir of the titles and honors of his father, his education and opening character had been watched with fond expectation. But severe application to his studies made early ravages upon his health. "He became grave, taciturn, and abstracted. While he seemed to derive satisfaction from books and exercise, and manifested a consciousness of persons and events, in all be-

sides his fine understanding remained locked up to a melancholy degree; and from 1805 to his death in 1823, — a period of eighteen years, — neither the sound of his voice, the expression of any desire or emotion, nor a single indication of pleasure or pain broke the awful monotony of mental inaction." This singular case is represented by his father as the consequence of excessive application to study at too early a period of life, and is justly held up as a warning to those who would prematurely force the youthful mind into efforts beyond its strength.

The character of Lord Sidmouth was eminently a religious one, and under the influence of Christian faith he sustained well the various trials to which, through a long life, he was subjected. For twenty years after he had withdrawn from office, he lived in comparative retirement, and died in 1844, at the age of eighty-seven. "The progress of his serene and protracted old-age had, as regarded the earliest intimates of his youth, left him altogether alone, and he stood among his loving and admiring descendants of the present peaceful generation a venerable memorial of the anxious times and astounding scenes he had witnessed, like some ancient tower surrounded by modern habitations." In common with Lords Eldon, Stowell, and Ellenborough, he held the most narrow notions on some of the political and religious questions agitated in his time, was a slavish adherent to the conservative party, a bitter enemy to every motion for reform, and looked with distrust upon the progress of general education. That he was, in any high sense of the word, a great man was not even by his fervent admirers pretended.

We cannot adduce a fairer or more impartial estimate of his claims than is exhibited by his biographer in the concluding pages of his work.

"Whatever degree of merit may have belonged to Lord Sidmouth as a statesman, in treating of his personal character there can be no hesitation in assigning to him the possession of those qualifications which constitute the charm and ornament of private life. His temper, reported to have been naturally warm, had been brought so habitually under the influence of self-control, that, during a close intimacy of twenty-four years, the author never in a single instance knew it to be unreasonably disturbed. The same equanimity governed all the sensibilities and affections of his mind. It restrained his every feeling — his hopes and

fears, his joys and sorrows, his successes and disappointments — within the bounds of a Christian moderation, and preserved him ever calm, cheerful, and resigned, — the delight, the pride, the instructor of all around him. To the ambition of personal elevation and aggrandizement he was altogether a stranger: in all he did he was guided entirely by principle; and the only reward he ever desired for his services was the confidence and regard of his sovereign, the respect of good men, and the approbation of his own conscience.

"His fortitude was surprising. Nothing could shake his nerves: on the expected approach, and on the sudden and unforeseen appearance, of danger, he was equally imperturbable. 'He considered,' he once said to his father, 'that no one was fit to be a public man who cared a farthing whether he should die in his bed or on a scaffold'; and on the principle thus early laid down he consistently acted. The general rule of his life was unbending firmness of purpose, and a tenacious adherence to what he considered right, tempered by the utmost gentleness, moderation, and indulgence towards individuals, — an indulgence which extended even to their errors and imperfections, — one of his favorite maxims being, that 'it was a very important part of wisdom to know what to overlook.' He had been much impressed with a remark made to him by King George III., — 'Give me the man who judges *one* human being with severity, and every other with indulgence'; and once, on repeating this to a friend, he added, that 'he had endeavoured to make it his own rule, and wished he had succeeded more perfectly' This benevolent disposition rendered him on all occasions, apart from public duty, one of the most placable, forbearing, and patient of men; it led him also to exercise towards all a generosity of the most expanded nature, far surpassing the bounds which prudence usually prescribes; and it created in him a confiding disposition — a desire to believe well, and a reluctance to think ill, of his fellow-creatures — most unusual in old age, and still more remarkable in one who must have seen so much of what was evil.

"His unbending adherence to the principles and opinions with which he set out in life resembled that of his royal master, and was remarkable, even in those times when unchangeableness was more easily practised than it is at present. Of those who encountered, with him, the political storms of the revolutionary war, few succeeded so well in maintaining an undeviating and consistent course. It was an unwillingness — amounting in him almost to impossibility — to deviate from any favorite principle of action which somewhat accelerated his final retirement from public life, and which would, probably, have produced the same

result, even if his taking that step had not been so fully justified by his advancing years. Hence his opinions on the Roman Catholic and other great questions of his day never underwent any material variation; and so far from approving of sudden and extensive alterations, even where some change might be desirable, the opinion he held was, that 'where institutions had become defective, the rule of a statesman should be to *preserve* and *improve*.' Yet, unchangeable as he himself was, he could make generous and liberal allowances for others. 'I think it very uncharitable,' he once said, 'to condemn a man for expressing contrary opinions at different periods of his life, as we all know how continually new views of the same subject present themselves to the mind; and why should we blame others for *expressing* what we so often, ourselves, *feel*?' The principal modification observable in his opinions as he advanced in years is one which denotes his constantly expanding benevolence, and the increasing influence of Christian feelings. 'I used,' he said, when speaking of the wars in which England had been engaged during his time, — 'I used to think all the sufferings of war lost in its glory; now I consider all its glory lost in its sufferings. So one's feelings change.'

"He always evinced an aversion to the spurious liberality of the day; by which, in his opinion, right and wrong were too often confounded, and the soundest and most valuable principles surrendered. So strong, indeed, was this dislike, that, in the eagerness of conversation on some much-controverted subject, he once said to a friend, 'I hate liberality: nine times out of ten it is cowardice, and the tenth time it is want of principle.' The same feeling extended to the strained humanity of the age, which, when carried to the full extent of the mawkish sentiment prevalent at the period, tended, he thought, frequently to divert sympathy from its legitimate objects, — the deserving and unfortunate, — and to concentrate it upon the criminal and unworthy. When enlarging upon this topic, he usually concluded his observations with the following quotation from the poetry of the Anti-jacobin: —

> 'For the crushed beetle first, the widowed dove,
> And all the warbled sorrows of the grove;
> Next, for poor suffering guilt; and last of all,
> For parents, friends, a king and country's fall.'"

Vol. III. pp. 467 – 471.

ART. VII. — *Histoire des Églises du Desert chez les Protestans de France depuis la Fin du Règne de Louis XIV. jusqu'à la Révolution Française.* Par CHARLES COQUEREL. Paris. 1841. 2 vols. 8vo.

THE history of Protestantism in France may be divided into three distinct periods. The first is that which immediately followed the Reformation, and during which, under the reigns of Francis I. and Henry II., France was on the verge of becoming one of the great Protestant powers of Europe. The amount of misery and bloodshed which might have been spared that country, had those two monarchs espoused the cause of the Reformation, is incalculable. No violence would have been necessary, at that time, to spread the new form of Christianity throughout the country. France was then a half-Huguenot kingdom.* But Francis I. was too much occupied with his brilliant campaigns, his amours, and his taste for letters and the fine arts, to bestow much attention on religious matters; and the court of Henry II. was soon subjected to the Catholic influence of the Medici. Thus a glorious opportunity of giving to France a more enlightened form of religion was lost, and a long series of persecutions of the Protestants commenced.

The second period comprises the reigns of Louis XIII. and Louis XIV., and terminates at the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, by which Henry IV. had granted religious liberty to his subjects in 1598. The third period embraces the reigns of Louis XV. and his successor, and ends at the French Revolution. During this last period, of which we are about to give a brief sketch, the Protestants who had remained in France were subjected to a constant and most severe persecution. There are few passages in modern history with which the general reader is so little acquainted as with the struggles of the French Protestants to secure the right of publicly professing their faith. The names of those who devoted all their energies to the cause of religious liberty, and who willingly laid down their lives for the sake of what they deemed the truth, are scarcely known. This should not surprise us. These noble-minded men labored

* The Papal nuncio at the court of Catharine de' Medici, in one of his secret reports, calls France *questo regno mezzo-ugonotto.*

not for the applause of the world; their ambition had a higher aim. They looked for immortality, not on earth, but in heaven. In this rapid survey of the sufferings, the labors, and the patient endurance of the Protestants of France, we shall therefore find few names already known and honored, but many which deserve to be remembered as those of martyrs who suffered in the noblest of causes, — the defence of freedom of opinion. We may leave to others their admiration for the highly polished court and the brilliant exploits of Louis XIV., or for the witty, yet hollow, philosophy of the age that succeeded his, and turn to a darker picture, yet a far more interesting one to such as reverence truth and virtue as the highest attributes of humanity.

Louis XIV. expired on the 15th of September, 1715. No sooner were his eyes closed, than the last will of him who had been the most despotic monarch of Europe was destroyed. And when, according to the ancient custom of France, his remains were transferred to St. Denis for interment, it was amidst the hootings of the mob, ever ready to insult that which it never respected, but which it was for a time forced to obey. Of the general character of Louis XIV. as a monarch we are not now to speak. In reference to the subject before us, it is enough to say, that he was intolerant not only from bigotry, but also from political motives. He always viewed liberty of conscience as a protest against his despotism. He could brook no power but his own in the state. And yet, great as was his power, it proved ineffectual to eradicate heresy from his dominions. Thought was too powerful an enemy for the great monarch. The adherents to the new form of religion were not to be converted by the sword. Limited as they were in numbers, when compared with the Catholic population of the kingdom, they were full of strength and energy, because their convictions were deep and immovable. They were strong, too, because their cause was the cause of progress and of civilization throughout the world. Catholicism had said its say. Admirable as it was, with its outward display of pomp and ceremony, for the conversion of barbarians, it no longer contained any elements of progress. In protesting against Rome, Luther had also protested against every kind of tyranny. The Reformation contained the germs of those principles which, in less than a century after the death of

Louis XIV., were to change the whole political and social condition of France, and to give the watchword of freedom to the rest of the world.

Louis XIV. felt, undoubtedly, that it was this new and growing spirit of the Reformation which was to be feared, and not the forms of worship of a few Christians who had separated from the Romish Church. By persecution he thought to destroy the spirit of freedom in his dominions. Decree after decree was issued, during his long reign, against the unhappy Protestants, and finally he revoked the Edict of Nantes. It was on the 22d of October, 1685, that the memorable decree abolishing the liberal edict of Henry IV. was issued. It commenced by stating, "that the larger portion of his Majesty's subjects are Roman Catholics, and consequently it is ordered that all Protestant churches shall be destroyed. It is, moreover, forbidden to all members of that Church to assemble in whatsoever place it may be. All ministers of the Gospel shall either leave France, or be sent to the galleys; all children shall be educated in the Roman Catholic faith, and their parents shall be obliged to send them to church. It is, moreover, decreed, that the property of all such as have left the kingdom, and do not return within a period of four months, shall be confiscated, and that none shall be allowed to leave France, under the severest penalties." These are the principal features of a decree which Louis XIV. and his counsellors deemed sufficient for the ruin of Protestantism in France. The result proved how great was their error.

Harassed by this cruel legislation, thousands of Protestants left a country in which they could worship God only in the utmost secrecy and amidst constant danger, and sought for other and more tolerant climes. Many of the most prosperous districts of the kingdom were thus deprived of some of their most upright and enlightened citizens, who carried with them into exile those industrious habits for which the Huguenots were always distinguished; and it was long before those once flourishing provinces recovered from so heavy a blow. By this emigration were formed those colonies of French Protestants whose descendants are still found in Switzerland, Holland, and many parts of Germany, where they are, even at the present day, renowned for their uprightness, industry, and virtue. The spirit of loyalty, of attachment to the king, followed them, it is true, into exile. That, not-

withstanding the persecutions to which they had been subjected by Louis XIV., they should have retained this loyalty for his person, is somewhat remarkable ; yet it is clearly attested by the following passage in one of Saurin's eloquent sermons, preached at the Hague, in 1715, in which he apostrophizes the monarch thus : —

"And thou, redoubtable prince, whom I once honored as my king, and whom I now respect as the Scourge of God, thou too shalt have a part in my prayers. These provinces which thou threatenest, these climes which thou hast filled with exiles, — in whom, however, the spirit of charity is yet strong, — these walls which contain thousands of martyrs whose death thou hast caused, but who have triumphed in their faith, — all these shall yet resound with benedictions for thee. May God cause the fatal veil which hides truth from thine eyes to fall! May God forget the streams of blood which have been shed during thy reign, and with which thou hast covered the earth! May God efface from his sacred record the evil which thou hast done us, and recompense those who have suffered, whilst he pardons those who have caused their sufferings! God grant, that, after having been for us the minister of his wrath, thou mayest become the minister of his benedictions!"

But great as was the number of those who emigrated from France after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, many remained in the country, and endeavoured to profess their religion in secret. Others, again, too weak to embrace either of these courses, nominally joined the Church of Rome. The conduct of these timid Christians was severely censured by the ministers of the Gospel, and Saurin expressed, in the most eloquent language, his indignation at this departure from those principles of unalterable devotion to their faith which had characterized their forefathers. — Such, then, were the results of the oppressive legislation of Louis XIV. Let us now see what was the condition of the Protestant churches of the kingdom at the time of the death of that monarch.

It was in the south of France, in that land where, as early as the thirteenth century, the standard of revolt had been raised against the Church of Rome by the Albigenses, that Protestantism predominated. This fact is contrary to the received opinion, that Protestantism is a form of religion suited only to the coldness of a northern climate. We do not deny that the Reformed faith very naturally became at

first popular in the northern countries of Europe, because the people of those countries are more given to reflection than the inhabitants of the South; but from the fact that Protestantism existed in the south of France for more than a century and a half, in the minds of one of the most imaginative races in the world, it may be inferred that an enlightened form of Christianity is as well adapted to one portion of the globe as another.

During the latter years of the reign of Louis XIV., the war of the Cévennes had, it is true, been a heavy blow to the Protestants. The churches, the academies, and the synods had been destroyed; but in the hearts of the people yet reigned the love of a pure and evangelical faith. At the peace of Utrecht, when tranquillity had been restored to the Protestants, they expressed a strong desire that their churches might be reorganized. The persecution to which they were subjected by the government was not the only obstacle against which they had to contend in this work. The fanatical spirit of the Camisards had become contagious, and spread throughout the country. Men, and even women, inspired, as they thought, by the spirit of God, harangued the multitude in the secret assemblies which still continued to be held. Every thing was in confusion and disorder.

Antoine Court, a minister of the Reformed faith, distinguished himself most in the difficult task of reorganizing the churches. This disinterested laborer in the cause of religion, surnamed the Restorer of Protestantism in France, was born at Villeneuve-de-Berg, in 1696. It was only four years after the close of the war of the Cévennes, that Court, then but seventeen years old, first conceived the plan of a new organization of the Protestant Church. The following is an extract from a report, written by himself, in which it will be seen with what difficulties this devoted Christian had to contend in his undertaking.

"It was," says he, "in 1715, that it pleased God to call me to the service of the church of Nismes. Who could describe the condition of both Church and religion at that time in France? There was scarcely any vestige of religion left. Persecution on the one hand, and fanaticism on the other, had either entirely destroyed or disfigured it. The greater number of those who retained in their hearts any attachment for it dishonored this attachment by their conduct. They held, if I may so say, the Gospel in one hand,

and an idol in the other. During the night, they worshipped God in secret in their houses; during the day, they went publicly to mass. What pains did it not require to redeem them from a situation so dishonoring and so contrary to the spirit of Scripture! Four means, with the blessing of God, presented themselves to my mind. The first was to collect people together in assemblies, where they might receive religious instruction. The second was to struggle against that fanaticism which had spread on all sides like a conflagration, and to conduct to more healthful views those who had been led astray by it. The third was to reëstablish the discipline of the Church, the use of consistories, of assemblies, of ancients, and of synods. And finally, I wished to form, as much as lay in my power, young preachers, to call from foreign countries ministers of the Gospel, and, if these should be found wanting in that zeal necessary for martyrs, to implore aid from foreign powers in order to pay the expenses of such young men as I might deem sufficiently courageous and devoted to give themselves up to the service and eternal salvation of their brethren. Such was the plan which it pleased God to inspire me with when I was not yet eighteen years old, — a plan which I have never lost sight of, and which has been my constant occupation for the last forty years, during which I have been devoted to his Church."

Difficult as was the execution of this scheme, Court applied himself to it with surprising energy. He succeeded in establishing the worship of God on a more becoming footing. The assemblies which he had organized met secretly in the mountains, and used every possible means to avoid being discovered by the soldiers of the government, who were constantly on the watch for them. The pastors who devoted themselves to the instruction of these persecuted Christians were obliged to change their residence every night, in order to escape the vigilance of their enemies. At a time when France was renowned throughout the world as the most civilized of countries, when the court of Versailles had brought together all who were most distinguished in Europe, and when that skeptical philosophy, which was destined to prepare the way for the greatest revolution of modern times, was promulgated without fear or hindrance, strange indeed does it seem, that a few humble and inoffensive Christians could not assemble and offer up their prayers to God without being treated as criminals or conspirators!

Louis XIV. had died while Antoine Court was thus occu-

pied in reëstablishing the Protestant Church in the south of France ; and at first it seemed as if the Protestants were to be allowed more freedom under the new reign. As soon as the Jesuits were expelled from the kingdom, the followers of the new faith flattered themselves that all religious persecution would cease, and that even the Edict of Nantes would be restored. Their hopes were vain. During the administration of the Regent, indeed, the persecution was carried on with less zeal than during the last years of the reign of Louis XIV. ; but when, at the death of the Duke of Orleans, Louis, Duke of Bourbon, was called to the ministry, a new edict was issued against the unhappy Protestants. This edict, the most severe, perhaps, which had ever been issued against Protestantism, was not more successful than the arbitrary and intolerant decrees of the preceding reign. The religious assemblies still met, and divine worship was still kept up according to the simple rites of the Protestants. In fact, it seemed as if this new attempt at persecution had increased the religious zeal of the persecuted. The assemblies were more crowded than they had ever been.

But if the congregations were numerous, it was not so with the pastors. The want of men educated for the ministry was deeply felt. Court consequently decided on founding an academy, where young men might prepare themselves for a profession always of great importance, but particularly so when the pulpit was often but the stepping-stone to the scaffold. It was, of course, impossible to found such an establishment in France. Lausanne, in Switzerland, was therefore selected as a proper place for this purpose. The government of the Canton of Berne, under whose jurisdiction Lausanne was placed, and Archbishop Wake, aided in the most generous manner an undertaking which proved of immense advantage to the cause of Protestantism. Court soon established himself at this academy.*

Meanwhile, the devoted servants of the Reformed religion were persecuted in France. Many of the ministers who preached the Gospel to them were arrested and put to death. The memory of these martyrs to their faith was preserved

* The Academy of Lausanne was kept up as a place of education for Protestant clergymen until the year 1809, when it was closed by order of Napoleon, in order that a similar institution might be founded at Montauban, in France.

in popular songs and ballads. Of the peculiar style of this poetry it is not here the place to speak ; in a literary point of view, it would deserve but little notice. But it was highly important as a means of disseminating amongst the Protestants faithful narratives of the cruel persecutions to which their pastors were subjected, and it must necessarily have served to keep alive amongst them that spirit of devotion to the cause of enlightened Christianity, for which so many had laid down their lives.

To give an account of all who suffered in this cause would occupy more space than we can command. But we must briefly mention Barthélemi Claris, who was arrested in 1730, and brought to trial at Nismes, where he was sentenced to death, but fortunately succeeded in escaping from the prison in which he was confined. During his trial, he was pressed to answer the most minute and captious interrogatories. We subjoin some extracts from his examination, as illustrative of the arbitrary manner of cross-questioning a prisoner which was then customary in France, and which, we regret to say, has not yet altogether ceased in French courts of justice. This examination also throws considerable light on the modes and forms of worship of the so-called Churches of the Desert.

" Interrogated as to his name and age, the prisoner declared that he was called Barthélemi Claris, aged thirty-five, and born at Lussan.

" Interrogated as to his place of residence since he had left his father's house, he replied, that he had been at times in cities, at times in villages and the country ; and when asked to give a description of the places which he had visited, he replied, that he could not, because he always went from one place to another in the night.

" When asked whether he had exercised the profession of pastor, and what were the duties of a pastor, he answered, that he had, and that the duties of a pastor were to exhort the people to religious faith, to baptize, to solemnize the marriage ceremonies, and administer the sacrament.

" Questioned about the place in which he had exercised these functions, he replied, that it was in the open fields and in the desert, and that by *desert* he understood solitary and uninhabited spots, where the people met together for the purposes of worship.

" Questioned as to the manner in which this worship was celebrated, he replied, that, when the congregation had assembled,

the divine service was opened by the reading of an extract from Scripture, after which a psalm was chanted, and that the minister then prayed for the grace necessary to preach the word of God. This prayer was followed by a sermon, after which the sacrament was frequently administered, and the minister concluded the service by a prayer called the *ecclesiastic prayer*, in which he prayed for the king and royal family, for the magistrates and noblemen, and all persons invested with any authority, and for all those laboring under disease or sorrow. He further stated, that, to prevent the congregation from being surprised by the government troops, a number of sentinels, not armed, were placed on the neighbouring heights, in order to apprise them of the approach of the enemy."

These persecutions, which were frequently more bloody than the one of which we now speak, did not diminish the zeal of the Protestants. The new form of Christianity was gradually gaining ground in the country. In 1744, the first national synod was assembled. It was the first assembly in which Protestants from all parts of France had been collected together. Delegates from Poitou, Aunis, Angoumois, Saintonge, Périgord, Upper and Lower Languedoc, Lower Guyenne, Dauphiné, and even Normandy, here met together to discuss the interests of the Church. It would be useless to enter into any details with regard to the measures adopted by this synod, which met on the 18th of August, 1744, though they were of great importance for the internal organization of the churches. The courage with which this synod had met, notwithstanding the laws of the state against such assemblies, provoked a new and terrible persecution, which not even the loyalty that the members had shown towards the king and the government could check.

Two of the ministers who attended it paid with their lives for their zeal in the cause of Protestantism. Jacques Roger, infirm and old, worn out by the various and arduous labors of a life devoted to the service of the Church, was executed on the 22d of May, 1745. The calmness and resolution with which he suffered captivity and death were truly admirable. To the officer, who had arrested him in a wood where he had sought for refuge, he simply remarked, — "You have been looking for me these forty years; it was but right that you should find me at last." In walking to the scaffold, in the midst of armed men, his

voice was heard over the beating of the drums, repeating the fifty-first Psalm. When he had reached the place of execution, two Jesuits wished to exhort him to abjure his faith; but he quietly reproved them, and begged them not to disturb and embitter his last moments by useless exhortations. On the face of the venerable minister the assembled crowd could read the serenity of a soul which belonged no longer to this world, but had already entered into the joy of the Lord. Even the two priests, whose offices had been refused by Roger, could not but shed tears as they saw him expire.

In the course of the following year, another of the ministers who had been present at the synod of 1744 perished by the hands of the executioner. Mathieu Majal had been arrested at the house of one of his brothers, and transferred under an escort to the town of Vernoux. On arriving at this place, he was met by a large number of Protestants, who had assembled in the neighbourhood to celebrate their religious worship. Having heard of the captivity of Majal, they crowded into the city, and loudly demanded that he should be set at liberty. In vain did the judge of Vernoux endeavour to prevent this crowd of men, women, and children from offering a vain resistance. They continued to advance with loud cries of grief and anger. From the windows of the houses, the Catholics fired on the people below, and a scene of bloodshed and confusion ensued. About thirty persons were killed, and the consequences of this outbreak of long-restrained feeling might have been far more serious, had not Majal himself entreated his Protestant brethren to desist. Considerable excitement, however, prevailed for a time, until the authorities were able to transport their prisoner to Montpellier, where he was confined in the citadel. Here Majal received frequent visits from the archbishop, who entreated him to embrace the Catholic faith, as the only means of saving his life in this world and his soul in the next. Majal resisted all the endeavours of the worthy prelate, and endured with unwavering constancy all the examinations and entreaties to which he was subjected. His demeanour at the trial was so dignified and calm, that even his judges were softened by it, and would willingly have spared him. But this could not be, and the unhappy minister was consequently sentenced to death, and hanged on the 2d of February, 1746.

The renewed activity of the persecutors of the Churches

of the Desert, the number of assemblies which had been discovered by the troops, in which many victims had fallen, and the execution of the pastors of whom we have just spoken, all tended to rouse the churches to a sense of the necessity of making some appeal to the government. A memoir, in which the grievances of the Protestants were set forth in the most forcible manner, was therefore presented to the government in 1747. It stated, that it almost seemed to be the object of the government to force the Protestants to a rebellion, and, notwithstanding the efforts of the pastors, it would soon be impossible to control a desperate multitude. Unhappy as they were, and with no other prospect for the future but bloodshed and persecution, the multitude might be driven to any act of violence. "Would it not be," says the memoir, "more in accordance with justice, if it is the object of the government to eradicate the Protestant religion from France, that those who profess it should be allowed to leave the kingdom with their property? But the tenth article of the edict of 1685 prohibits any Protestants from leaving France, and the prisons and galleys have been filled with those who ventured to seek elsewhere for that liberty which they could not find in their own country."

This memoir, which probably never reached the foot of the throne, made no change in the unhappy condition of the Protestants. Not only were these unfortunates exposed in their own persons to ill treatment and imprisonment, but they had to fear at every moment for their infant children. Priests, accompanied by soldiers, penetrated into their houses at night, and carried off the children whom they found sleeping by their mothers' side. Women were thrown into prison for not sending their children to mass, or for neglecting to have them baptized according to the Romish faith. Men were sent to the galleys, where they were condemned to pass their lives with the vilest criminals, on the bare suspicion of having been present at some Protestant assembly.

Among the prisons in which the suffering Huguenots were immured, the tower of Aiguesmortes, near Nismes, in which women alone were confined, deserves particular mention. Nothing could be more sad and gloomy than this prison. A drawbridge extends from the rampart of the chateau, and beyond it are two iron doors, through which is the entrance to the tower which was used as a prison. Of the two apart-

ments which form the interior, the lower one was reserved for the garrison, the upper for the prisoners. The lower room was lighted only from a few loopholes, and from a circular hole in the floor of the chamber above, through which the smoke ascended into the upper room, and hence into the open air. A number of beds were placed around this upper room. It was in this gloomy apartment that twenty-five women were imprisoned in 1754, who were guilty of no crime but adherence to the Protestant Church ; a list of their names was prepared by one of their number, Marie Durand, after she had been confined there for twenty-four years.

The Protestants made another attempt to improve their condition in 1748, when the Congress met at Aix-la-Chapelle. They addressed a memoir to that Congress, but the treaty of peace was signed without any stipulation being made in their favor. On the contrary, their condition became worse after the war had ceased. The government endeavoured to improve the state of the finances, which were in the most embarrassed condition, by obtaining regular subsidies from the clergy. This powerful body refused to give any thing more than voluntary grants to the government, and even took advantage of the occasion to complain of the want of zeal which had been shown in the prosecution of the heretics. This served to bring on a new series of persecutions. Towards the end of the year 1750, large detachments of troops were constantly scouring the country, so that it was almost impossible for the assemblies to take place, as had been usual, on the Sabbath. Whole villages were given up to the brutality of the soldiers, and all means were used to eradicate even the name of Protestantism. The persecuted people at first bore with patience these renewed attempts of the civil authority to prevent the exercise of their religion ; but the patience of many was at last exhausted. Those who went to the assemblies which were still held did not go without arms, and others laid in wait for the fanatic priests who carried off their children to be baptized and educated in the Romish faith. Many acts of violence were thus committed. During this sad period, many Protestants endeavoured to leave the kingdom, and emigration became nearly as common as in 1685. Many of those who were endeavouring to find a refuge in other lands were arrested on the frontier, and the severest laws were directed against all

who had succeeded in escaping from France. When the Duke of Richelieu was appointed governor of Languedoc, his first step was to order an armed force to be constantly on the watch, in order to take the assemblies by surprise, and to arrest, if possible, the ministers who had convoked or who presided over them.

Some idea of the severity of persecution which the French Protestants underwent at this time may be formed from the account of a massacre that took place in 1756. The account was written by Paul Rabaut, one of the most distinguished of the pastors of the Desert, and was probably addressed to the Prince of Conti, who, after his disgrace at court, had shown himself very favorable to the Protestants, more, probably, from pique against the government than from any religious conviction.

"Time, which works changes in all human affairs, brings no relief to the misfortunes of the Protestants of France. To the shame of the nation, and notwithstanding the progress of the age, we see renewed in our own time some of those tragic scenes which formerly so often defiled our dear country with bloodshed. It would be little to say, that they are treated as if they were avowed enemies of the state; they are hunted like wild beasts, of whom it is determined to rid the earth. Many proofs of this might be given, but we shall content ourselves with relating what has recently taken place in Lower Languedoc.

"Every one knows, that, in spite of the atrocities which were committed after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and which caused the state to lose so many useful citizens, a large body of Protestants, ardently attached to their religion, remained in France. Convinced that the observance of the outward forms is of the greatest importance to every sincere worshipper, and being unable, without betraying their reason, to take part in the ritual of the Romish Church, there was but one thing left for them: to assemble together to render unto God the spiritual and rational worship which they knew to be due to him, and which they believed could not be neglected without sin. It was in order to fulfil this object that an assembly was convoked on Sunday, the 8th of August, 1756. The place where this assembly met was situated in a recess among the hills, by which it was so inclosed that the assembly could not see the approach of any one from without. At eight o'clock in the morning, ten or twelve thousand persons had already assembled there, and several chapters of the Gospel had been read, when fifteen or twenty soldiers

came running towards them at full speed. What could this multitude do, to whom submission and patience had constantly been preached, and who would have thought it a sin to bring to the place of their meeting any other arms than their religious books? What could they do but fly? One would think that the soldiers might have been satisfied with this. Had they been capable of feeling any compassion, they would have been touched by the shrieks of the women and children. But they wished to shed blood, and they had this satisfaction. They fired when close at hand, before any resistance was offered, and unfortunately many victims fell. Already several have died of their wounds. Although the crowd heard the discharge of musketry, and several persons were seen lying on the ground bathed in their blood, it was with difficulty that they could believe their ears and eyes. Every attempt was, however, made to escape from this butchery; many were hurt in their endeavours to fly; some had their arms and legs broken, and among them were several unfortunate women."

We pass over several years of this lamentable history, in order to relate two events which awakened the sympathy of all the philosophic spirits of the age in favor of the cause of Protestantism. Of the first, the martyrdom of the pastor François Rochette, we shall give only a very rapid sketch, as we are desirous of dwelling at greater length on the tragic end of Jean Calas, an event which created the greatest sensation throughout France and Europe.

François Rochette had been consecrated to the service of the Church on the 28th of January, 1760. His devotion to the arduous duties of his responsible office had so shaken his constitution, that by the month of September of the following year, he was obliged to leave Montauban, where he had been established, in order to take the mineral waters of St. Antonin. On the 15th of September, he arrived at a small town where he was requested to stop and baptize a child. It was midnight, and as he was going to the house where the child was to be christened, which was situated in the country, at some distance from the town, he was arrested by a detachment of soldiers, who mistook him for a highway robber. As soon as he was arrested, he unfortunately, from an exaggerated sense of duty, declared himself to be a minister of the Reformed religion. The rumor of his arrest soon spread over the country, and several attempts were made to rescue him. Three brothers, belonging to a noble family,

were arrested for such an attempt, and brought to trial at Toulouse with the unfortunate Rochette. This trial is remarkable as being the last in which a Protestant clergyman was brought before a tribunal on account of his religious opinions. Rochette answered all the questions put to him with perfect composure, and retained the same calm bearing when he heard sentence of death pronounced upon him. The young men, whose only guilt was that generous impulse which induced them to endeavour to rescue their pastor from the hands of his enemies, were also sentenced to an ignominious death. On the public square where they suffered, a large crowd had assembled in mournful silence. The severity of the sentence, and the admirable manner in which the prisoners had conducted during their captivity, had interested every one in their fate. None of the cries of an infuriated mob were heard on their passage, and from the calm yet dejected mien of the spectators of this cruel scene it was easy to see that a great injustice had been committed, and that they felt it. The age had gone by — never to return, let us hope — when a deliberate murder, although surrounded by all the outward forms of justice, could meet with the approval of a nation. This event was followed so closely by the trial of the Calas family, that it produced less effect on the public mind than it would otherwise have done; for never was a sentence passed, we do not say more unjust, — for long is the list of innocent martyrs who have suffered death, — but more uncalled for, or less in harmony with the spirit of the age.

We now come to the story of the Calas family, one of the most singular events on record. Jean Calas was a respectable merchant of Toulouse, where he had been engaged in business for a number of years. He had six children, all of whom were Protestants, with the exception of his third son, Louis, who had been converted to the Catholic faith by an old woman who had lived as a servant in the family for upwards of thirty years. This difference of religious opinion did not estrange Louis from his family, who showed him an equal measure of tenderness and affection with the others. The eldest son, Marc-Antoine, was a young man of a melancholy and sombre turn of mind, who had a dislike to the world because nothing that he had undertaken had succeeded. He had hesitated in the choice of a profession,

and had ended by taking up his residence in his father's house without any fixed occupation, or any position in society. His taciturn bearing may have awakened the apprehension that he would commit suicide; but no one could have foreseen the melancholy consequences which resulted from his rash act.

On the evening of the 13th of October, 1761, a young man of the name of Lavaisse, a particular friend of Marc-Antoine, came to spend the evening at the house. After supper, at which the whole family were present, Marc-Antoine suddenly disappeared; and when, at the end of the evening, Lavaisse was on the point of leaving, Pierre Calas asked him to go down to his father's store, where he would probably find Marc-Antoine. They accordingly descended the stairs, and, on entering the store, found the body of the unhappy young man hanging in the door-way. His coat was smoothly folded on the table beside him, and no marks of violence were visible on his person. It was evident that he had committed suicide. The despair of his family at this sad event may be readily imagined. The shrieks of his unhappy mother and sisters attracted the notice of those who were passing by, and a crowd was soon collected around the house. The authorities interfered, and in the midst of the ignorant and inquiring crowd the rumor soon spread that Jean Calas had assassinated his son, because the latter had determined to embrace the Catholic religion on the following morning.

Absurd as was this supposition, it soon gained ground, and Calas, his wife, his children, and young Lavaisse, were arrested, under the accusation of having caused the death of him who was their son, brother, and friend. Meanwhile, fifty priests, with lighted candles in their hands, had accompanied the body of young Calas to the Hôtel de Ville and thence to a church, where a magnificent funeral service was performed. Never had the obsequies of a martyr excited more attention. In the midst of the church arose a canopied scaffold hung with black, on which was extended a human skeleton, intended to represent Marc-Antoine, in the one hand of which was placed a green branch, and in the other the pen with which he was said to have signed his abjuration. The superstitious people were led to believe that the body of the unhappy youth possessed a miraculous

influence. A young man, having prayed in vain for several nights by the side of the body, lost his senses at finding that his prayer was not heard. Never, in the darkest ages, had fanaticism been carried farther than this. Under ordinary circumstances, the body of Marc-Antoine, who was not only a Protestant, but had committed the greatest crime which a man could commit, would have been broken on the wheel.

While these honors were rendered to the only guilty member of this unfortunate family, his innocent father had been brought to trial, and sentenced, notwithstanding his constant protestations of innocence, to be broken alive on the wheel and his body to be afterwards burned. The rest of the family were acquitted. Two ecclesiastics accompanied the old man to the place of execution. As he passed along the streets, he saluted with perfect calmness those of his friends whom he met on the way, and kept repeating to the people, "I am innocent." At the foot of the scaffold, Father Bourges, one of the confessors who had accompanied him, asked him again to avow his crime. "What!" exclaimed Calas, "do you, then, believe that a father could assassinate his son?" The assembled multitude could not restrain their tears, on looking at the venerable old man, whose very countenance was a sufficient proof of his innocence. When he was bound to the wheel, Father Bourges again approached him, saying, — "My dear brother, you have but a moment longer to live. In the name of that God whom you invoke, in whom you hope, and who died for you, I entreat you to recognize the truth." "I have already said," replied Calas, "that I die innocent. Jesus Christ, who is innocence itself, consented to suffer a far more cruel death. God punishes in me the sin of my unhappy son. He punishes it, too, in my wife and his brother. He is just, and I respect his chastisements."

These were the last words of the unhappy victim of a blind and cruel fanaticism. To answer all the insidious calumnies which had been circulated on this sad event, Paul Rabaut thought it necessary to publish a pamphlet, entitled, *La Calomnie Confondue*. We extract from it the following passage.

"We have been particularly moved," says Rabaut, "by the supposition, that the death of the deceased son was decided on

in a religious assembly, and that his parents had been intrusted with the execution of this decision. Our religious assemblies are then accused of being places where the most atrocious crimes are meditated. That such atrocities should be believed in the midst of an ignorant people, or of a society but little known, would not be surprising; but that, in an age so enlightened as ours, a church whose creed is that of one half of Europe should be charged with such horrors, that the magistrates in a published *Monitoire* should credit them, that the authorities should allow such an imputation to rest upon men whom the law does not distinguish from the king's other subjects, is to give us over to the fury of a credulous mob. We do not deny that to accuse us of such crimes is to attack us where we feel most keenly. Let our property be confiscated, let us be sent to the galleys, let our ministers be gibbeted, let insults and sufferings be heaped upon us; but at least allow the maxims of a morality of which Jesus Christ alone is the author to be respected. Let us be punished as bad metaphysicians, or as violating those civil laws which we cannot obey without being unfaithful to laws of a higher authority; but let us not be accused of being unnatural fathers, and of becoming so in virtue of the holy religion which we profess."

Meanwhile the family of Calas retired to Geneva, and his widow went to Paris, where many of the influential persons about the court took an interest in her misfortunes. Voltaire wrote his pamphlet entitled *Essai sur la Tolérance*, in which he proclaimed the innocence of Calas, and awakened many to a sense of the necessity of treating the Protestants with more gentleness. The result of these steps in favor of toleration was, that reparation was made to the memory of Calas.

The aid which Voltaire thus generously lent to the cause of Protestantism was not accepted without hesitation by the adherents of that faith. Disgusted with the outward forms which religion assumed around him, Voltaire had come to look on all the modifications of religious belief with equal indifference. It was not because Calas was a Protestant that he defended his memory, but because the sense of right and justice was strong within him, and he could not bear to see an unhappy man brought to the most cruel death, merely because he was the adherent of a form of religion which was not that of the government. He has said it himself: — "I pity the poor fools who allow themselves to be persecuted in the name of John Calvin; but I cordially hate those who

persecute them." It may, then, be imagined how embarrassing was the relative position of Voltaire and the pastors of the Desert. It was, nevertheless, a happy thing for the cause of freedom of opinion in France, that this all-powerful writer should have undertaken its defence. The story of the Calas family was widely circulated through the kingdom; the nation was aroused to a sense of the cruelty and barbarity of such a proceeding, and it became impossible that so horrible a spectacle should again be offered to the world.

The persecutions were now almost at an end. Several instances, however, are on record, in which it seemed as if they were about to recommence; but public opinion was now turned against them, and when Louis XVI. came to the throne, it was easy for him to act according to the humane dictates of his own character. Yet it was not until the month of November, 1787, that an edict regulating the situation of those professing the Reformed religion was issued. This edict was founded on the principle, that "all violent measures, which are as contrary to the principles of reason and humanity as to those of the Christian religion, should be abolished." The decree declared that the Catholic religion was the only religion which could be publicly professed in France, but that the Protestants should be allowed — what could not then be refused them — the right of having their births, marriages, and deaths registered, so that they might enjoy the civil rights which result from the observance of these formalities. It was, moreover, determined, that they should have the liberty to make such declarations either before a Catholic priest, or in presence of a municipal officer. Thus the right of having civil acts performed without the intervention of the clergy was first granted to the Protestants.

The work which we have followed in the foregoing sketch ends at the convention of the States-General, two years after the promulgation of the edict of which we have spoken. The National Assembly, by its decrees, continued the liberal policy of Louis XVI., and Protestantism was tolerated throughout the country until the reign of Louis XVIII., when a fresh attempt at intolerance manifested itself, and France was threatened with another religious war. Fortunately, the danger was averted, and after the Revolution of 1830, Protestantism was not only tolerated, but even supported by government.

This is not the place to inquire what remains for Protestantism in France, since the Revolution of February last, and the long train of calamities, the bloodshed and anarchy, which have followed in its train. But we cannot dismiss the subject without expressing a confident hope, that, when the revolutionary storm which now agitates that ill-fated country shall have passed away, an enlightened form of Christianity will become the leading religion of her people. Catholicism can never again have any real influence on the French nation. Her clergy may live in peace with the present rulers of France, and sing in their churches the *Domine salvam fac rempublicam*, as six months since they sang, *Domine salvum fac regem;* but between democratic France and Catholicism there can never be any serious, any sincere union. Protestantism, that is to say, a religion founded in liberty of thought, can alone harmonize with free institutions. The Revolution of 1848, notwithstanding the many evils which have resulted from it, will have one good effect. It will have practically demonstrated, that it is not by wild and chimerical schemes of reform, that society can be regenerated; and France, we believe, will understand that in the tranquil but certain progress of religious truth is to be found the only safeguard of a nation.

Art. VIII. — *Prose Writers of Germany.* By Frederic H. Hedge. Illustrated with Portraits. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart. 1848. 8vo. pp. 567.

We are surprised that some ingenious mind has not carried out, with reference to the intellectual universe, the argument from design, which forms the basis of Paley's Natural Theology. We infer the blended wisdom and benevolence of the Creator from the distribution of land and water, coal, salt, and metals, in such proportions and relations as subserve the convenience and facilitate the industry of man. We might draw the same inference from the relations of demand and supply that can be traced in the native capacities and endowments of mankind. *Non omnia possumus omnes.*

Nascitur, non fit, is the law not of poetical genius alone, but of intellectual and artistical superiority in every department. The power of appreciating and enjoying the creations of others exists in thousands whom no possible training could have made creative or controlling minds. While few are unable to receive pleasure and profit from books, the number of those who are capable of becoming the makers of readable books is comparatively small, and the richest culture and the most refined taste are entirely compatible with an utter incapacity of authorship. The same proportion that exists between born writers and born readers may be traced between the minds capable of a legitimate political ascendency and influence, as jurists, legislators, or diplomatists, and those who, lacking native, can never possess acquired, ability for public life. This proportion is very little affected by varieties of outward condition. It furnishes as large a representation *pro rata* for the council-fire in the forest as for the parliament or the senate-chamber. When, under democratic institutions, offices that are beyond the needs of the people are created for party purposes, and sought for selfish ends, for lack of candidates who can be fitted for them, they must be filled by men who cannot grow into the capacity to fill them well. When, on the other hand, under arbitrary institutions of government, the places of trust and power that ought to intervene between the supreme authority and the common citizens are left vacant, there is crowded out of its legitimate sphere a large amount of talent which cannot find scope in the humbler walks of industry, and will, from the necessity of its nature, seek posts and modes of influence the nearest possible to those for which the Creator fitted it. These unsphered minds, these potential statesmen and lawmakers, are almost always drawn into the literary arena ; and they are too highly endowed to remain unnoticed, yet too far from their true vocation to win success and fame commensurate with their wisdom and ability.

These remarks are verified in German literature, and may aid in the solution of some of the complex problems which it offers. In modern Germany, there has never been a time when administrative and executive talent had an open field for its exercise. Art and authorship have been the only departments of effort which have been free for competition ; and, as the born artist alone can cross the threshold of art,

authorship has occupied, not only its appropriate quota of the German intellect, but very many minds which, under more liberal institutions of government, would have embodied their ideas in constitutions, laws, or treaties. To this fact we are to ascribe the hyper-symmetrical, redundant many-sidedness of German literature. Hence its many sublustrous luminaries of no contemptible magnitude, yet too nebulous to present a definite outline. There are not a few German writers whose eminence is acknowledged rather than recognized, whose fame rests on general belief rather than on individual consciousness, who were rather the lexicographers than the historiographers of their own minds. They had breadth of vision, depth of intuition, large and profound culture, originality of speculation and of fancy ; the Promethean gift alone was wanting. Thus there is a great deal which we feel that we ought to admire, but cannot, — barbless thoughts, unwinged words. For the discriminating criticism of such a literature, the first process ought to be the separation of those who would not have been authors, could they have been any thing else, from those who could have been nothing else. We have no more right to regard the quartos and octavos of vast learning and unfathomable stupidity, which are transferred from the German press to the dustiest shelf in the library, as parts of German literature proper, than a foreigner would have to libel American literature on the score of the less ponderous abortions of our own press which pass into circulation chiefly through the hands of the grocer.

The political condition of Germany accounts, not only for the profuseness of its authorship, but for many of the prominent characteristics of its literature. Its writers have found a wide range of the most obvious subjects tabooed. Not only the institutions of government, but a large part of the distinctions and arrangements of social life, have been under interdict from time immemorial. The workings of autocratic jealousy defy calculation, and one never knows at what point he may come into collision with prejudices and absurdities which help to sustain the pillars of state. Even the novel, in its English and American form, presupposes unlimited freedom of the press ; for in a work of art which has for its object the delineation of persons and things as they are, men must be viewed, incidentally at least, as citizens, no less than as lovers and friends ; and it would be hardly possible for

the novelist to be true to life as it is or has been, with the penalties of constructive treason hanging over every unguarded allusion to government, law, or even natural right. For still stronger reasons, under arbitrary forms of government, must the discussion of all subjects appertaining to the philosophy or economy of social or national existence be precluded, or thrown into the most abstract forms, so that the whole science of practical life will never leave the matrix of metaphysics, in which all its fundamental ideas must have their birth, but in which they cannot have their development. Precisely this has been the case in Germany. Kant, Fichte, and Hegel have been permitted to promulgate their respective formulas of the state and of civic life; but there has never been a time when an Adam Smith, a Montesquieu, or a Say would have been suffered ground-room. The relations of the ME and the NOT ME have been set forth with the most critical minuteness; but the joint and mutual relations of any given aggregate of actually existing MES have been left in unfathomed obscurity. Thus German philosophy has been doubly *transcendental*, transcending, as it has done, the sphere, not only of sensual phenomena, but of ordinary human experience. For lack of a legal settlement on terrestrial soil, it has been driven into cloud-land, or compelled to "lay the beams of its chambers on the waters." Thus, with the utmost precision and exactness both of outline and of detail, it has necessarily seemed inaccessibly misty or profound to the Anglo-Saxon mind, accustomed as it is to a *pedestrian* philosophy, which steps from fact to fact, and leaves its footmarks where they may be seen of all men.

We referred to the necessary influence of arbitrary political institutions on the literature of fiction. This, in Germany, is as meagre in some aspects as it is inexhaustibly rich and indescribably grand in others. We know of no German *novel*, in the more restricted sense of that term. True, there are intellectual autobiographies under the color of fictitious names and incidents, — there are philosophical tales, such as might be made from Plato's or Cicero's Dialogues by passing a slender thread of narrative through them, — there are stories which depict some possible, imaginable, or remotely future condition of things, to which the present offers no parallel. But if there be any instances of the artistical employment of such materials as the existing state of society affords

in the construction of an elaborate and finished fiction, the plot, incidents, and *dénouement* all within the range of conventional probabilities, they at least do not lie within the usual German reading of an American. The consciousness of a restricted range in the region of the actual has, no doubt, been one of the chief reasons why German writers of fiction have retained the use of the supernatural element, notwithstanding the slender hold which, even in its authentic and hallowed forms, it has on the faith of the nation. It must be outward circumstances, and not intellectual tendencies alone, which sustain a vernacular literature, bristling with the outgrown superstitions of all times and lands, among a people whose prevalent theology limits Omnipotence by the narrowest code of general laws, and hides it behind the wheels and within the springs of its own mechanism.

In what we have said, we would not imply that the peculiar direction and tone of German literature have been the result of calculation and deliberate choice. The circumstances to which we refer have educated the national mind, modified its spontaneity, shaped its development. Germany lies within the latitude of the highest genius. Its climate is eminently congenial to the compact and vigorous constitution and healthy temperament of body, most propitious to mental clearness, strength, industry, and enterprise. Its mountains, forests, and rivers are full of the noblest inspiration, and fraught with the most suggestive traditions and remembrances. The nation has inherited from its earliest ancestry traits of the highest intellectual energy, to which, even in its ages of rudeness and barbarism, cultivated Rome was constrained to pay reluctant honor. The collective mind of such a nation could not, in the nature of things, be restrained, suppressed, or dwarfed. It must grow, and, if arrested in its lateral expansion, it must shoot up into regions where it can be free. If its lower branches find no room, the sap which should have nourished them will clothe the topmost boughs with the richer verdure and fruitage. The German intellect is at home in its domain of cloud-land, and unconscious of its *banishment* thither. With the prospect of the largest liberty, it would hesitate to return earthward, so much more of sky-room is there than of ground-room. Its abstractions are realities of its own experience, — phenomena of its own introverted existence. Its habitual action

is so remote from outward and public life, and so entirely made up of thought, as to define to its own clear self-consciousness the most subtile and evanescent metaphysical distinctions, and to render the most highly sublimated philosophy practical and experimental. Nay, it doubtless has, with all its defiant skepticism, a certain subjective, imaginative faith in the fantastic forms with which so much of its fictitious literature swarms. It thus refutes its own unbelief. Because it has reasoned out of existence not only angel and spirit, but even a personal Deity, it re-peoples the void of its own creation with the phantoms of classic and mediæval mythology.

The influence of the Protestant Reformation, also, may be traced throughout the modern literature of Germany. In no other country did the Reformation find free course. In England, it was stopped short at the outset by regal power; or, rather, it never began, but was superseded by political movements, which half yielded and half withheld what the spirit of the age demanded. In Switzerland, the Netherlands, and Scotland, the stern and compact logic of Calvinism moulded the doctrines of the early Reformers into a symmetrical system which admitted neither modification nor dissent. Luther, on the other hand, was more the champion of liberty than of a creed. Often inconsistent with himself, he was the hero of a revolution, but could not be the founder of a sect. Though at intervals fiercely intolerant and an unrelenting persecutor, he brooked no intolerance but his own, encouraged both by precept and example the freest style of criticism and investigation, and took the lead in the pursuit of truth, independently of prescription or authority. His enormous waste of zeal and energy on questions of ritual and polity precluded the cogent influence which he might otherwise have had on the dogmatic and spiritual philosophy of the Reformed Church of Germany. The consequence has been a formal union in ceremony and ecclesiastical government under his name, connected from the first with a consciousness of unlimited freedom, and with a tendency to the broadest divergence in all matters of faith. Thus Germany has had no conventional standard of opinion, — no Procrustean bed for the author's experiment in stretching or dwarfing himself, or for public use in case of his failure. Universal toleration has, indeed, given birth to no small amount of

waywardness, absurdity, and impiety; but it has at the same time been the breath of life to many noble minds, that could not have wrought in chains, — to expositors of the highest truth, whose utterances the crushing tyranny of public opinion would have suppressed.

Literature also derives much of its character from the tastes and habits of its readers. Talk as we may about the spontaneity of genius, the author, almost equally with the orator, has his public before him. While he thinks that his only aim is to utter himself, he unconsciously selects for utterance such portions of his complex self as a goodly number of his contemporaries will be glad to hold communion with. Does he look for readers in the market-place, his excursive powers will feel the rein, — he will pause to verify his theories, — he will seek proofs, illustrations, and metaphors from the objects and events of busy life. The impulse which makes a man an author is social in its very nature; and, in the act of writing, he cannot but take advantage of known points of sympathy and contact between himself and those who will buy his book. He may, indeed, write for a very restricted *coterie*, as Wordsworth, Coleridge, Carlyle, and Emerson have done, in the hope of diffusing among the many the tastes and sentiments of the few; but only here and there a man of the most audacious mental enterprise has the faith to essay the multiplication of his own public. Nine authors out of ten write for a public already made. Now Germany has for many generations abounded in readers of contemplative and speculative habits. Its populous universities, its numerous æsthetic circles among the titled and the affluent, the remoteness of its literary emporia from the bustle of extensive commerce, the contracted and uninviting arena which it has offered for political ambition, — these and many other circumstances have created an unprecedented amount of curiosity and receptivity on all possible themes of abstract thought and philosophical discussion. Then, again, unlimited freedom and toleration of thought and utterance on all subjects appertaining to the inward life have degenerated into indifference for the truth, — nay, into a pretty prevalent skepticism as to the reality of objective truth, — so that a ready hospitality is offered to whatever is new, strange, or startling, however out of harmony with what the rest of the world may deem established verities.

Consequently, a large part of German literature lacks depth of conviction and seriousness of purpose, and is designed solely to furnish æsthetic recreation and excitement for persons of generous culture and liberal tastes, who use philosophical juggles or pantheistic rhapsodies as a resource against *ennui*. It is undeniable, that, on the gravest subjects of thought, a great deal is written in Germany solely to win the praise of ingenuity and audacity, without belief on the writer's part, or any expectation of commanding it from his readers. Both in theology and philosophy, theories have often been selected for development and elucidation, not because faith in them was within the range of possibility, but because their very untenableness had always kept them in the background, and reserved for these latter days the honor of their first advocacy. This intellectual prize-fighting will continue until the political and social system is so modified as to replace the superfluous literary dilettanteism by a serious interest in the affairs of actual life. So long as there are swarming groups of eager spectators, the lists will be kept open, and the tournament continually renewed.

In the reciprocal influence of the language and the literature of a nation, the language, no doubt, gives much more than it receives. While it grows by the increased fulness and activity of the nation's thought, the ease and rapidity of its growth are modified by its organic laws and affinities, and the language, as it exists at any given epoch, limits in every direction the thought of by far the larger proportion of even cultivated minds, while only a few have the skill and enterprise necessary to enlarge its capacities. The permanent, healthy, and graceful enrichment of a language must be from within, not from without, — by development, not by accretion. Foreign words are introduced with difficulty, adopted with suspicion, employed by writers with a certain degree of vagueness, and interpreted by readers with great indefiniteness and uncertainty. And this is the case, even when the language itself is heterogeneous in its sources and its idioms. Every language defines and circumscribes itself at its earliest epoch of literary activity ; and its character at that epoch determines for all subsequent time its wealth or its penury, its flexibility or its rigidness. Indeed, the languages that are derived from a diversity of sources, and

formed from the *débris* of extinct dialects, are the very ones which admit the least of enlargement and growth, because their roots are dead and buried in obscurity which only the antiquarian's spade can penetrate, and their inflections, arbitrary and traditional to every eye but that of the professed philologist, seem the exclusive property of the words to which custom already applies them. This is the case pre-eminently with the English tongue. We cannot define its laws, or give a reason for its forms, or count its anomalies. And yet we have exceedingly few living roots from which new scions can be raised; and, when a word is adopted, there are so many modes of inflecting it, and so little reason for the preference of one over the other, that we commonly leave it uninflected, or retain its native forms of inflection, so that it never drops the *bar sinister* from its escutcheon, or receives the sanction of a fastidious purist. Thus there are many words, that have been floating within the purlieus of our language for a century or more, which are still Italicized in printing, and are admitted into the canon only by the most Catholic lexicographers.

In these respects, the German language is the opposite of ours. It is homogeneous in its structure, and probably bears an earlier date than any spoken language existing. Before it became fixed by a permanent literature, it had had ages of development among a people of genius, fervor, mental activity, and highly spiritual tendencies, so that its vocabulary had become rich in words denoting, not only the objects of common life, but the moods and shades of sentiment, emotion, and inward experience. Its radical forms are easily traced, and capable of an indefinite variety of modifications. Its inflections are numerous, significant, such as readily lend themselves to the naturalization of foreign words, and much more to the clothing of new derivatives from its own roots. It abounds in qualifying prefixes and suffixes, which enlarge or limit the sense of a word with almost mathematical exactness. It admits of an inconceivable variety of compounds, and thus adapts itself to the succinct expression of the most complex ideas. It is therefore peculiarly fitted for philosophical speculation, for the delineation of the inward life, and for the embodiment of all the finer tracery of thought and feeling, — of those moods of mind which we are apt to call vague and evanescent,

because they flit from the mind before they can find meet expression in our less copious and flexible tongue. It gives form and name to the nicest discriminations and the most shadowy glimmerings of ideas. The possession of an instrument of such micrometric delicacy and precision could not fail to cherish the close and minute analysis of thought and feeling, and the reduction of all the forms of inward experience to their constituent elements. And in these characteristics German literature stands unapproached. In its master-works, it is preëminently graphic of the inward life, dealing with the secret things of the human soul and the spiritual world as the chemist does with the salts and acids in his laboratory. In its baser forms, it still handles the tests, solvents, and equivalents of intellectual analysis, and often plays with them juggles of amazing dexterity and of the most imposing verisimilitude.

The peculiarities of the German language to which we have referred will account at once for the light in which German literature is regarded in other countries, and for the position which Germany occupies with regard to the whole literary world beside. The German scholar is cosmopolitan in his knowledge, taste, and appreciation. Shakspeare is as his household god. The French and Spanish, the Russian and Polish classics, lie as distinctly within his knowledge as Homer and Virgil. He is more familiar with each last new phasis of the Protean genius of the New World than our own critics are. He literally says "to the North, Give up, and to the South, Keep not back." On the other hand, everywhere out of Germany, German genius shines from beneath a penumbra, rests under the stigma of obscurity, and is charged with giving unintelligible expression to ideas not sufficiently definite to its own apprehension to admit of clear statement. Are not all these phenomena to be traced to the two obvious laws, that the less copious language can always be transfused into the more affluent, and the latter can never be adequately translated into the former? The German finds in no language forms of speech for which his mother tongue fails to furnish a precise synonyme. The Frenchman or the Anglo-Saxon finds in almost every German author words for which his own language furnishes no perfect counterpart, shades of signification which it cannot express, inflections alien from its idiom; and, as he thinks in his own

language, what is perfectly intelligible to a German reader may convey to him only a partial and vague idea. This consideration should make us diffident in our criticisms of what seems obscure in German literature. What we fully understand is fairly open for our animadversion. Manifest inconsistencies and absurdities, false logic, fallacious rhetoric, it is our right to detect, expose, and condemn. But until we can think in German, and are conscious of a native German's clear apprehension of the wealth and power of his own tongue, there is always reason to suspect that the alleged obscurity may have its seat in our own ignorance, and not in the printed page. In the visible universe, if there be arrangements the use of which we cannot discern, we infer their beneficent purpose from the fact, that the traces of a merciful design are coextensive with our knowledge of creation. By parity of reason, (if we may compare human things with divine,) when all that we can clearly understand of an author, with whose language our most thorough acquaintance must fall very far below his, commends itself to our taste and judgment, we are bound to infer that he has not stultified himself or wantonly mystified his readers, but that there is aptness, wisdom, and truth where our power of appreciation fails.

In the work before us, Mr. Hedge undertook a task of the utmost difficulty; and the difficulty lay, not in the selection, but in the exclusion, both of authors and extracts. The critic who tests the work by his own taste can hardly fail to complain of the omission of favorite authors and passages. But if it be asked, whether any thing unworthy of its place among specimens of standard literature has been inserted, we must answer, with perhaps a few slight exceptions, in the negative. Of the German prose-writers filling an unchallenged place among the *dii majorum gentium* we miss none. Of "third-rate" authors we find none. Of those who occupy a secondary place there are representatives of every class and every marked epoch, and they are generally men who may be fairly assumed as types of their kind or times. The authors from whom Mr. Hedge has given us extracts are twenty-eight in number, and cover a period of more than three centuries, from Martin Luther to Chamisso. The selections from each writer are preceded by a brief sketch of his life, character, and writings. These abridged biog-

raphies are not mere records of facts, but discriminating, and often admiring and enthusiastic delineations. Their value is greatly enhanced by free quotations from the eulogies of personal friends and admirers, and from the criticisms of those who had made the genius of the subject of the sketch their peculiar study. Though these memoirs were entirely secondary in their design, they are so comprehensive and symmetrical in arrangement, so perfectly elaborated and yet so unartificial in style, and leave the outlines of each author's character and life-experience so distinctly traced on the reader's mind, that they alone would have constituted a successful and a highly popular and instructive volume.

We can find nothing to blame, and much to approve, in the proportions of the work. It was designed for a large, but not a miscellaneous, public. The idea of making the book attractive to readers of all classes was, of course, out of the question ; and it contains just that alternation of the grave and the gay, of reason, wit, and fancy, of theology, philosophy, criticism, and romance, which is best adapted to give an educated American some idea of the range and scope, and some antepast of the beauties, of German literature, and to direct his further pursuit of the same literature with the aid of translator or compiler. In this point of view, we cannot regard the portion of the work assigned to the intellectual philosophy of the past and present age as excessive. The writers quoted are objects of general curiosity and interest, and yet but a small portion of our literary men have access to their works. We are particularly glad of the rich specimens of criticism, a science for which the German mind is especially fitted by nature and by discipline ; and, more than all, we have been happy to make our first acquaintance with Mendelssohn, the Christian-hearted Jew, through that incomparable essay "On the Sublime and the Naïve in Polite Literature."

Translation is commonly deemed an easy work ; and many are the dolts, too self-conscious of doltship to venture before the public under their own names, who regard themselves as qualified translators, on the score of a good grammar and dictionary knowledge of some foreign tongue. But a faithful and successful version can be made only by the mind that can take full cognizance of the subject-matter of the work translated, and the pen that could sustain its own independ-

ent reputation. A man can translate only what, under altered circumstances, he might have written ; and between the version made by a man of taste and genius, and that wrought to order by a bookseller's serf, there is as much and as discernible a difference as there is between Childe Harold and the Poet's Corner filled by a Yankee verse-wright. Most of the translations in this volume were made by Mr. Hedge himself, and are all that might have been expected from his previous well-earned reputation as a scholar and a writer. For a few of the pieces he was indebted to friends occupying the same plane of mental attainment and vision with himself ; and their contributions are of kindred merit with his own. A few more are extracted from published translations of the entire works of which they form a part. All are fine specimens of translations, — versions, not paraphrases, — and in good vernacular English, not in English words hampered with German idioms and wound up into German sentences.

While we are discussing the merits of the work, we ought not to forget the meed of praise due the printer and publisher. A handsomer volume has seldom been issued from the American press. In paper, type, margin, in the whole and in each separate detail (except that some of the proofs seem to have been slighted), it is all that could be desired. Its embellishments are so, not in name merely, but in fact. The title-page is adorned with a graceful emblematic design, representing, as we are informed on high authority, the "triumph of letters over barbarian force." The portraits are engraved with great distinctness of outline and delicacy of expression, and with an exquisite softness of finish, which reminds us of some of the choicest specimens of miniature painting.

The volume commences with extracts from Luther, principally from his Epistles, which furnish the most favorable view of his talents as a prose-writer ; for, with a power of diction which has rendered his translation of the Scriptures a decisive epoch in the history of the language, he was too impulsive and too excursive for sustained beauty and eloquence. Of aphoristic paragraphs, there might be cited from his works many of unequalled piquancy, humor, brilliancy, grandeur, or pathos ; but they are often imbedded where the resolute literary adventurer alone will enucleate them. As a man of genius, he impresses us the most strongly in those noble lyrics of his, which, perfect in rhythmical

finish, and crowded to their utmost capacity with spirit-stirring sentiment, rush on with a torrent of melody both for the ear and for the soul, and at intervals fall upon the sense and thought like the booming of a cataract.

Among the extracts from Lessing, we are glad to find the greater part of his essay on "The Education of the Human Race," — a treatise designed to illustrate the intrinsic aptness of the means employed by the Almighty (according to the sacred narrative) for the early training of the human family. We quote a portion, and wish that we had room for the whole.

"What education is to the individual, revelation is to the whole human race.

"Education is a revelation which is made to the individual; and revelation is an education which has taken place and is still taking place with the whole human race.

"Whether any advantage may accrue to the science of education by considering education from this point of view, I shall not here inquire. But, unquestionably, it may be of great use in theology, and may help to resolve many difficulties, to regard revelation as an education of the human race.

"Education gives man nothing which he might not have had from himself; it only gives him that, which he might have had from himself, more rapidly and more easily. So, too, revelation gives mankind nothing which the human reason, left to itself, might not also have attained to; but it gave them and gives them what is most important, sooner.

"And as, in education, it is not a matter of indifference in what order the faculties of man are unfolded, as education cannot communicate all things at once, — even so God, in his revelation, has found it necessary to observe a certain order, a certain measure.

"Although the first man had been furnished, at the outset, with the notion of an only God, yet this notion, being not an acquired, but an imparted one, could not possibly continue, in its purity, for any length of time. As soon as human reason, left to itself, began to work upon it, it separated the one Immeasurable into several Immeasurables, and gave to each of these parts its own peculiar characteristic.

"Thus arose, in a natural way, polytheism and idolatry. And who knows how many million years human reason might have wandered about in these aberrations, notwithstanding, everywhere and at all times, individual men perceived that they were aberrations, had it not pleased God, by a new impulse, to give it a better direction?

"But since he could not and would not reveal himself again to each individual, he selected a single nation for his special training: and that the most rude and savage of all, in order to begin with them from the foundation.

"This was the Israelitish nation, concerning which it is not even known what kind of worship they had in Egypt. For slaves so degraded as they were were not allowed to take part in the worship of the Egyptians; and the God of their fathers had become wholly unknown to them.

"Perhaps the Egyptians had expressly forbidden them any god or gods, had taught them to believe that they had no god or gods, that to have a god or gods was a prerogative of the superior Egyptians. Perhaps they had taught them this in order to tyrannize over them with the greater show of justice. Do not Christians at the present day pursue very much the same course with their slaves?

"To this rude people, therefore, God caused himself at first to be proclaimed as the God of their fathers, in order first to familiarize them with the idea, that they, too, had a God of their own.

"By means of the miracles with which he brought them out of Egypt, he proved himself, in the next place, a God who was mightier than all other gods. And while he continued to manifest himself as the mightiest of all, a distinction which only one can possess, he accustomed them gradually to the notion of an only God.

"But how far was this conception of an only God below the true transcendental idea of unity, which reason, so long afterward, learned to deduce with certainty from the idea of infinity!

"The nation was very far from being able to raise itself to the true conception of the One, although the more enlightened among the people had already approximated more or less nearly to this idea. And this was the true and only cause why they so often forsook their own, and thought to find the only, that is, the most powerful God, in some other divinity, of another nation.

"But what kind of moral training was possible for a nation so rude, so unskilled in abstract thought, so completely in its childhood? Only such a one as corresponds with the period of childhood; an education by means of immediate sensual rewards and punishments.

"So here, again, education and revelation coincide. As yet, God could give his people no other religion and no other law than one by the keeping or transgressing of which they might hope to be happy, or fear to be wretched, here on earth. For, as yet,

their thoughts extended no further than the present life. They knew of no immortality of the soul; they longed for no future state of being. To have revealed to them those things to which their reason as yet was so little adequate, what else would this have been, on the part of God, but to commit the fault of the vain pedagogue, who would rather urge his pupil forward and make a display of his proficiency, than instruct him thoroughly?" — pp. 91, 92.

A larger space is assigned to Goethe than to any other author. This was, indeed, due on the score of the versatility of his genius, the vast quantity and variety of his writings, and his actual position, whether rightful or not, as the acknowledged literary sovereign of Germany. We confess that we find it hard to hold our censer in the crowd of Goethe's incense-burners; and yet, with increased conversance with his works, we are more and more ready to own that he was the most accomplished man of his age, whether we take into the account the extent of his knowledge, the range of his observation, his insight into the springs of action and the sources of character, his mastery of the resources of language and style, or his unbounded command of appropriate materials for almost every conceivable form of literary labor. Yet he has exceedingly little power over our emotional nature. In reading him, we never find our critical judgment set aside by spontaneous admiration. And he seems to us rather a huge, complex, and many voiced or penned intellectual machine, than a man of like passions with ourselves. He appears to have committed moral suicide, — to have torn out his heart in his very boyhood; for the youth who (to say nothing of other similar, yet less atrocious transactions) could wantonly win the affection of so pure and beautiful a being as Frederica of Gessenheim, only to fling it from him with disdain, the man who, in his Autobiography, could tell the scandalous story without a remorseful or even a regretful word, is an unsolvable enigma, if we suppose his moral nature unmutilated. Yet no man had a keener intellectual perception of the Right than he, and we are inclined fully to accord with Mr. Hedge's estimate of his character and offices as a moral teacher, which we are glad to quote as a rich *morceau* of discriminating criticism.

"His power, as a moral teacher, is not so generally understood and acknowledged as the other qualities which have been

mentioned. Yet there are some by whom it is more strongly asserted and more deeply felt than all the other excellences which have been claimed for him. There are some who profess to have derived from him their strongest moral impressions, and who maintain that, as a teacher of moral truth, he has been more to them than any other, than all other writers. Nor will this seem strange, if we consider what constitutes an effective moralist, or what it is that gives force to the statement of moral truth It is not enthusiasm, or fine sentiment, or declamation, but the clear intuition, the veritable experience, the unbiased sincerity of a free and commanding mind. A character distinguished for moral worth is not necessary for this purpose, nor great activity of religious sentiment. The saint may instruct us better than all books by his life, but not necessarily — because he is a saint — by his writings. There may be great moral worth and a great deal of religious sentiment without that *intellectual sincerity* which brings us into immediate contact with the truth, and the want of which will vitiate the strongest statement. This sincerity of the intellect is something very different from conscientiousness. It is seemingly independent of any moral quality except the single one of courage. It is the rarest attribute in literature. It does not readily combine with natures in which sentiment predominates. It indicates rather a predominance of the intellectual. Only once in the tide of time was the highest degree of it found united with the highest degree of moral purity and religious faith. It is the quality most essential in the communication of moral, as of all other truth.

"We are apt to deceive ourselves as to the moral value of certain impressions derived from books. We mistake the transient excitation of the nobler sentiments produced by eloquent declamation or by the exhibition of romantic excellence in works of fiction, — by such characters, for instance, as the Marquis of Posa in Don Carlos, — for a genuine renewal of the moral man. We think we are burnt clean by the temporary glow into which we are thrown. The nature of such excitement differs but little from that produced by alcoholic stimulants, amid animated discussion and congenial friends. It is stimulus without nourishment, ebullition without growth. It has something maudlin. It acts chiefly on the nerves. Its final effect is rather to enervate than to educate the soul. He only instructs who gives me light, who effects a permanent lodgment, in the mind, of some essential truth. The effective moralist is not the enthusiast, but the impartial and clear-seeing witness; not he who declaims most eloquently about the truth, but he who makes me see it, who gives me a clear intuition of a moral fact.

"Goethe was peculiarly fitted, by habit and endowment, to be a witness of the truth, so far as truth is a matter of intellectual discernment. Not over-scrupulous in his way of life, he practised the most scrupulous fidelity to himself, as a seeker of the truth. He gave no license to his mind. Where he could not or would not perform, he would know. He wanted not courage nor candor to see truly in morals and religion as in every thing else. He loved sensual indulgence right well, but he loved truth more. A man of sincerest intellect, who suffered neither fear nor hope, nor prepossession of any kind, to come between him and the light; with whom to see was the first necessity of his nature; to state distinctly to himself and others what he saw, the next.

"Unquestionably, he was no saint. His wildest admirers have sought no place for him in the Christian Calendar, though greater sinners than he may be found in it and among its most honored names. But neither was he a bad man in any allowable sense of the word, as every one must know who considers the moral conditions on which alone true poetry is possible. Wherein he transgressed the social law and the Christian standard, let judgment be pronounced without fear or favor. But for every count on which verdict is given, let irrefragable testimony be required. Let not the hero of his time, a hero of the true sort, — one who labored through life, with whatever judgment or success, to build up and not to destroy, to lead Humanity onward to the prize of beauty through the knowledge of the truth, — let not such a one be surrendered to the scourge of the tongue on grounds of hearsay and fallible inference. Let not a great and illustrious name be ruthlessly tossed to the dogs and to all the birds. If the good and evil of his life, the positive and the negative, were fairly weighed in the balance together, the result would probably indicate a higher grade of moral excellence than most of his accusers have attained to. It is not, however, on the moral character of the man that any safe judgment as to the moral character of his writings can be based. Grant him immoral; — still his testimony to moral truth, if sincere, (and no one versed in his writings can doubt his sincerity,) may be all the more impressive on that account. It is the testimony of one who was biased by no prepossessions in favor of that to which he testifies, who took nothing for granted, believed nothing because it was the general conviction, said nothing because it was expected, who would neither deceive himself nor be deceived by others. It is the testimony of one who had seen with his own eyes, and those eyes the keenest, the most unprejudiced, that ever sought to penetrate the relations of things, — who had experienced with his own heart, and that heart one to which all experiences were

familiar, which gave itself up without reserve to all the discipline of life, which had proved all things and knew and confessed what was good.

"In reading Goethe, we do not feel, as when reading Dante or Milton, that we are conversing with a pure and lofty spirit; but we do feel that we are conversing with a competent witness, or better still, with an incorruptible judge. The verdict which he will give is a part of his life. It is a fact in Nature. The fault which most readers find with his writings is want of heat. He betrays no passionate interest in any subject, in any character, and seeks to excite none in his readers. To stir the blood is not his aim. Intense emotion he purposely avoids, as incompatible with the higher purposes of art. There is no gush, no rush, no pouring forth of a full soul, excepting in his lyric poems. But what he wants in enthusiasm he makes up in sincerity and precision. If there is no declamation, there is also no cant, no straining, nothing said for effect. Therefore his words have weight. They drop like the oracles of destiny from his pen. When he states, with characteristic calmness, that 'only with renunciation can life, properly speaking, be said to begin'; that saying, though it does but repeat in substance what we had always been told, has all the freshness of an original discovery. This sincere word, wrung from the experience of such a mind, carries with it a deeper conviction than all the arguments and all the declamation that have ever been employed to enforce the duty of self-denial." — pp. 267, 268.

We should have been glad, had Mr. Hedge quoted more largely from Jean Paul, whose genial, loving, exuberant spirit disarms criticism, and attracts towards himself the very class of emotions of which Goethe can never be the object. The following "Dream" is doubtless already familiar to many of our readers in Carlyle's Translation; but as it seems to us to be almost unparalleled in awful grandeur of conception, and in sustained magnificence of style, we copy it for the benefit of those who may not have seen it elsewhere. Richter begins by saying, — "The object of this composition must serve as the excuse for its boldness."

"Once, on a summer evening, I lay upon a mountain in the sunshine, and fell asleep; and I dreamt that I awoke in the churchyard, having been roused by the rattling wheels of the tower-clock, which struck eleven. I looked for the sun in the void night-heaven; for I thought that it was eclipsed by the moon. All the graves were unclosed, and the iron doors of the charnel-house were opened and shut by invisible hands. Shadows cast

by no one flitted along the walls, and other shadows stalked erect in the free air. No one slept any longer in the open coffins but the children. A gray, sultry fog hung suspended in heavy folds in the heavens, and a gigantic shadow drew it in like a net, ever nearer, and closer, and hotter. Above me I heard the distant fall of avalanches; beneath me, the earnest step of an immeasurable earthquake. The church was heaved up and down by two incessant discords, which struggled with one another, and in vain sought to unite in harmony. Sometimes a gray glimmer flared up on the windows, and, molten by the glimmer, the iron and lead ran down in streams. The net of fog and the reeling earth drove me into the temple, at the door of which brooded two basilisks with twinkling eyes in two poisonous nests. I passed through unknown shadows, on whom were impressed all the centuries of years. The shadows stood congregated round the altar; and in all, the breast throbbed and trembled in the place of a heart. One corpse alone, which had just been buried in the church, lay still upon its pillow, and its breast heaved not, while upon its smiling countenance lay a happy dream; but on the entrance of one of the living, he awoke, and smiled no more. He opened his closed eyelids with a painful effort, but within there was no eye; and in the sleeping bosom, instead of a heart, there was a wound. He lifted up his hands, and folded them in prayer; but the arms lengthened out and detached themselves from the body, and the folded hands fell down apart. Aloft, on the church-dome, stood the dial-plate of Eternity; but there was no figure visible upon it, and it was its own index; only a black figure pointed to it, and the dead wished to read the time upon it.

"A lofty, noble form, having the expression of a never-ending sorrow, now sank down from above upon the altar, and all the dead exclaimed, — 'Christ! is there no God?' And he answered, — 'There is none!' The whole shadow of each dead one, and not the breast alone, now trembled, and one after another was severed by the trembling.

"Christ continued: — 'I traversed the worlds, I ascended into the suns, and flew with the milky ways through the wildernesses of the heavens; but there is no God! I descended as far as Being throws its shadow, and gazed down into the abyss, and cried aloud, — "Father, where art thou?" but I heard nothing but the eternal storm which no one rules; and the beaming rainbow in the west hung, without a creating sun, above the abyss, and fell down in drops; and when I looked up to the immeasurable world for the Divine Eye, it glared upon me from an empty, bottomless socket, and Eternity lay brooding upon Chaos, and gnawed it, and ruminated it. Cry on, ye discords! cleave the shadows with your cries; for He is not!'

"The shadows grew pale and melted, as the white vapor formed by the frost melts and becomes a warm breath, and all was void. Then there arose and came into the temple — a terrible sight for the heart — the dead children who had awakened in the church-yard, and they cast themselves before the lofty form upon the altar, and said, 'Jesus! have we no Father?' and he answered with streaming eyes, 'We are all orphans, I and you; we are without a Father.'

"Thereupon the discords shrieked more harshly; the trembling walls of the temple split asunder, and the temple and the children sunk down, and the earth and the sun followed, and the whole immeasurable universe fell rushing past us; and aloft upon the summit of infinite Nature stood Christ, and gazed down into the universe, checkered with thousands of suns, as into a mine dug out of the Eternal Night, wherein the suns are the miners' lamps, and the milky ways the veins of silver.

"And when Christ beheld the grinding concourse of worlds, the torch-dances of the heavenly *ignes fatui*, and the coral-banks of beating hearts; and when he beheld how one sphere after another poured out its gleaming souls into the sea of death, as a drop of water strews gleaming lights upon the waves, sublime as the loftiest finite being, he lifted up his eyes to the Nothingness, and to the empty Immensity, and said, — 'Frozen, dumb Nothingness! cold, eternal Necessity! insane Chance! know ye what is beneath you? When will ye destroy the building and me? Chance! knowest thou thyself when with hurricanes thou wilt march through the snow-storm of stars and extinguish one sun after the other, and when the sparkling dew of the constellations shall cease to glisten as thou passest by? How lonely is every one in the wide charnel of the universe! I alone am in company with myself. O Father! O Father! where is thine infinite bosom, that I may be at rest? Alas! if every being is its own father and creator, why cannot it also be its own destroying angel? . . . . . Is that a man near me? Thou poor one! thy little life is the sigh of Nature, or only its echo. A concave mirror throws its beams upon the dust-clouds composed of the ashes of the dead upon your earth, and thus ye exist, cloudy, tottering images! Look down into the abyss over which clouds of ashes are floating by. Fogs full of worlds arise out of the sea of death. The future is a rising vapor, the present a falling one. Knowest thou thy earth?' Here Christ looked down, and his eyes filled with tears, and he said, — 'Alas! I, too, was once like you: then I was happy, for I had still my infinite Father, and still gazed joyfully from the mountains into the infinite expanse of heaven; and I pressed my wounded heart on his soothing image, and said, even in the bit-

terness of death, "Father, take thy Son out of his bleeding shell, and lift him up to thy heart." Ah, ye too, too happy dwellers of earth, ye still believe in him. Perhaps at this moment your sun is setting, and ye fall, amid blossoms, radiance, and tears, upon your knees, and lift up your blessed hands, and call out to the open heaven, amid a thousand tears of joy, "Thou knowest me too, thou infinite One, and all my wounds, and thou wilt welcome me after death, and wilt close them all." Ye wretched ones! after death they will not be closed. . . . . When the man of sorrows stretches his sore wounded back upon the earth to slumber towards a lovelier morning, full of truth, full of virtue and of joy, behold, he awakes in the tempestuous chaos, in the everlasting midnight, and no morning cometh, and no healing hand, and no infinite Father! Mortal who art near me, if thou still livest, worship him, or thou hast lost him for ever!'

"And as I fell down and gazed into the gleaming fabric of worlds, I beheld the raised rings of the giant serpent of eternity, which had couched itself round the universe of worlds, and the rings fell, and she enfolded the universe doubly. Then she wound herself in a thousand folds round Nature, and crushed the worlds together, and, grinding them, she squeezed the infinite temple into one church-yard church, — and all became narrow, dark, and fearful, and a bell-hammer stretched out to infinity was about to strike the last hour of Time, and split the universe asunder, — when I awoke.

"My soul wept for joy, that it could again worship God; and the joy, and the tears, and the belief in him were the prayer. And when I arose, the sun gleamed deeply behind the full purple ears of corn, and peacefully threw the reflection of its evening blushes on the little moon, which was rising in the east without an aurora. And between the heaven and the earth a glad fleeting world stretched out its short wings, and lived like myself in the presence of the infinite Father, and from all nature around me flowed sweet, peaceful tones, as from evening bells."—pp. 416, 417.

There is no need of our going farther in our catalogue of writers, or attempting to abridge for our readers Mr. Hedge's table of contents. We trust that we may induce some of them, at least, to consult it for themselves. There is no book accessible to the English or American reader which can furnish so comprehensive and symmetrical a view of German literature to the uninitiated; and those already conversant with some of the German classics will find here valuable and edifying extracts from works to which very few in this country can gain access.

Art. IX. — 1. *Tales and Sketches of the Scottish Peasantry.* By Alexander Bethune, a Laborer. Edinburgh: Fraser & Co. 1838. 18mo.

2. *Practical Economy explained and enforced in a Series of Lectures.* By Alexander Bethune, Laborer, Author of "Tales and Sketches of the Scottish Peasantry," and John Bethune, a Fifeshire Forester. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1839. 18mo. pp. 278.

3. *Poems*, by the late John Bethune; *with a Sketch of the Author's Life*, by his Brother. London: Hamilton, Adams, & Co. 1841. 18mo. pp. 304.

4. *The Scottish Peasant's Fireside, a Series of Tales and Sketches illustrating the Character of the Peasantry of Scotland.* By Alexander Bethune, Laborer. Edinburgh: Adam & Charles Black. 1843. 18mo. pp. 330.

5. *Memoirs of Alexander Bethune, embracing Selections from his Correspondence and Literary Remains.* Compiled and edited by William Crombie, Author of "Hours of Thought," &c. Aberdeen: G. & R. King. 1845. 18mo. pp. 390.

We have been deeply interested in these volumes, not because the two brothers whose writings and biographies are contained in them had any very remarkable gifts of intellect, or were ever likely to gain a distinguished place, either by their genius or their eccentricities, in the list of uneducated poets. They were representatives of a class — the best class, it is true, but we hope also a tolerably numerous one — among the peasantry of Scotland, who have always been noted for the possession of higher traits of character than are usually found compatible with extreme poverty. The hardships which they endured were very great; they were born poor, and misfortune seemed to pursue them through life with unrelenting severity. Their industry, sobriety, and good sense, their noble independence and firmness of spirit, and their spotless lives, would have sufficed to raise them, one would hope, to a position of tolerable comfort, even if the circumstances by which they were surrounded from the first had been more unfavorable than they

were. But they were unlucky in every thing they undertook; accident, disease, and death repeatedly interfered with the execution of their plans, and finally carried them both off, when they had hardly attained middle age, and before their case had been made sufficiently public to attract universal sympathy and respect. Their story is a painfully interesting one, and, though from a very different cause, is still as rich in instruction as the more tragic record of the life of Burns. We gladly do our part to make it better known on this side of the Atlantic, where they could never have supposed that their names would be mentioned.

Alexander Bethune, the elder of the two brothers, was born in the parish of Letham, Fifeshire, in July, 1804. His father, who had been a servant before his marriage, and was an ordinary farm-laborer afterwards, was obliged frequently to shift his residence to procure employment. In 1812, when John, his second son, was born, he was living at a place called The Mount, once well known as the home of Sir David Lindsay, whom Scott celebrates in lines which have rather more sound than poetry: —

> "Still is thy name in high account,
> And still thy verse hath charms, —
> Sir David Lindsay of The Mount,
> Lord Lyon King at Arms."

The mother, though she also had been a domestic, was better educated than her husband, and was fond of repeating ballads and other poetry, which first gave the boys a liking for rhymes. She was religiously inclined, thoughtlessly generous to others who were no poorer than herself, and not a good housewife, so that her household were more indebted to her for the cultivation of their minds than for any domestic comforts. She taught the two boys to read, and gave them a little instruction in writing and arithmetic; whatever facility they afterwards acquired in the use of the pen or with figures was gained by their own exertions, as Alexander went to school only for three or four months, and John only for one day. To herd cows, to carry to their father his dinner, when he was at work in some distant field, and to help him throughout the afternoon in his task of clearing the ground of furze, was the employment of both lads while they were from eight to twelve years of age. At the latter period, they began the ruder toil of ditching or break-

ing stones on the highway, and were able to earn, when they worked by the piece, from 1*s.* to 1*s.* 3*d.* a day. During the winter, the weather being often very severe, and their work on the road giving no motion to their lower limbs, the legs and feet of John, then only twelve years old, were with difficulty preserved from freezing; and the older brother complained, that, on first attempting to move in the morning, "his joints creaked like machinery wanting oil."

But these hardships did not overcome their love of reading, and whatever books they could borrow in the neighbourhood were diligently studied by the light of the evening fire. In the summer of 1825, a poor student from the College of St. Andrews, who was struggling hard for an education, taught a small school at Lochend, where the Bethunes then lived. Alexander obtained some instruction from him in his hours of leisure, and the bent of his mind was still more affected by the long recitations of poetry, with which this young student, who had an excellent memory, often favored him. He began to copy out some extracts from books, both in poetry and prose, and to make remarks upon them, in which he strove to imitate the style of the originals. Bunyan, Cowper, Burns, and Blair, the author of "The Grave," were his great favorites. If he had not possessed good judgment, a manly and sedate turn of mind, and a very even temper, these studies would probably have been only an injury to him, by making him more sensible to the hardships of his lot, and giving him more ambition than circumstances could ever gratify. But his letters, poems, and other writings show no traces of a restless or repining spirit, and he makes no parade of fortitude or self-denial. He was too proud to complain, and seems to have carried the feeling of independence even to an unreasonable extent. Now and then, some expressions of impatience escaped him against the rich who made a poor use of their wealth, while he saw clearly how much might be accomplished by it; but the feeling even in this case was dictated more by regard for others than for himself. The only change he desired in his own lot was one to be produced entirely by his own exertions.

The family was not so poor but that there was a possibility of their becoming poorer. As the father grew old, his health failed, his earnings were cut off, and the attempts made

to relieve him were attended with expenses which ran them considerably into debt. As the weaving business was then prosperous, higher wages could be earned at it than by ordinary labor on a farm; so it was determined that John, now twelve years old, should be bound apprentice to a weaver for two years, on condition of receiving half his wages during that period, and boarding himself. When he had learned the craft, the expectation was that he could teach his older brother, who, in the meanwhile, by desperate economy, might save enough to buy a loom. Then they could each earn 2*s.* 6*d.* a day, instead of less than half that sum, which was the rate of agricultural wages. The spirits of both were high, and before John's apprenticeship had half expired, he made the discovery that, by allowing his master to take the whole, instead of half, of his earnings, his term might be abridged full six months. The sequel of the attempt may be told in Alexander's words, which he wrote as the biographer of his brother.

"From the estate having changed masters, his father had lost his situation as forester; and being now, from the infirmities of approaching age, unable to endure the privations and hardships incident to the life of a common laborer, to provide for his comfort in the evening of his days was another motive for making the most of every thing. With these objects in view, a house adjoining the one in which his father lived was taken as a workshop; by the most desperate economy, about £ 10 had been previously saved to purchase looms, and other articles appropriate to weaving; and at Martinmas, 1825, he commenced that business on his own account, with the writer of this sketch as an apprentice. The £ 10 was fairly expended in procuring a proper supply of utensils. The future, however, was still bright, and his hopes of independence were high; but a sad disappointment was before him.

"The effect of the almost universal failures which occurred in the end of 1825 and beginning of 1826 was severely felt by him and his apprentice almost at the very commencement of their career. While thousands, who had formerly been engaged in the same business, were in a state of idleness and starvation, they were glad to find employment as laborers, — the one at 1*s.* 2*d.* and the other at 1*s.* a day. Before the trade had recovered, the house which he had occupied as a workshop was required for the accommodation of a family; for a number of years afterwards it did not appear that it would have been advisable to make

any great sacrifice to obtain another, and thus the whole of the weaving utensils, which but a short time before had cost what would have been a little fortune to him, were no better than so much useless lumber. His hopes from this quarter were now completely at an end, — and this may be regarded as the first of that series of disappointments of which his future history in a great measure consists."—*Life of J. Bethune*, pp. 29, 30.

Illness was soon added to the other misfortunes of the brothers. When John was but fifteen years old, he was employed, with two other laborers, in clearing out a water-course, taking marl from a pit in a marshy situation, and draining a swamp, and was thus often obliged to stand in water up to the knees for hours together; this was during the months of November and December, 1827. He took a severe cold, which probably did permanent injury to his lungs, and confined him to the house for the rest of the winter. "The cough, which was uncommonly hard and dry, was so distressing, that he could not lie down in a bed, and for a number of nights he sat by the fire." He had recovered far enough, however, in March, to resume his work; but "ever after, when he caught cold, he was subject to a hard, dry cough, which lasted for weeks, and sometimes even months."

In November of the following year, while Alexander was employed in blasting rock, a charge exploded prematurely, which threw him into the air, and he fell head foremost upon a pile of stones. His face was severely mangled, the skull was laid bare for several inches, and his limbs were badly bruised. The physician at first thought there was no chance of his recovery; but after a confinement of four months, during which he was affectionately attended by his brother, he was able to resume work. Speaking of John, he says, — "Patiently did he watch by my bedside till it was supposed I was out of danger; and then, to provide for the exigencies of the family, which now depended upon him alone for support, he wrought at his former occupation by day, and took his turn to watch by night, till I could be left with safety. The result of this accident was a heavy expenditure, and four months of inability to labor; at the end of which period, from his exertions in behalf of his unfortunate brother, he again found himself in debt." Just three years afterwards, Alexander was exposed to a precisely similar acci-

dent, that killed a laborer by his side, and by which his face was again so scorched and cut that he was disfigured for life, and the sight of one eye was permanently injured.

When John was but eighteen years old, the brothers conceived the plan of adding something to their slender earnings by writing for the magazines, and even publishing a book. It was first necessary to make some improvement in their penmanship and orthography. "For this purpose," says the elder brother, speaking of John, though the account applies also to himself, "he carried a little work of which he was fond always in his pocket."

"From the short poems, of which nearly one half of the book is composed, he selected one, and when going to and returning from his work, as well as in his journeys at dinner-time, he was in the habit of conning it over till he had fixed the spelling of every word in his memory; after which he took another, and thus proceeded to the end of the work. He also bought a copy of 'Mavor's Johnson's Dictionary,' and this, whenever he had occasion to write, he laid down beside him, determining not to pass a single word, as to the proper spelling of which he was in the slightest hesitation. When at any time he had a few minutes to spare, which could not be turned to a more profitable account, he used also to pore over its pages for the proper pronunciation and accentuation of words, marking as he went along, and trying to fix in his memory, such as appeared to be any way poetical or striking. By persevering in these means, he at last acquired the ability of spelling accurately any common word which he had occasion to use; and by imitating whatever he considered worthy of imitation in those specimens of the writing of others which fell in his way, a marked improvement in his penmanship soon began to be observable." — pp. 39, 40.

They wrote mostly upon scraps of paper which they picked up after they had been used as envelopes and for other purposes, and they economized even this material by writing in a very fine hand. Their house had but one room, and the hours of daylight being given to labor out of doors, they wrote in the evening and morning by the light of the fire, holding an old copy-book to support the paper upon their knees; John had no other writing-desk than this through life. As he did not wish it to be known that he was thus engaged, an old newspaper was always kept at hand, and if steps were heard approaching the door, his writing materials were instantly concealed under it. He fre-

quently suffered from a severe cough, and successive attacks of the measles and the small-pox still further injured his constitution. During all his early manhood, says his brother, "the state of his health was such, that lying longer in bed than five hours at a time produced such a degree of uneasiness as to render it painful rather than refreshing; and, as a necessary consequence, he rose in general about three in summer, and at a little past four in winter. These long and solitary mornings he spent for the most part over a fire which he had himself kindled; and when I rose, which was not till some hours later, I found him always employed either in writing or reading."

"He was now in his nineteenth year; and by this time he had begun to carry a book, with a slip of paper and a pencil, constantly in his pocket; and if, in the course of his solitary labors by day, a good idea occurred, he sometimes took such notes of it as would enable him to recall it in the evening. About this time, 'The Happy Home,' 'The Shout of Victory,' 'Song to the Rising Sun,' and a number of other productions, the original MSS. of which are stitched up with these, were composed. The first of 'Hymns of the Churchyard,' of which there are three, owes its origin to the same period; and I shall never forget the time and the place at which I first heard him read it. The house which we inhabited was long and narrow, with a small vacant space at the farther end of it, lighted by a single pane of glass; and to it, on the summer evenings, when he had the advantage of daylight till it was almost ten o'clock, he sometimes retired with his papers. On one of these evenings, I had taken sanctuary in this quarter before he came home. The sun shone cheerfully in at the little window, giving an air of warmth to the place, and making visible a long, level streak of its dim, smoky atmosphere. When he arrived, with his writing materials in his hand, he leaned upon the chest where my papers were lying, and said, 'If you would only stop for a few minutes, man, I would let you hear my last production.' He then read, with a low, musical voice, the lines beginning, 'Ah me! this is a sad and silent city,' which will be found in the following pages. Of these, the first verse rose spontaneously while walking in the churchyard during the interval of public worship, and the others had been added on the Monday morning." — pp. 47, 48.

The quantity of verse and prose which he produced, under the circumstances, was truly astonishing. If printed in full, they would occupy several volumes. As far as we can

judge from the specimens in the books which are before us, the language was always correct, the lines smooth and flowing, and the rhymes good ; but of course he had little range of thought or copiousness of diction, and further cultivation of mind would probably have induced him to abandon poetry for prose. Neither of the brothers seems to have been ambitious of literary fame for its own sake, but to have written only as a means of eking out their scanty livelihood. "We are poor," said John to his brother ; "it must be long before we can save the veriest trifle from our miserable earnings ; and if at any future period we could make only a few pounds by writing, it were worth looking after for our parents' sake, if for nothing else."

"As another evidence of his industry, and a proof that the 'miserable earnings,' as he termed them, were not squandered upon idle indulgences, it may be mentioned, that from them, previous to November, 1832, about £14 had been again saved. In the spring of 1830, the reader will recollect that he was rather in debt ; little more than two years had passed since then ; and when it is known that his earnings seldom exceeded £19 in any year, — that, besides himself, he had at least one of his parents to support, — that he was in the habit of giving considerable sums in charity, and, perhaps, still more for books, — some idea may be formed of his personal expenditure, which could not possibly exceed £7 per annum, food, clothing, and every thing included.

"Having thus mentioned his little savings, I hope the reader will pardon me for stating the manner in which they were expended. On the 8th of November, 1832, the writer of this sketch was once more subjected to the effects of gunpowder, by an accident in a quarry ; and before he was able to resume his work, the last farthing of the £14 was gone, and the author of the following poems, and the narrator of his story, were left to begin the world again, with only the clothes on their backs ; and these, having already seen severe service, promised soon to leave them." — pp. 46, 47.

After some unsuccessful offers of poems and prose stories to various magazines, Alexander Bethune applied, in May, 1835, to one of the Messrs. Chambers, the publishers of the celebrated "Journal" which bears their name, for advice as to the mode of publishing some of his writings. In his letter he showed with great freedom what were his situation

and circumstances, mentioning "that the coat in which I now write has actually served me since the year 1827, during the whole of which time it has been on service every day, with the exception of about eight months, for which period I was mostly confined to bed." He would not ask nor accept "any thing beyond advice and some literary assistance; when I cannot provide for myself, no one shall hear me murmur at my fate." These liberal publishers did all they could to aid him, and in a few months two of his stories, illustrative of Scottish rural life, were inserted in their Journal, and he was well paid for them.

About a year afterwards, the manuscript of "Tales and Sketches of the Scottish Peasantry," written mostly by Alexander, but with some contributions from his brother, was finished and taken to Edinburgh; but so difficult did it prove to find a publisher for it, that, "had it not been for its falling into the hands of one who ever afterward proved a steady friend, it would probably have been brought back and burned in disgust." This friend was a young man, then employed in a printing-office, who has not allowed his name to be published. He was of great use to the brothers by revising their manuscripts, selecting from them what was most fit to be printed, and finding publishers for their successive works. The volume of Tales and Sketches appeared in 1838, and the sale of it produced about £20 for the Bethunes; its publication was of further use to them, as it gave them a name as authors, and the manuscript stories which they offered to the editors of magazines and other collections were now more favorably received, and they sometimes obtained a moderate price for them. They wrote frequently for Wilson's "Tales of the Borders," and thus earned more money than they had received for all their other writings put together; some of their poems appeared also in the Dublin University Magazine. Encouraged by this success, they began to form more ambitious projects.

Some years before, they had resolved to write a volume of poems on Scripture subjects, to be called The Poetical Preacher; they had now completed this work, but could not find a publisher for it, and but few of the verses which it was intended to contain have been printed. The next scheme was proposed by John, that they should prepare some lectures on Practical Economy, which they might deliver in the

towns and villages around, selling admission tickets like other lecturers, and afterwards form them into a volume of which the copyright would produce something. It was not "Political Economy, nor Rural Economy, nor Domestic Economy, to which he alluded, but that sort of economy which we had ourselves practised, and which, if it were adopted by others, might enable more persons to live independently on their own earnings than had as yet thought of doing so." They began the lectures immediately, with no other guide than an article in the Penny Cyclopædia, though they afterwards borrowed a copy of the Wealth of Nations, and two or three other works on economical science. Probably they would have done better, if they had written without any guide, for the work when finished contained rather an incongruous mixture of a portion of the doctrines of political economy with such lessons of prudence and frugality as had been suggested by their own experience. They acted out their prudential maxims in one respect with laudable consistency, as neither of them ever married. The Lectures, like their other works, were first written on brown paper bags ripped open, and other scraps which they had picked up, and with no other desk than their knees. Two quills, also, which were more than half cut down when they began, sufficed for the whole undertaking.

The scheme did not succeed. When the hour arrived, the writers found that they had not courage enough to appear as public lecturers, and the labor of committing to memory what they had written proved intolerable. Their young friend at Edinburgh procured a publisher for them, but the world apparently did not need instruction in practical economy, and but few copies of the work were sold, till subsequent events directed attention towards the writers of it, and the remainder of the edition was then quickly disposed of. This was a sad disappointment to the Bethunes, as they had spent much labor upon the Lectures; but they did not allow the failure to damp their energies.

The house, or hovel, in which the family had lived for more than twenty years, was in very bad repair. When it rained, they were obliged to place dishes upon the beds to catch the water that came through the roof; and in winter, pools were formed upon the floor of the single apartment that the house contained, so that the brothers, who slept at the

farther end of the room, were obliged to set stones and blocks of wood to step upon in order to reach their bed. The yard attached to the house seemed at first not to admit of cultivation, as it had no fence, and only nettles would grow in the thin and gravelly soil; but by great labor, continuing the attempt after repeated failures, they had made a pretty garden of it, which produced flowers and berries, and enabled them to keep bees. "The whole of this had been done in the mornings and evenings; and to accomplish it, we had often risen early, and protracted our labors till it was late at night, working occasionally by the light of the moon." To obtain a place of retirement for writing, John had also built a sort of large closet, which had a whole window in it, instead of the single pane of glass that formerly lighted that end of the house; and further, "with no better materials than three old paling stakes for jambs and lintel, two round poles which served as supports between these and the roof, some ropes made of straw, and a quantity of mud scraped from the highway," they had constructed a fireplace and chimney in this closet, which they considered as their study.

But the hut on which they had bestowed so much pains they were now required to leave, as the estate had changed hands, and the new proprietor probably wished to *clear* the ground for some "agricultural improvements," after the fashion of many Scotch and English landlords. Their father and mother were now quite old and infirm, and to spare them the pain and fatigue of far or frequent removals, the brothers resolved to lease a spot of ground, and to build a house of their own. Their wages had not exceeded on an average 7*s*. or 7*s*. 6*d*. a week for each; but out of these and their literary earnings, in the course of seven or eight years, they had saved about thirty pounds. How severe was the economy necessary to effect this saving, we learn from a letter of Alexander's, written some months afterwards: — "While finishing the Lectures, which was previous to the melting of the snow, the authors were living upon oaten meal and potatoes, with scarcely any addition except water and salt." The story of the house-building must be given in the words of the elder brother, writing as the biographer of John.

"On the 26th of July, 1837, with the aid of one mason whom we had engaged to work along with us, we laid the foundation

of our future dwelling; — and had it been known to the world that we proposed to finish a house thirty-six feet in length, and twenty in breadth, without asking or taking any assistance except such as we could pay for at the ordinary rate, and with no more wealth than two bolls of oatmeal to serve as summer provision, the thews and sinews of two human beings, and about £30 in money, reflecting individuals would have probably pronounced us fit for Bedlam: yet such was the case. In less than a week, the mason was called away to another job, but we still persevered. The drudgery which the poor author of the following poems now underwent was such, that few, perhaps, would have cared for encountering it. He left home every morning before five o'clock, travelled three miles, commenced work immediately, and wrought till nearly half-past seven in the evening, with no more rest than was absolutely necessary to swallow his breakfast and dinner. The last of these, indeed, which consisted exclusively of bread, he frequently ate from his pocket, working the whole of the time. He had then to travel three miles back to his home; and after being thus engaged in hard labor and travelling for nearly fifteen hours, it may be believed that he was sufficiently tired before he reached it; yet day after day the same process was repeated, except during those short intervals when the mason wrought along with him, and then he dropped work at the usual time. Had it not been for a vision of the future which was now before him, it is probable that even he might have shrunk from this dreary task. But in imagination, he already saw the house finished, the garden inclosed, with the crops put into the ground; and his father, now venerable from age, walking through it on a fine summer day, or, if he wished for exercise, employed with a hoe in the little inclosure which he would then be able to call his own. With such illusions — for, as Providence had decreed, they deserved no other name — we used to cheer our journey homeward; and to his warm heart they would have been a sufficient inducement to encounter still greater difficulties than those with which he had to contend. More stones having been provided than were necessary, the house was raised to two stories. On the 9th of September, the walls were finished; and before the 30th of the same month, the roof was on, an earthen floor laid, the lower flat plastered, part of the partitions built, and doors and windows provided, with very little assistance from tradesmen. With the exception of the carriage of three cart-loads of lime, every thing had been paid in ready money. But by this time the last farthing of the £30 was expended, the stock of provisions was completely exhausted, and the author of the following pages was glad to

engage in such work as he could find, to procure the necessaries of life for himself and friends, and provide a little money to defray the expense of removing, which had now become inevitable." — pp. 75 – 77.

They were not long to enjoy the house which their own hands had built. It was not sufficiently dried when they began to occupy it, and the dampness, together with the pain caused by leaving his old home, had an unfavorable effect on the health of the father, who had long been quite feeble ; in about three months after their removal, he sickened and died. The expenses of his funeral absorbed their whole savings in the early part of the winter, and while the snow was on the ground they were out of work, so that for some time they were obliged to live on oatmeal and potatoes, without the addition even of milk.

The next summer, they were so encouraged by obtaining six guineas for some stories which they had written, that John resolved to give up all other employment, and trust entirely to his pen for support. His friends remonstrated, but he persevered, and the result was what they had apprehended. He was often disappointed in attempting to get any price for his productions, and the confinement within doors, assiduous application to his pen, and the bad habit of writing on his knees brought back his consumptive complaints. His cough returned in the winter, with other bad symptoms, and after suffering for about six months, during which he was tenderly watched by his brother, he died in September, at the age of twenty-seven. In little over a year, his mother, who had received several shocks of paralysis, so that she required almost constant attention from her surviving son, followed John to the grave.

Alexander was now alone in the world, and the bereavements he had suffered, united with the other hardships of his lot, so far wrought their work upon him, that he seems to have become permanently dejected, morbidly sensitive in his intercourse with others, and feverish in his desire for independence of action. He was not morose, but poverty, sorrow, and repeated disappointment had broken his spirits ; and though he still labored with unflagging industry, hope had ceased to gild the future for him, and he shrank from the idea of any change in his situation, though it should be apparently much for the better. He was still engaged for most

of the time as a day-laborer, but his mornings and evenings, for a year after the death of John, were devoted to preparing a sketch of his life, with a selection from his poems, to be published by subscription. This volume appeared in 1840, and met with a very favorable reception; it passed quickly to a second edition, and the attention and sympathy which it excited brought many offers of assistance to its author. But with a jealous feeling of independence and self-respect, he declined them all. When money was sent to him, as was frequently the case, by persons whom he had never seen, it was invariably returned: — "I acknowledged the gift and returned it at the same time, thanking my benefactors in the best way I could, assuring them that I was not in want, and that, upon principle, I considered it the duty of every man to provide for his own necessity as far as his ability would go." On one occasion, fifteen pounds were sent to him in an anonymous letter, merely asking him to acknowledge the receipt of it through his publishers; he did so, and informed his unknown benefactor, with thanks, that the money was deposited in the bank, subject to his order. Those who wished to befriend him, therefore, were obliged to confine their efforts to promoting the sale of his books, which aid he gratefully accepted.

In 1841, Mrs. Hill, the wife of the inspector of prisons in Scotland, who had become interested in his case, procured for him a situation as one of the assistant keepers of the bridewell at Glasgow. He accepted it, thinking that he was to be a sort of moral teacher for the convicts; but after a week's trial, finding that he was expected to perform only the duties of a turnkey, and to associate with very disagreeable persons, he gave up the place, and returned to his former home. Some other attempts to provide him with more agreeable employment were equally unsuccessful. An aged aunt lived with him as his sole companion, and he worked in the fields for most of the time, though the improvement in his circumstances gave him more leisure for writing. Early in 1843, he published another collection of stories, called The Scottish Peasant's Fireside, which was moderately successful.

This was his last literary labor. While it was passing through the press, he was attacked by fever, and before he had recovered from it, all the symptoms of pulmonary dis-

ease were manifest. He saw that his end was approaching, and prepared himself for it with resignation and religious trust. After lingering for a few months, during which it is a satisfaction to know that he lacked no comforts, but was nursed with care and tenderness, he died, and was interred in the same grave with his brother. Upon one side of the monument which he had himself erected to his brother was put this inscription :—

"In the same grave with John, rest the remains of his brother, Alexander Bethune, the last member of a worthy family, who died June 13th, 1843, aged 38. With scarcely any school education, and under the pressure of poverty and the severest toil, he produced several works of much merit, illustrative of the character and manners, and conducive to the improvement, of his own class of society ; and was as remarkable for his independence of spirit and private virtues, as for his literary attainments."

We have preferred to tell the simple and touching story of the lives of these two peasants, instead of making any comment upon their writings or characters. The moral of the tale it is easy to read. There are but few persons accustomed to complain of the hardships of their lot who may not learn a lesson of contentment and thankfulness, of industry, energy, and perseverance, from the history of John and Alexander Bethune. We cannot help adding, that there must be something radically wrong in the constitution of that society which offers no greater encouragement for the practice of all the virtues that can adorn an humble station in it than the fate which these poor men experienced. It is not always enough to say, that we must submit to the dispensations of Providence ; it is sometimes our duty to inquire if the institutions of man be not at fault. The worst of all forms of tyranny is that which binds a man for ever to that condition of life in which he was born, be it of high or low degree, however he may have merited removal from it by his character or behaviour.

Art. X. — CRITICAL NOTICES.

1. — *The History of the Peloponnesian War, by Thucydides, according to the Text of L. Dindorf: with Notes, for the Use of Colleges.* By John J. Owen, Principal of the Cornelius Institute. New York: Leavitt, Trow, & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 683.

Mr. Owen has rendered very valuable services to the classical learning of our country by his former publications, and the best scholars have been prompt to acknowledge them. He has shown an accurate knowledge of philological science, discrimination in the selection of materials, and unwearied industry of research. His Xenophon's Anabasis and his Homer's Odyssey are unsurpassed by any editions of classics published in the United States, in clearness of exposition, carefulness of analysis, and judicious employment of all the subsidiary means of illustration. Mr. Owen has long been known as a practical teacher of the classics, a very important qualification for those who undertake to edit the classics for the use of schools.

To read Thucydides is a generous task for the young scholar. It will put all his acquirements in Greek philology to the test; but the rich results of the study will more than reward him for his labor. We, therefore, feel no scruple in saying that Mr. Owen has rendered one of the highest services to classical learning by furnishing the colleges with this excellent edition. He has done thus far all that is requisite in aiding the scholar to understand this unrivalled author, and we trust he will go on and complete the task he has so ably commenced. It is true that, in a college course of Greek, three books of Thucydides are as much as will occupy that portion of the time of classes which can usually be given to a single author; and it is the first three books which Mr. Owen has here commented upon and published. These will give a full idea of Thucydides, besides embracing some of his most admirable narrative passages, and the finest of the orations, especially the celebrated Funeral Oration of Pericles, in the second book. The text is that of Dindorf's edition; and in preparing the notes, the best English and German editions have been carefully consulted. The volume is accompanied by an excellent map, copied from that of Greece at the beginning of the Peloponnesian war, in Kiepert's invaluable Atlas. The notes are not only ample in philological details, but they are blended with such discussions of the sentiment and spirit of the author, the substance of his reflections, and the

course of his argument, as show that Mr. Owen has studied Thucydides, not only as a critic of language and a grammarian, but with a profound appreciation of his moral and political philosophy.

It should be remarked, that, besides the traits which serve to individualize the manner of Thucydides, making it intensely expressive of his mental and moral idiosyncrasies, he wrote at a time when the Attic style had not yet acquired the facility and flexibility which it soon after received, under the moulding hands of the admirable writers of the period immediately following the Peloponnesian war. With all its earnest significance and impressive grandeur, it retains a character of archaic stiffness and hardness. Compared with the natural grace, which is the highest reach of art, and which is the prevailing attribute of the later Attic style, it bears to this style the same relation that existed between the powerful but somewhat ungainly marbles of Ægina, and the exquisite beauty of the works of Praxiteles, — between the massive austerity of the old Doric pillars, and the airy lightness of the Corinthian colonnade.

He uses every form of brief and pregnant construction which the language admits; and herein lies much of the difficulty of an accurate interpretation of his words. Unless our attention is kept ever on the alert, we are puzzled by an apparent solecism of terms, or contradiction of sense, which resolves itself into a *brachylogical* usage, enabling the writer to put the greatest possible quantity of meaning into the smallest possible number of words. No doubt this is the source of many of the contradictory interpretations which have been given by commentators on the *hard passages.* To illustrate our meaning, let us take a single instance; it shall be from the Funeral Oration of Pericles. It is where the speaker, after eulogizing the form of government, the polity (*πολιτεία*) of Athens, as one not emulating (*ζηλόυση*) others, but serving as an example, proceeds to remark, *Καὶ ὄνομα μὲν διὰ τὸ μὴ ἐς ὀλίγους, ἀλλ' ἐς πλείονας οἰκεῖν δημοκρατία κέκληται.* The main idea of this sentence is clear enough; namely, that this polity is called a democracy, because it is the government, not of the few, but of the many. But the difficulty of constructing the words is shown by Mr. Owen's note. He says they hardly seem to admit of any "interpretation wholly free from objections. The two which appear most plausible are, 1. *because the government is not administered for the benefit of the few, but of the many* (*οἰκεῖν = οἰκεῖσθαι*); 2. *because the administration of the government is not in the hands of the few, but of the many*"; and between these two the critics are divided. One of them says, "*ἡ πολιτεία οἰκεῖ ἐς ὀλίγους* pro *ἡ πολιτεία οὕτως οἰκεῖ* (*οὕτω*

διοικεῖται) ὥστε ὀλίγους εἶναι τοὺς διοικοῦντες αὐτήν positum videtur." We think the real form of the idea which the passage embodies may be pretty well made out by considering it as a *brachylogical* or pregnant construction, according to which a verb of motion may be constructed with a preposition signifying rest, or a verb of rest with a preposition of motion. The latter is the case here. *Οἰκεῖν, to dwell*, is easily transferred from citizens, πολῖται, to a city, πόλις, and from a city to a *polity*, πολιτεία, by a species of personification. Again, as a polity does not spring up by nature among a whole people, but is either imported from abroad, or comes from some strong intellect, like Solon's, the idea of permanent establishment readily connects itself with the idea of *motion*, or of *coming to*, as if *from* some other place. We conceive that these two ideas are blended, and that they form the brachylogical expression, *οἰκεῖν ἐς*; but in translating it, we cannot give its full import without a periphrasis. Its essential meaning we should thus convey: — *Its name has been called democracy because it* (i. e. the power it confers) *resides not with the few* (being limited *to* them), *but because it resides with the majority* (having passed over *to* them). The English word *reside*, applied to political power, seems to be an exact equivalent to the Greek *οἰκεῖν*.

Our object in this notice, however, is not to go into details, but to sketch the general character of this important work. There are points on which our opinion would differ from that of the respected editor; but the difference would be such as various minds inevitably fall into with respect to critical questions, and such as it would be a gratification to a liberal spirit of scholarship to discuss. We heartily commend the book to the regards of teachers, confident that they will find it richly entitled to the praises we have bestowed. As a proof of the estimation in which it is held, we would mention that it is about to be introduced, as we understand, into the course of studies in Harvard College.

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2. — *Four Old Plays. Three Interludes: Thersytes, Jack Juggler, and Heywood's Pardoner and Frere: and Jocasta, a Tragedy, by Gascoigne and Kinwelmarsh.* With an Introduction and Notes. Cambridge: George Nichols. 1848. 12mo. pp. 288.

This volume is beautifully printed and ably edited. It contains four dramatic pieces of great rarity, three being Interludes, and the fourth a Tragedy founded on the Phœnissæ of Euripides.

The first two, namely, Jack Jugler, an Interlude bearing some resemblance in its leading incident to the Amphitryon of Plautus, and Thersytes, a character suggested by the ugly scolder of the Iliad, are anonymous, but were written about the middle of the sixteenth century; The Pardoner and the Frere, written by John Heywood, dates nearly at the same time; the Tragedy of Jocasta, partly by George Gascoigne and partly by Francis Kinwelmarsh, was "presented" at Gray's Inn in 1566.

The three Interludes are not deficient in humor, though blended with the coarsenesses that characterize the age to which they belong; and the Tragedy of Jocasta, the merit of which, contrary to the usual practice of editors, we think is somewhat underrated in the Introduction, is not wanting in passages of vigorous description and tragical passion. In the Interludes there is much more of strong popular spirit and the language of every day. They exhibit, though in a coarse form, the genuine lineaments of that broad English humor which, when polished by the advancing refinement of subsequent times, formed the most delightful feature of English literature. They abound in popular proverbs and pithy sayings, some of which retain their significance in the common speech of the present day, and others have sunk into mere vulgarisms, inadmissible in good society. The language of Jocasta is that of the scholars of the age. The style of the Interludes, though more lively and pungent, is less intelligible in some places; the phraseology of the Tragedy, though sometimes antiquated, is always easy to be understood. The rhythms of the Interludes are for the most part of the iambic-anapæstic sort, into which English popular poetry so naturally runs. At times, they move with a free and natural tread; but often their movement betrays the rudeness of the beginnings of the rhythmical art. On the other hand, the Jocasta is written entirely in the five-foot iambic rhythms; a rhythm which, after a struggle of some duration with the more native and racy anapæsts, became, through the influence of the learned, the prevailing measure of English tragic, didactic, and heroic verse. Even the choruses are composed in this measure, with the addition of rhyme.

But the principal interest of all these pieces is the light they throw on the state of the English language and on the arts of literary composition three hundred years ago. Considered in this point of view, they have a value wholly beyond their intrinsic merits, and richly repay an attentive reading. The appearance of this collection indicates that our scholars are beginning to occupy themselves with the study of the antiquities of our language; and a more important field of literary labor can

scarcely be opened to the student. The able editor of this volume, Mr. Child, a tutor in Harvard University, has done his part of the work modestly, but with talent and learning. In an Introduction, written with elegant precision, he has communicated what is known of the pieces and their authors, diversifying this information with lively and judicious criticism. At the end of the volume he has added notes, whose only fault is that they are so few, a glossary of the obsolete words and phrases occurring in the plays, and an index of proverbial and other remarkable expressions. We cannot doubt that this book will be welcomed by the lovers of English literature, and that Mr. Child will be encouraged to proceed with the studies for which he has shown himself to possess so much aptitude.

NEW PUBLICATIONS RECEIVED.

The Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats. Edited by Richard Monckton Milnes. New York: George P. Putnam. 1848. 12mo. pp. 393.

Select Popular Orations of Demosthenes, with Notes and a Chronological Table. By J. T. Champlin, Professor of Greek and Latin in Waterville College. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 227.

Literary Sketches and Letters; being the Final Memorials of Charles Lamb, never before published. By Thomas Noon Talfourd, one of his Executors. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 306.

Ancient Sea-Margins, as Memorials of Changes in the Relative Level of Sea and Land. By Robert Chambers, Esq., F. R. S. E. Edinburgh: W. & R. Chambers. 1848. 8vo. pp. 337.

The Rise and Fall of Louis Philippe, Ex-King of the French; giving a History of the French Revolution from its Commencement in 1789. By Ben. Perley Poore, late Historical Agent of the State of Massachusetts to France. Illustrated with Historical Engravings, Portraits, &c. Boston: W. D. Ticknor & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 316.

Four Old Plays. Three Interludes: Thersytes, Jack Jugler, and Heywood's Pardoner and Frere; and Jocasta, a Tragedy, by Gascoigne and Kinwelmarsh. With an Introduction and Notes. Cambridge: George Nichols. 1848. 12mo. pp. 288.

Application of the Angular Analysis to the Solution of Indeterminate Problems of the Second Degree. By C. Gill, Professor of Mathematics in St. Paul's College. New York: John Wiley. 1848. 12mo. pp. 90.

Christian Songs. By the Rev. James Gilborne Lyons, LL. D. "The Service of Song." Third Edition, with Additions. Philadelphia: George S. Appleton. 1848. 8vo. pp. 72.

Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second, from his Accession to the Death of Queen Caroline. By John, Lord Hervey. Edited, from the Original Manuscript at Ickworth, by the Right Hon. John Wilson Croker, LL. D., F. R. S. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1848. 2 vols. 12mo.

The Genius of Scotland, or Sketches of Scottish Scenery, Literature, and Religion. By Rev. Robert Turnbull. Fourth Edition. New York: Robert Carter. 1848. 12mo. pp. 378.

The Pulpit Orators of France and Switzerland: Sketches of their

Character and Specimens of their Eloquence. By Rev. Robert Turnbull. New York: Robert Carter. 1848. 12mo. pp. 341.

A Sketch of the History of Harvard College and of its Present State. By Samuel A. Eliot. Boston: Little & Brown. 1848. 12mo. pp. 190.

History of New Netherland, or New York under the Dutch. Vol. II. By E. B. O'Callaghan, M. D., Corresponding Member of the New York Historical Society, &c. New York: Bartlett & Welford. 1848. 8vo. pp. 608.

The Shadow of the Cross: The Distant Hills: The King's Messengers: The Old Man's Home. Sacred Allegories, by the Rev. William Adams, M. A. With Engravings from Original Designs, by Weir. New York: General Protestant Episcopal S. S. Union. 3 vols. 16mo.

The American Manual, containing a Brief Outline of the Laws of Nations, a Commentary on the Constitution of the United States, and an Exposition of the Duties and Responsibilities of Voters, Jurors, and Civil Magistrates; with Questions, Definitions, and Marginal Exercises. By Joseph B. Burleigh, A. M. Philadelphia: Grigg, Elliot, & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 317 and 54.

Catalogue of the Library of the University of Alabama, with an Index of Subjects. By Wilson G. Richardson, M. A. Tuscaloosa: M. D. J. Slade. 1848. 8vo. pp. 257.

The Metamorphoses of Publius Ovidius Naso, elucidated by an Analysis and Explanation of the Fables, together with English Notes, Historical, Mythological, and Critical, and illustrated by Pictorial Embellishments; with a Clavis, giving the Meaning of all the Words with Critical Exactness. By Nathan Covington Brooks, A. M., Principal of the Latin High School, Baltimore. Philadelphia: Grigg, Elliot, & Co. 1848. 8vo. pp. 386.

Public Economy for the United States. By Calvin Colton. New York: A. S. Barnes & Co. 1848. 8vo. pp. 536.

Lead Diseases: a Treatise from the French of L. Tanquerel des Planches, with Notes and Additions on the Use of the Lead Pipe and its Substitutes. By Samuel L. Dana, M. D., LL. D. Lowell: Daniel Bixby & Co. 1848. 8vo. pp. 441.

The Writings of Cassius Marcellus Clay, including Speeches and Addresses. Edited, with a Preface and Memoir, by Horace Greeley. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1848. 8vo. pp. 535.

Authentic Memoirs of Louis Napoleon Bonaparte. Providence: Charles Burnett. 1848. 12mo. pp. 58.

An Oration delivered before the Municipal Authorities and the Citizens of Lowell, July 4, 1848. By Elisha Bartlett. Lowell: J. Atkinson. 8vo. pp. 38.

Oration pronounced by the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop, Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States, on the 4th of July, 1848, on the Occasion of laying the Corner-stone of the National Monument to the Memory of Washington. With an Introduction and an Appendix. Washington: J. & G. S. Gideon. 8vo. pp. 67.

Narrative of the Expedition of the Marquis de Nonville against the Senecas, in 1687. Translated from the French, with an Introductory Notice and Notes. By Orsamus H. Marshall. New York: Bartlett & Welford. 1848. 8vo. pp. 48.

Supplement to Essays on the Progress of Nations in Productive Industry, Civilization, Population, and Wealth; illustrated by Statistics. By Ezra C. Seaman. No. II. New York: Baker & Scribner. 1848. 8vo. pp. 96.

Law of Revolutions: a Discourse preached in Hartford, Ct., on the Day of the Annual Fast. By Rev. Robert Turnbull, A. M. Hartford: Brockett, Fuller, & Co. 1848. 8vo. pp. 24.

The Principles of the Chrono-Thermal System of Medicine, with the Fallacies of the Faculty, in a Series of Lectures. By Samuel Dickson, M. D. With an Introduction and Notes, by William Turner, M. D., Ex-Health Commissioner for the City and County of New York. Second American from the Fifth London Edition. New York: H. Long & Brother. 1848. 8vo. pp. 224.

Report of the Water-Commissioners on the Material best adapted for Distribution Water-Pipes, and on the most Economical Mode of introducing Water into Private Houses. Boston: J. H. Eastburn, City Printer. 1848. 8vo. pp. 67.

An Oration delivered before the Society of Phi Beta Kappa, at Cambridge, August 24, 1848. By Horace Bushnell. Cambridge: George Nichols. 1848. 8vo. pp. 39.

The Gorgias of Plato, chiefly according to Stallbaum's Text; with Notes, by Theodore D. Woolsey. New Edition, with Additions. Boston: James Munroe & Co. 1848. 12mo. pp. 242.

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